

This is the first chapter in a series of previews of fics I have in mind and have been developing.

In the case of Living in Darkness, the intention is to take it to the end of the second year and see how it goes from there. The pairing in this story will be Harry/Lavender Brown. Be warned however, this is a Ron bashing story, so fans of dear old Ronnie, turn away now.

The next chapter in this series will be the Harry Potter/Doctor Who crossover The Children of Time. I have at least five chapters in this series ready for upload, including a very odd crossover or two, ones of which have NEVER been seen before and will be VERY unlikely crossovers, but will be fun and dramatic.

## LIVING IN DARKNESS

### The First Day

12:34

"Why was he not brought here straight away?" Madam Poppy Pomfrey asked as she waved her wand over Harry Potter. He had just been playing Quidditch and a rogue Bludger smashed his arm, just before he was able to catch the snitch and win the game.

"Professor Lockhart decided to try and heal Harry himself." Oliver Wood, Captain of the Quidditch team said.

The Defence Professor ran to Harry and raised his wand.

"I'll sort this out." He said.

"He should go to the hospital wing." Oliver Wood said.

"Nonsense, I'll fix this in a jiffy." Lockhart said. He cast a spell and there was a blinding flash.

"Well, what a fine job he made of it! I'll have to get some Skele-Gro." Pomfrey said as she went into her store cupboard. Instead of repairing the breaks, Lockhart had removed the bones from his right arm. "WHAT ON EARTH!" she was looking in the cupboard – all the Skele-gro bottles had been smashed.

She walked back over to Harry. "I'm sorry Mr. Potter, but regrowing the bones in your arm will have to wait until I can either get some skele-gro from St. Mungo's or Professor Snape. Now, can you open your eyelids for me please?"

"I can't." Harry said.

"Allow me." Madam Pomfrey said and she lifted his eyelids. With a gasp, she stepped back.

13:34

In the Gryffindor common room an hour later, a party was in full swing to celebrate Gryffindor's victory over Slytherin. Somehow, Fred and George Weasley managed to get a supply of butterbeer and lots of sweets which they threw into the crowd. Hermione Granger came down from her dorm.

"I can't believe you lot!" she shouted. Everyone stopped what they were doing. "Harry has lost his eyes and an arm and here you are celebrating!"

"Lighten up Granger." Someone shouted.

Hermione went to leave the common room. Ron blocked the way.

"Where are you going?" he demanded.

"Going to see my best friend not that you care." Hermione said. She made to leave but Ron held her back.

"Harry won't notice if you're there or not." He said.

"He needs a friend at this time." She said and pushed Ron aside.

"Petrificus Totalus." He said. Hermione fell to the ground under a full body bind.

"It's for your own good." Ron said, "No-one will want anything to do with him now. It's best you cut all ties with him now."

Everyone looked shocked at what Ron did and said but decided to wait for a Prefect to come before they said anything.

The same time

"Can you say that again Poppy?" Dumbledore asked.

"Professor Lockhart not only deboned Mr. Potter's right arm, he also vanished his eyes. There is nothing that can be done about them. Not only that, I've just discovered that my supply of Skele-gro has been sabotaged. I've checked with St. Mungo's and Severus, and the latest supplies of the potion can be made is Christmas."

"Thank you Poppy." Dumbledore said. He turned to the staff (Lockhart was not there, he had been confined to a room). "What are we going to do with Harry?"

"One thing's for sure – he cannot return to the Dursleys." McGonagall said, "They won't accept him as he is."

"He must return there for his own safety. Minerva, I ask that you go there and inform them that Mr. Potter will be returned there next week."

Pomfrey stepped forward. "Albus, the boy is showing signs of severe abuse. If you send him back there, I will have to file a report with the Ministry. I will go with Minerva and inform them though because the law says we have to."

"Very well." Dumbledore said, "I will allow either your or Minevra to become his guardian."

"No Albus," McGonagall said, "I'm too old and Poppy is too busy to be a mother. We have plenty of time to arrange something, maybe Molly Weasley will take him in."

16:00

Dumbledore stood up in the Great Hall while McGonagall and Madam Pomfrey were gone.

"I am going to address some of the rumours circulating the school. Gildory Lockhart did remove Harry Potter's eyes and one of his arms. I have terminated his employment effective forthwith." He said.

"Who will teach Defence now?" an N.E.W.T student asked.

"I will be teaching Defence Against the Dark Arts until a replacement teacher is found." Dumbledore said. Some students laughed, "I assure you, I am not completely past it."

"What about those books Lockhart had us buy? They don't teach us a thing!" another student asked.

"I have arranged for Florrish and Botts to refund the money for these books and a new set book will be issued."

"What about Potter?" a third student asked.

"I ask that people not pester him on what has happened. If he wants to talk about it, then he will. I will not tolerate anyone bullying him over his problems." Dumbledore said, "If I find out about anyone harassing him because of this, I will deduct house points and give out detention." He paid particular attention to Draco Malfoy.

At that exact moment

"GET AWAY FROM HERE YOU FREAKS!" Vernon shouted after McGonagall and Madam Pomfrey knocked the door. They were at Privet Drive while Dumbledore was addressing the school.

"Calm yourself Mr. Dursley. We need to speak to you about Harry." McGonagall said.

"What's the brat done now?" Vernon asked.

"Nothing, but can we come in please? We are required by law to inform you of this."

"Fine – come in but no funny business."

McGonagall and Pomfrey were led into the kitchen.

"Earlier today, there was an accident during a Quidditch game and Harry ended up breaking his arm." Pomfrey said.

"So what?" Vernon asked, "Just leave it and don't waste any time in sorting it out."

"One of our staff tried to deal with it himself but due to his incompetence, he removed all the bones in Harry's right arm and somehow, removed his eyes." There were stunned looks from the Dursleys.

"Professor Dumbledore wants to send him back here as soon as possible." McGonagall began.

"WE DON'T WANT HIM BACK HERE!" Vernon barked, "WE'VE PUT UP WITH HIM FOR ELEVEN YEARS! WE TRIED TO BEAT THE FREAKISHNESS OUT OF HIM BUT IT DIDN'T WORK! IF HE CANNOT EARN HIS KEEP, HE WILL NOT COME BACK HERE! EXECUTE HIM OR SOMETHING!"

Both McGonagall and Madam Pomfrey were stunned by the outburst but not surprised.

"Do you really despise him that much?" McGonagall asked, "I know Dumbledore left him with you, I protested the decision and from what I've just heard, I was right. We've just checked and it seems you never filed for guardianship – how come? You do realise you've broken the law by doing so."

"Why should we file papers for him?" Vernon said, "As I just told you, we NEVER wanted the freak!"

"He will never have to suffer you and your family again." McGonagall said, "By the way, wizarding law requires a young witch or wizard to attend magic school, so your attempts to stop Harry from attending last year were illegal and you could have been fined a large sum of money."

The Dursleys were gobsmacked as the two witches left.

18:00

Lockhart was pacing around the empty classroom. Since the Quidditch game, he had been locked in it while it was determined what he had done to Harry. He turned to face the door as it opened. Amelia Bones walked in with two Aurors.

"Gilderoy Lockhart – you are under arrest for practicing healing without a licence and grievous assault upon a minor." Madam Bones said. The two Aurors grabbed him and dragged him out. They knew that Lockhart was going to face serious trouble for damaging the Boy-Who-Lived. They had no way of knowing that they were about to fry bigger fish after examining Lockhart's wand.

19:00

That day's copy of the Evening Prophet was delivered to its subscribers not long after Lockhart's arrest.

## HOGWARTS DEFENCE PROFESSOR BLINDS BOY-WHO-LIVED!

It has come to the attention of the Daily Prophet that incompetence at the hands of Gilderoy Lockhart, current Defence Against the Dark Arts Professor at Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry has led to serious consequences.

During today's Gryffindor vs Slytherin game, a rogue Bludger smashed into Boy-Who-Lived Harry Potter's arm, breaking it. Nothing unusual about that, stuff like that happens a lot in Quidditch and wounds like that are easily healed.

Mr. Potter held out until he managed to catch the Golden Snitch and win the game. Against the protests of friends and team-mates who tried to get him to the Hospital Wing, Professor Lockhart decided to take matters into his own hands. The results were that he deboned Mr. Potter's right arm and the most serious of all, he somehow vanished Mr. Potter's eyes, blinding the poor boy.

Professor Lockhart was arrested for practicing healing without a licence and causing serious harm upon a minor. As you readers know, Healing is only permitted to be done by licensed Healers although parents and other adults are permitted to heal minor wounds like scratches or broken noses.

We at the Prophet have also been hearing reports that Professor Lockhart turns each lesson into lessons about himself and several people have reported discrepancies in his books. We call for the Ministry to open an investigation into how such incompetence could have been permitted, considering most of the Hogwarts teaching staff were present at the game.

Undersecretary to the Minister, Delores Umbridge has called for Mr. Potter's immediate expulsion from Hogwarts, on the grounds that his blindness makes him a heavy risk to the school's Pureblood population. She is also calling for the contents of the Potter vaults at Gringotts to be confiscated but she has given no reason to do so. There has been no word from Headmaster Dumbledore on the matter, although we are trying to get hold of him for a comment on this. The Gringotts goblins have told the Prophet that there are no grounds for the Potter vaults to be seized and being blind are not grounds for this to happen.

19:10

"Who leaked this story to the Prophet?" McGonagall shouted, throwing the newspaper down on the staff room table.

"It could be anyone Minvera," Professor Spout said, "There was bound to be some student who overheard the conversations in the Hospital Wing or maybe one of the Aurors who took Gilderoy away told them."

"If any student reported this to the Prophet, then they will lose fifty points and earn a month's worth of detention." McGonagall continued, "I would like you to all to check with your Houses to find out if anyone did leak this to the Prophet."

23:55

It had taken him a while, but Harry had eventually got to sleep – he wondered why Ron or Hermione hadn't been to see him. He woke up a few hours later to hear voices, he recognised as Dumbledore, McGonagall and Madam Pomfrey.

"What was she doing out in the corridor anyway?" the matron asked.

"We think she was going to see Potter. According to several witnesses," McGonagall said, "Ronald Weasley refused to see him and when she went to leave the Gryffindor common room, he put her under a full body bind, then when Percy Weasley went to see what was going on, Ronald claimed that Miss. Granger was firing hexes at him and then was going to find someone else to hex, and put her under a body bind to stop her before anyone else got hurt."

The other Gryffindors set the record straight and Percy gave Ronald a detention. I shudder to think of the Howler he'd receive if Mr. Weasley informed his mother. I would like to know where Fred and George Weasley got the supplies of Butterbeer from though."

Harry tried to look in their direction. "What's happened to Hermione?" he asked.

"I'm afraid she's been petrified like Mrs. Norris." Dumbledore said. He turned to McGonagall and Pomfrey. "We must all exercise caution – it seems the Chamber of Secrets is indeed open again."

On the bed, not that Harry could see, was the stiff petrified body of Hermione Granger.



The second chapter of my preview series. This is a crossover with Doctor Who and will feature the Eleventh Doctor but will feature previous Doctors in a crossover. Will have rare Hermione bashing. One segment is based on a scene from The End of Time Part 2 (2010) and certain dialogue is based on deleted dialogue from The Power of the Daleks (1966).

Due to the great interest, Living in Darkness will be the next story to be written and uploaded in full.

### The Children of Time

Ginny Weasley woke up dazed and looked around the giant chamber she was in. She could see the remains of a giant snake and then she saw Harry Potter. She crawled over to him and could see his hands glowing.

"Harry," she began. Harry looked up at her as she sobbed, "I didn't mean to do any of this. Riddle made me." She started to cry.

"Ginny – it's too late for me – get out of here and find Ron, he'll find some way out of this," Harry said.

Then before anyone could do or say anything, an orange bird flew and landed next to Harry. It sang and cried tears onto the wound on Harry, where he had been bitten by the Basilisk.

"Phoenix tears have healing powers," he said, remembering something Professor Dumbledore told him months ago. But as they looked at the wound, they saw that it would not heal. Both Harry and Ginny noticed that his skin was still glowing.

"If Fawkes is here, then Dumbledore must be here too! Fawkes – can you take us to him?" The bird nodded.

"What's happening, Harry?" she asked as she could see energy flowing.

"I have no idea, Ginny," replied Harry. He managed to stand up. Fawkes the phoenix flew into the air. Ginny looked on. Fawkes vanished in a ball of flame then reappeared a moment later with Ron.

"What's going on here, Harry?" he asked. Harry didn't answer as he picked up the sword of Gryffindor and the remains of Riddle's diary.

"Ginny, grab hold," Harry said. Ginny held his arm as he grabbed hold of Fawkes. Ron also grabbed the phoenix. In a burst of flame, the trio left the Chamber of Secrets behind.

They reappeared in Professor Dumbledore's office where they could see Professor McGonagall, with Professor Dumbledore, Arthur and Molly Weasley. Molly flung herself upon her daughter. She was showing the signs of crying.

"You saved her!" she shrieked, "How did you do it?"

"I think we would all like to know about it," McGonagall said.

"I don't think this is the time, Minerva," said Dumbledore, looking at Harry, who was looking like a phoenix on a burning day. On his perch, Fawkes began to sing. Everyone looked as clouds of energy rose from Harry's hands and face. He raised his hands and looked, not knowing what was going on. He had a look of bewilderment on his face. Then suddenly, he stood in a star shaped stance, the clouds of energy turning into fire. The windows shattered, the instruments at one side of Dumbledore's office exploded, parchments on his desk along with books, tables, chairs caught fire. The office started to burn. Arthur had to get out of the way as Dumbledore's giant telescope broke away and fell to the ground, smashing the desk. Molly cradled Ginny and Ron, hoping to protect them from the flames, while Dumbledore and McGonagall watched the best they could as Harry's face changed, the young man screaming as it did so. Dumbledore could hear another faint scream as this happened.

Then as suddenly as it started, the flames died away. The group tried to look at Harry, but the fires in the room prevented them from doing so. All the adults aimed their wands at the flames and cast water spells and quickly put the fire out. Their task done, everyone turned to look at Harry. He had changed – he now had long ginger hair, his eyes were still the same, his face was completely different. They even noticed that he no longer had his infamous scar. But his clothing was the same as it was, with dirt, slime and blood.

"What just happened?" Molly asked.

"Interesting," Dumbledore said. He walked over to where the new boy was and waved his wand. "Weird, it seems young Harry isn't all he seems."

"But how can you explain this?" Molly Weasley asked.

"I have no idea Molly," Dumbledore said, "I've never seen anything like it before, but what could have happened to make this happen to Harry?"

"Professor," Ginny began, "In the Chamber of Secrets, Harry was bitten by the basilisk. Fawkes tried to heal him but couldn't."

"Strange. It now appears that with Harry close to death because of the venom, something forced him to change his appearance and healed him. This will cause some problems with the Dursleys – they won't accept him like this..." Dumbledore began.

"Not like they accepted me in the first place," Harry said, in a different tone of voice.

"If this has changed his appearance, then everything else has changed so the wards at the Dursleys will no longer be effective. We will need to find him somewhere to live." Then everyone's attention changed to Harry as he collapsed.

Dumbledore levitated Harry to the Hospital Wing where Madam Pomfrey was tending to the petrified students, no longer petrified.

"Who is this?" Madam Pomfrey asked.

"This is Harry Potter," Dumbledore said, "I will tell you what I know in my office later, but he needs to rest." The headmaster levitated him into a bed and put a cover over him.

Harry slept for hours, not moving. On occasions, clouds of energy flowed from his mouth before quickly disappearing.

Hermione Granger was the next to be revived. She looked around and saw the stranger in the bed.

"Who is that?" she asked.

"That, Miss. Granger, is your friend Mr. Potter." McGonagall said. She had heard that her favourite student was now awake and wanted to check up on her.

"That's not Harry!" Hermione exclaimed.

"I assure you Miss. Granger, that it is. Something happened to him and myself, Professor Dumbledore and most of the Weasley family saw what happened. He can tell you about it

Dumbledore decided that he had to visit Petunia Dursley. Maybe she knew something about Lily that his former student never mentioned. He knew that she was a pureblood Evans otherwise he could not have created the blood wards.

He left Hogwarts and apparated to Privet Drive. He went to Number 4 and knocked on the door. It was answered by Vernon. The big obese man took one look at Dumbledore and shouted.

"You're one of those freaks! Get away from here!"

"Mr. Dursley – relax. I just need a quick word with your wife and I will be away. It is of the gravest importance."

"Fine!" Vernon showed Dumbledore in and they went to the kitchen.

"How are you today, Petunia?" Dumbledore asked, in his best polite tone.

"Why are you here?" Petunia demanded, "It's bad enough you force us to take in that freak nephew of mine until he turns 17 and now you're coming down here – why? Are you going to try and force more freaks onto us or are you saying he has to stay here longer?"

"Harry is indeed the reason I am here. It is a long story so please bear with me. On Halloween last year, a mythical Chamber of Secrets was opened and a creature was released which petrified students and a cat."

"And that boy did that and you're expelling him for it? Oh great!" Vernon said.

"Vernon – use your brains," Petunia said, "If the boy was expelled, he would be with Dumbledore now!" Vernon saw the reasoning behind it.

"Things at Hogwarts got to the point where I was forced to leave the castle. Then, two days ago, a message was left saying a student's skeleton would grace the Chamber forever. The student in question was Ginny Weasley, the sister of those young men who collected Harry from here last summer."

"Whatever they've said, is all lies!" Vernon roared.

"I am not here to discuss the way you've treated Harry, Mr. Dursley. Now, breaking many school rules, Harry and his best friend Ron found the entrance to the Chamber and entered it. There was a rock fall, separating the friends and Harry went on into the main chamber himself where he encountered the creature – a Basilisk which can kill if you make direct eye contact. During a battle with the Basilisk, Harry was bitten and the poison went through his system."

"Is he dead?" Vernon asked, with glee in his voice.

"No, he is not dead (Petunia sighed an expression of relief). We were able to give him an antidote in time (Vernon's face dropped). Because of it, he has changed. Among other things, his blood work has completely changed rendering the blood wards completely useless, so neither he nor you are protected by it."

"What does that mean?" Petunia asked, already knowing the answer to the question.

"It means Harry no longer has to come here. I am aware of your feelings towards him and his towards you so I am sorting out alternative guardianship for him. But, there is something else I need to ask."

"Now that the boy no longer has to come here, we're not doing anything for you freaks anymore!" Vernon roared.

"You misunderstand me, Mr. Dursley. I don't want you to do anything. I just need to ask a question or two then I'll be out of your hair forever. Petunia – besides' Lily's 'gifts', do you remember anything unusual about your family history – anything you may have

been told? Some things have come about because of the Basilisk's bite which cannot be explained."

"I was never one to want to know about our family history – Lily was always the one interested in history and genealogy. It was for this reason, when our parents died, she inherited all manner of diaries, photos and paperwork. I don't know where you lot would keep stuff like this but it might be worth checking their old home."

"Thank you, Petunia," Dumbledore said, "I will take my leave of you now." The aging Headmaster left the Dursleys' home and disappeared.

This is the first chapter of a still untitled fic which I started and it continues for at least another chapter but there are inbetween scenes which still need writing. However, this one is open to adoption so if anyone is interested in taking this on, please let me know and I'll send you all I've done for this. The pairing does NOT have to be H/Hr.

## Untitled HP Fic

Harry Potter and his best friend Hermione Granger closed the book on blood wards he had owl ordered a few days before. Since Voldemort made his comments on the protections Lily Potter had created, then Dumbledore's comments on Petunia Dursley's blood providing protective wards, meaning he had to go back there, Harry was determined to read all he could on it.

"So, it seems that now that your blood flows through You-Know-Who's veins," began Hermione, "the blood wards Dumbledore seems so keen on no longer work. You-Know-Who could just walk in to the Dursley household."

"I never believed in the wards when Dumbledore mentioned them. If they were meant to prevent harm coming to me, then they should have prevented Vernon and Dudley from harming me." Dumbledore wasn't keen on the fact that Harry never said he had been sent to Voldemort's rebirth ceremony. Through some clever reading by Hermione, he discovered how to be selective in what goes in a Pensive memory and showed Minister Fudge what he wanted him to see.

The two pondered on things. It was approaching the end of their fourth year at Hogwarts. Thanks to a Death Eater in disguise as Defence teacher Alastor Moody, Harry's name was entered into the Goblet of Fire and selected as Hogwarts champion in the Triwizard Tournament. From then on, nearly everyone at Hogwarts shunned him, except staff members (with the exception of Professor Snape), who believed him. Hermione, showing how good a friend she was, stood by him. Ron Weasley showed what a complete prat he was by disowning him. His brothers Fred and George stood by Harry though along with their sister Ginny. Fellow Gryffindor Neville Longbottom also stood by him.

They helped him work out the best way to get past the dragon, then after working out the clue to the second task, Neville helped provide Gillyweed and the group helped Harry with curses and hexes for the maze. For the Yule Ball, Harry invited both Hermione and Ginny (Neville having to return home for some legal matters) and he had to rescue Hermione from the lake.

Hermione got his attention. "Would I be able to use Hedwig to write to my parents, please?" she asked.

"I said that you could use her anytime, as long as you let me know. She doesn't get much work to do, so anything she can do for you is a help to her."

It was the day before the end of term. Dumbledore summoned Harry to his office.

"It has occurred to me Harry, that you might try to leave the Dursley household. I cannot allow that and so have placed wards on the property which prevents you from leaving without permission. I have also placed charms on the house which prevent owl post going through and there are also wards there keyed to your friends, so they will not be able to visit."

"How long would I have to stay there, Professor?" Harry asked.

"The blood wards need three weeks to charge, but I feel it would be in your best interests that you remain there the entire summer. I will have Molly Weasley collect your school things for next term if you will leave your key with me."

"No. I won't leave my key with anyone. If I cannot get my own school things, then I don't want to return to Hogwarts."

"Pity, there might have been a few extra privileges in store for you," Dumbledore hinted.

"What is the point when I cannot have any contact with our world during the holidays? Do you know how boring it is practically only seeing three people for two months in a row?"

"I will offer a compromise – when it comes to collecting your school things, I will allow you to visit Diagon Alley to buy them."



"In the Muggle world, a school headmaster has no say over where someone stays during the summer. What makes it so different here?"

Dumbledore didn't say a thing, but dismissed Harry.

The train pulled into Platform 9 ¾'s and Hermione literally dragged Harry through the barrier. The first thing he noticed was that the Dursleys weren't there. She dragged him to her parents.

"Mum, Dad, this is Harry Potter," she said.

"Pleased to meet you," Harry said.

"You too, Harry." Adam Granger said, "All of Hermione's letters home plus most of her time at home have been Harry this, Harry that..."

"DAD!" Hermione said, going red.

"Anyhow," Emiliana Granger said, "Hermione told us what was going on and how Dumbledore wanted to place you with your abusive relatives. We weren't having any of that."

They put the teen's trunks in the boot. Harry released Hedwig from her cage, telling her to meet them at Hermione's house. Adam began to drive.

"Right, we're going to go home, get packed, and then we're going on our holiday. Hermione – I know you have wanted to go to Japan for years, so we've got tickets for us to Tokyo."

"That's great, thanks dad!" Hermione squealed.

"There is a problem, sir." Harry began, "I don't have a passport, and the Dursleys won't sign anything to allow me to get one."

"That's where you're wrong, Harry." Emiliana said, passing him an envelope, "We paid a visit to those relations of yours and after a word or two, they were too happy to sign custody of you over to us, and Adam used a few contacts of his to get you a passport sorted PDQ. Hermione supplied us with a photo of you."

Harry opened the envelope and took out his passport. He opened it and saw a photo of him. He remembered that one – Hermione had taken a photo of him after the first task using an ordinary Muggle camera. It listed Adam and Emiliana as his legal guardians.

"I know what you're thinking Harry and don't worry – you won't be wearing those hand-me-downs any longer. We got you a complete wardrobe."

"Thank you," Harry said, "I must pay you back."

"There is no need to do that, son," Adam said. Harry began to argue but Adam continued, "Growing up, Hermione had next to no friends. As I said before, since Hermione started attending Hogwarts, it's been Harry this, Harry that, Harry something else. It wouldn't surprise me if she's started planning the wedding!" He laughed. Both Harry and Hermione went red.

"DAD!" Hermione shouted, "Harry and I are just friends."

"Yeah, that's what your mother and I used to say at university. Now look at us."

"Adam!" his wife said, "Don't embarrass them."

Molly Weasley looked around the station. She saw no sign of Harry getting off or saw any of his relatives. But she was late arriving so she shrugged it off as being too late to see him off.

Meanwhile, one of Dumbledore's agents had been watching the Dursleys' house all day. He saw Vernon leave the house for work and return home in the evening. But there was no sign of Harry.

On the way to the airport, the Grangers and Harry stopped by Diagon Alley and deposited their trunks in Harry's trust fund vault. Harry also took some money out and had it converted into Muggle money. On the way out, they were stopped by a goblin and taken to the head Goblin Raknock.

"Evening Mr. Potter. You may be wondering why I've had you called here. I have had an official request by Albus Dumbledore to confiscate the contents of your vaults and properties..." he began.

"Vaults? Properties? I only have one vault and I don't own any places." Harry said.

"You don't know? Dumbledore was suppose to tell you." Harry was getting mad. "I was wondering why you weren't authorising the reading of your parents will. Would you like it done now?"

Harry looked at the Grangers. "Yes please, as long as it is done quickly – we are in a bit of a rush and I don't want Dumbledore to know I've been here. I'm suppose to be at my relatives home under house arrest for the summer."

"We've detected all sorts of blocking wards around the house. Anyhow, to the will." Raknock said, taking a box and piece of parchment from his desk.

This is the last will and testament of James and Lily Potter. We verify we are of sound mind and not under undue influence.

To Remus Lupin, we leave 1 million galleons and some instructions. Use the money to buy some decent clothes, Honeydukes and then find yourself a nice woman.

To Sirius Black, we leave 1 million galleons and custody of our son Harry. Despite reservations that you would raise him to be a prankster like the Marauders (hopefully he won't be that bad), you're the only person we can trust.

To Minerva McGonagall, we leave 2 million galleons and our thanks for what you've done for Lily over the years. We would leave you custody of Harry, but with your job at Hogwarts, it would be too easy for Dumbledore to get his hands on Harry and place him somewhere unsuitable.

To Andromeda Tonks, the person who adopted James after his parents died before he attended Hogwarts, we leave 2 million galleons and our thanks for what you and Edward did for James. Also, if Sirius is unable to assume custody of Harry, then we ask that you take him in.

To Nymphadora Tonks, we leave 1 million galleons to be left in trust to get you through Hogwarts and help you get started in the world.

We also leave you a house in Portsmouth, Hampshire, also to be left in trust until you come of age.

Finally, to our son Harry Potter, we leave all our possessions, money and properties and to tell you we love you. We have left a box with Raknock which he will give you on your 11th birthday. We love you son.

Harry is NOT to be placed with my sister Petunia and her husband Vernon Dursley. They hate magic of every shape and form and will try to beat it out of him, if not kill him. Vernon Dursley made such threats clear when they attended our wedding. Assuming he was placed with them illegally, he is to be emancipated on his 14th birthday.

Harry was in tears. No-one had told him they loved him before (since being placed with the Dursleys). Hermione put a comforting arm around him. Raknock passed the box over to Adam Granger along with a book.

"Dumbledore has tried many times to get this box over the years, but I've always prevented him. I believe there are some very important things in there. This is a ledger of all of Mr. Potter's properties and assets. Maybe you can go through it with him at some point."

"Thank you Director Raknock." Adam said. Harry also expressed his thanks. Raknock was surprised – never before had he been spoken to with respect from both a wizard and Muggle. The emancipation was sorted within minutes. Raknock confirmed that Dumbledore and other people tried to access the Potter vaults but without success. He also discovered the mail blocking charms, and so removed them.

A couple of hours later, the group were on their way to Japan.

Here is the first of the promised unusual crossovers. To the best of my knowledge, I've never seen anything that is a crossover between Harry Potter and The Sims. The Sims universe seen in this fic is based on that from The Sims Bustin' Out on the Gameboy Advance, a game which has given me many years of enjoyment.

I want to thank you all for your current kind words about all the works in this preview fic and it pleases me to tell you that Chapter 1 of Living in Darkness will be online as of next week. It will be slightly modified from the chapter you've already seen though.

## HARRY POTTER BURSTIN' OUT!

Harry Potter was sitting down in a carriage on the Hogwarts Express with Ron Weasley and Hermione Granger when the door opened and a black boy and a girl came in.

"Potter – can we speak to you?" the boy said.

"Harry, this is Blaise Zabini and Daphne Greengrass, both of Slytherin." Hermione said.

"Trust us," Daphne said, "We don't go along with what Draco Malfoy says, we're only in Slytherin because our families have been in Slytherin for years."

"What do you know of our world?" Blaise asked.

"Nothing much." Harry said, "My Muggle relatives never told me anything – they hate magic and no-one at school seems to want to tell me anything."

"Our families have been allies for decades." Daphne said, "We wanted to reunite our families when you joined Hogwarts but Professor Snape and Dumbledore wouldn't allow it."

"Last summer, my father gave me this," Blaise said, getting a piece of parchment out and passing it to Harry, "That he dug out. He said your grandfather gave him this for safekeeping. We wanted to give it to you but with the whole Chamber of Secrets thing, we were unable to. Snape and Malfoy kept close watch on our movements."

Harry looked at the parchment. It read: This Special Portkey will take you to Simvalley. Just press your wand to it.

"What is a Portkey?" Harry asked then looked up. Blaise and Daphne had gone. He looked at Ron and Hermione but both remained tight lipped. He put the parchment in his pocket, thinking of when to use it.

A couple of hours later, Harry found himself back in his bedroom at Privet Drive. The bars on the window were back in place. A series of clicks informed him that he was being locked in. He heard Hedwig's hooting in the garden and looked from the window. There, he could see Hedwig in her cage on top of his trunk, trying to get out. Vernon and Dudley looked as if they were piling stuff around it.

Then Harry felt a sensation in his pocket. He took his wand out of it along with the parchment. He thought; Anywhere is better than here, but I can't leave my trunk and Hedwig to be burnt.

The parchment had a further notice on: Everything belonging to you will be Portkey'ed to Simvalley, even if it is not with you at the time.

That settles it! Harry thought. He pressed his wand against the parchment and felt a tug on his navel and vanished from the bedroom. In the garden, Hedwig along with her cage vanished along with the trunk. Vernon and Dudley looked open-mouthed. They then ran back into the house and unlocked the bedroom door and found Harry had vanished.

At Hogwarts, Dumbledore looked in shock as his ward crystals indicated that the wards around the Dursley household had died.

Harry recovered and stood up. He was standing in the middle of a road. In front of him was a farmhouse. To his right, the road was blocked by roadwork style barriers. To the left, the road carried on and turned to the right. With a flash, a piece of parchment appeared in his hand. Harry read it:

Welcome to Simvalley, Harry.

We're so pleased to have you here for the summer. We may not be as big as the proper Muggle world, but we've got twice the character. Come and See us as soon as you arrive.

## Grandfather Potter

He had no idea where this Grandfather Potter was but decided that the farmhouse he could see might be able to help. Harry took the trunk and Hedwig's cage and walked towards the farm. He could see an older version of himself standing next to a broken tractor.

"Is that you Harry?" the man asked. Harry nodded. The man turned to the house. "Sarella! Come out here! Harry's arrived at last!" he shouted. An old woman came out.

"Harry!" the woman said, "It's about time you got here. We've been waiting for you a long time. Come on in for a drink and something to eat. Let your owl out and she'll come back here."

Harry bent over and opened Hedwig's cage. With a hoot, she flew out of her cage and flew away.

The trio went into the farmhouse.

"I am Nicolas Potter and this is my wife Sarella." The man said, "Our only son was James Potter and his wife was Lily Evans. After we learnt of their deaths, we returned to the real world to try and get you but Dumbledore placed you with those magic hating Muggles."

"How did you get the portkey?" Sarella asked.

"I was given it by Daphne Greengrass and Blaise Zabini on the way home from school a few hours ago." He explained what happened and he could see Nicolas and Sarella going purple.

"How long have they done that?" Nicolas asked.

"Since I was placed there. They even tried to prevent me going to Hogwarts." Harry answered.

"That's it – you're never going back to that Muggle household again." Sarella said, "We were hoping you would be able to come to us after James and Lily were killed but Dumbledore prevented us from going to that Muggle house. Have you been friends with Daphne and Blaise for long?"

"I hadn't spoken to them before today. I had no friends growing up." Harry said, "And not many people are my friends at school."

"That's outrageous. The Greengrass and Zabini families have been Potter allies for centuries. They should have rescued you from the Dursleys, if not kept in touch." Sarella said.

"Dumbledore again." Nicolas said.

"They told me Dumbledore and Snape prevented them from becoming friends with me." Harry said.

"Do you think Dumbledore has been using compulsion charms?" Sarella asked.

"Maybe. Harry – if you choose to return to Hogwarts, I will give you something to protect both yourself and your friends."

"Thank you." Harry said, "What is Simvalley?"

"It's a town beyond the real world," Nicolas said, "I discovered it twenty years ago and set up a home to retire too. After your father left Hogwarts and married your mother, we retired to Simville and set up this farm. We did keep a link to the real world to find out what was happening."

"Will I be able to return to the real world?" Harry asked.

"Yes you will." Nicolas said, "We'll take you back in a couple of days and sort out the legal paperwork. This way, no-one will be able to force you back to the Dursleys."

After having a meal, Harry was shown around the farm by his grandparents. They could tell he was interested in the top story of the barn.

"If you like Harry, you can set up your room up there." Nicolas said, "We don't have a lot of room in the farmhouse, so this would be the best option. Old Daddy Bigbanks, who practically owns the town won't allow extensions to be built."

"I'd like that thank you." Harry said.



"Alright, we will just need to get the furniture you need. The shops are closed now, but we have some in the garden." Nicolas said. He led Harry into the back garden, which was enclosed from the main fields where there was a bed, a broken refrigerator and a few drawers.

"OK Harry, just point your wand at the thing you want and incant Reducio."

Harry aimed his wand at the bed and cast Reducio at it. Instantly, it shrank to the size of a matchbook.

Dumbledore was checking some things in his office before going on his annual holiday. The final thing to check was the wards on Privet Drive. He had to wait until a certain time to set the ward to prevent Harry from leaving the area – it wouldn't work if Harry wasn't there. But when he went to set the ward in question, his instruments indicated that Harry was not at Privet Drive, but the rest of the family was.

Deciding to postpone his departure (it was by Portkey anyway), he left Hogwarts grounds to arrive at Privet Drive where he went straight to Number 4.

"Where's Harry?" he asked.

"Don't ask me!" Vernon said, "Last we saw of him was in his room and then he vanished with all his things! When you find him, don't bring him back."

"He must stay with you for his safety." Dumbledore said. Petunia came to the door.

"He is not safe here and as the owner of his house, we don't want him here anymore. You bring him back here and I cannot guarantee his safety." Petunia said before slamming the door in Dumbledore's face.

Nicolas, Sarella and Harry returned to the compartment in the barn. It looked bigger than Dudley Dursley's bedroom. One by one, Harry took the items out of his pocket, re-enlarged them and arranged them where he needed them.

"To repair things Harry," Nicolas said, "You cast Repairo." As to demonstrate, Nicolas pointed his wand at the refrigerator and cast the spell. Within seconds, it was fully repaired and working.

"Amazing." Harry said.

Sarella brought in some food and put it into the fridge as Harry repaired the bed.

"We'll take you to the shops in the morning so we can get you some more furniture. There is no link to Gringotts here however, but we managed to convert some money into Simoleans. You'll be able to earn money by doing odd jobs and/or convert whatever Galleons into Simoleans." Nicolas said.

"Now, you should get some sleep before seeing the rest of Simvalley tomorrow." Sarella said.

"One thing first." Nicolas said. He took something out of his pocket and gave it to Harry. "It's a SimOrganiser. It details all your relationships here, tasks you have agreed to do, the contents of your pockets, details your skills."

Harry activated the device and went to skills. It gave his Cooking and Mechanical Skills at 10 while his Creativity was at 2, Body at 0, Logic at 7 and Charisma at 8. It also noted that he was quite neat and active, not very outgoing or playful but was nice.

"We're going to have to work on that body count Harry." Sarella said, "We'll see you in the morning."

"Night." The two elderly people said before leaving. Harry sat on the bed as Hedwig flew in through the window.

"I think we're going to enjoy ourselves here." Harry said. Hedwig hooted in agreement.

As usual, JK Rowling owns Harry Potter, not me.

This is an alternative universe to Goblet of Fire. Harry and Ron never really made up after the first task. The tasks will be the same as canon, but the results won't be.

I thought I'd upload the starter of a nice soppy romance story with the pairing being Harry/Fleur.

Harry and Fleur

"WEASLEY! FINNIGAN! Detention today and tomorrow! Now, pay attention!" Professor McGonagall shouted during one lesson. The targets of her voice were Ron Weasley and Seamus Finnigan, who were having a mock sword fight at the back of the classroom with fake wands manufactured by Fred and George Weasley. The trick wands had transformed into other objects.

"Now that Weasley and Finnigan have decided to start acting their ages, instead of like a bunch of first years, I have an announcement to make," McGonagall said. Everyone looked at her, awaiting what she was going to say. She looked at her class and saw her two favourite students – Harry Potter and Hermione Granger – sitting at the front of the class. They had been shunned by the school when Harry's name came out of the Goblet of Fire – Harry for apparently stealing the glory from the true Hogwarts champion (Cedric Diggory) and Hermione for supporting him.

"A tradition of the Triwizard Tournament is that there is a Yule Ball, which is held on Christmas Day. It is open to fourth years and above, although a third or second year student can be invited if you wish. I will expect perfect behaviour from all of you otherwise the consequences will be dire. The right to attend the Ball will depend on behaviour and quality of work. At the moment, this class has good enough marks to warrant attending, although Mr. Weasley needs to improve his grades if he wishes to attend." Ron went red at this mention. McGonagall then dismissed the class and they all went to leave.

"Mr. Potter – a word please," the teacher said. Harry went over to her. "It is traditional for the champions to open the ball with a dance with their partners."

"It's alright, Professor. I read up on the Tournament after I got plunged into it and found out about the ball. Hermione has been giving me a few dance lessons."

"You should know that when the Dursleys reluctantly allowed you to attend Hogwarts, they sent a message saying that you were not to attend functions like this and if there was such a function, you were to be sent back to Privet Drive for the duration of it."

"You mean that I have to go back to that hellhole?" Harry asked, not realising the word he had used to describe the Dursley's household.

"No, you don't have to go back there. The Dursleys, despite being your 'relatives' and I use that word lightly, are your guardians illegally and so cannot decide such things. I have become your guardian when it comes to school matters, knowing the hatred they have for our world and I have decided that you can attend the ball. Now, what did you mean by hellhole? Does it have something to do with the rumours that the three younger Weasley males retrieved you from a locked bedroom with bars on the window?"

"How did you find out about that?" Harry asked.

"Molly and Arthur told me about it. She also pointed out that every time you've met up with them during the holidays, you were as thin as a rake. As soon as I heard about it, I tried to have their guardianship revoked but Dumbledore assured me that it was probably an exaggeration on the part of the Weasley twins."

"Well, if you ask the twins where they put the bars when we got back to the Burrow, it will prove that it is not an exaggeration."

"Very well – I will ask them. Added with Molly's reports, if the information on bars is true, I can petition to have you removed from the Dursleys. Anyhow, back to the Ball. May I ask who you're planning to take to the ball? Miss Granger?" Harry went red at this question.

"No. I want someone to see Hermione as a girl, not as a bookworm and ask her. I want to ask Cho Chang."

"Well, I suggest you ask her quickly, before anyone else asks her. You aren't the only person to have a crush on her." Harry went red

when McGonagall mentioned it. He left the room and made his way to the Great Hall. Harry then remembered the events of the last few months.

His relationship with Ron had gone downhill since the end of third year and he hadn't heard from him during the summer holidays. After two days with just the Dursleys for company, he left their home and found his way to his godfather's home in London where he spent the holidays. Thanks to something mentioned by the Black house elf, he could do magic so he spent time learning.

Harry invited Hermione over to learn too, she jumped at the chance. So they spent a few hours a day learning new spells and stuff that they would learn during the holidays.

The Daily Prophet reported on the Quidditch World Cup and so Harry bought himself and Hermione tickets for the Top Box – the organisers willing to accommodate the Boy-Who-Lived. Ron was surprised when he saw the duo there, he had deliberately forgotten to send them invites. Arthur Weasley was mad at this. Fred and George demonstrated some joke items they had invented.

After returning to Hogwarts, Dumbledore announced the Triwizard Tournament and weeks later, students came from the overseas Wizarding schools Durmstrang and Beauxbatons, including star Quidditch Seeker Viktor Krum and beautiful Fleur Delacour.

Harry made it public that he was supporting Cedric Diggory to be Hogwarts champion despite people thinking that he was going to put his name in. However, a few days later, to his and everyone else's shock, his name came out of the Goblet of Fire as a fourth champion.

The next day, he made his support of Cedric public and announced that he would do the bare minimum of effort in the tasks as to give Cedric a chance. Harry said he did not care about fame or winning money or holding the Triwizard Cup. Dumbledore found out about Harry's statements and called him into his office. He informed Harry in the kindest way possible, that if he continues to voice these views, he would lose privileges, like Hogsmeade visits, and if he did not perform to the best of his abilities during the first task, then he would be suspended – he would not be allowed to go to his godfather's home (in which he had been living in since Sirius was cleared of all charges, but Dumbledore had pressured the Ministry to keep him a

convicted criminal on the run) but the Dursleys. Dumbledore hinted that he knew how Harry was treated by his relatives.

It was then announced that if these views continued and Harry refused to participate in the second task, his suspension would continue, to be spent at the Dursleys but Harry's owl, Hedwig, would be confiscated. Harry argued that confiscating his pet was illegal if he was not resident in the grounds but Dumbledore said he could do whatever he wanted. Finally, the Headmaster told him that if he refused to participate in the third task, then he would be expelled and be forced to live at the Dursleys forever.

Harry reluctantly decided to actively participate on the condition that Dumbledore did something about the extremely rude badges that Draco Malfoy was spreading about. Dumbledore said that Malfoy was exercising his right to an opinion but Harry argued that while badges saying "Support Cedric Diggory" should be allowed, they should not be allowed to say stuff like "Potter Stinks" or "Potter is a Liar". Harry also hinted that if Malfoy was allowed to continue distributing these sorts of badges, then he would write to the Minister and the papers. Dumbledore reluctantly agreed to Harry's demands and ordered that only badges with the words "Support Cedric Diggory" would be allowed and checks would be done to badges to see if any other messages were on them.

Harry saw Cho, also heading to the hall. He decided to ask her there and then.

"Cho," he began. Cho and her friends stopped, "Will you go to the ball with me?"

The Asian Ravenclaw female looked at him for a moment. "NO!" she shouted and went off with her friends. Harry walked away with a bit of sadness, since the girl he had a crush on turned him down.

"Hello, Harry," a female voice said. Harry stopped and saw Fleur Delacour, the Beauxbatons champion. "I saw how that Chang girl treated you. Not very nice. You should know that most of the female students have decided to turn you down should you ask them and the rest have decided not to bother asking you."

"Now what am I going to do?" Harry asked, suddenly wondering why he was confiding in his rival champion, "I didn't even want to be in

this stupid tournament and now I'm going to look like a right prat not having anyone to dance with."

"Harry – I believe you when you say you didn't want to take part. I've seen you urge people to support the Diggory boy. But you should continue to try your best and if you like, I will help you."

"But we're not supposed to get help..." began Harry.

"From the teachers, but no one said we can't help each other. But, I have something to ask you – will you go to the ball with me?" she asked.

Harry was gobsmacked. "You want to go to the ball with me?" he stammered, "But we're rival champions."

"Maybe so," Fleur said, "But the point in this tournament is to promote cooperation with other schools. Going to the dance with a fellow champion does just that. Also, I admire you and I would like to go to the ball with you."

"Why do you admire me, Fleur? I hate all this Boy-Who-Lived crap. I'd rather be a normal person with a family who loves me."

"I admire Harry Potter, the person, not Harry Potter, the Boy-Who-Lived. But your relatives must love you?"

"Love me? The only time they will ever love me is when I'm dead and buried!" He quickly shut up when he realised he had already said too much.

Fleur didn't know what to say. "Sorry I bothered you, Harry." She started to go.

"Fleur!" Harry shouted, getting her attention. "I will go to the ball with you."

"Great!" she said. They shared a brief hug. "I'd better go; otherwise Madam Maxime will wonder where I am." She walked away.

Harry began to make his way back to the common room. He had a date for the ball! Without realising it, he bumped into Hermione, who was feeling the same he was.

"Harry!" she started, "I have to tell someone – Viktor Krum invited me to the ball with him!"

"That's great!" Harry said, "Guess who I'm going with?"

"Cho Chang?" Harry looked at her, "Everyone knows you have a crush on her."

"Not anymore. I'm going with Fleur Delacour." He told his friend about what Fleur had told him.

"That's excellent! You know that the aim of the tournament is to promote magical cooperation."

"Yes, I know. I say we keep this under wraps for now. We might provoke a riot if it came out we were going to the ball with the champions from Durmstrang and Beauxbatons," Harry said. Hermione reluctantly agreed.

Harry found Viktor Krum running through the grounds and went over to him.

"Viktor – can I talk to you please?" he asked.

"What do you want Potter?" Krum asked.

"It's about Hermione – I understand you asked her to the ball."

"Yeah and she said she would. Is there something going on with the two of you?"

"No – she's my best friend and I hate to see anyone hurt her. Ron Weasley has hurt her many times over the last three years more than anyone else. So, I'm just warning you to treat her right or you'll have me to deal with." Harry said.

"Alright, Harry. I promise to treat her well."

Over the next few weeks, Hermione continued to teach Harry to dance until he could dance perfectly. McGonagall walked in on them one day and watched.



"Very good, Mr. Potter," she said after the duo finished. "You are going to impress your partner with your skills. Miss Granger, could you excuse us for a minute please? I need to speak with Mr. Potter about certain things."

"If it's about our conversation involving the Dursleys, she can stay – I've told her about them," said Harry.

"Alright. I asked Fred and George Weasley about the bars and informed Molly and Arthur where they were. The bars were found and discreet tests proved that they came from the Dursley household, specifically, your bedroom for the past four years. I took the liberty of having someone from the Child Services Department talk to them and under Veritaserum; they admitted everything."

"I'm dead. They will think I grassed them up," Harry said.

"Don't worry about that, Mr. Potter. Further investigation has revealed that after Dumbledore left you on their doorstep, they never applied for guardianship or adoption so your legal guardian is Sirius Black. However, since he is an official fugitive, he cannot be your guardian. I have successfully applied to be both your legal and magical guardian."

"What do you mean by magical guardian?" asked Harry.

"Students who are either Muggle-born or Muggle raised are assigned a magical guardian – normally the current headmaster or headmistress of Hogwarts. So, in Miss Granger's case, her magical guardian is Dumbledore. You, Harry have always had me as your magical guardian, your parents making such a wish when you were born."

"Then why didn't you take Harry away from the Dursleys?" Hermione asked.

"I'm afraid that my magical guardianship of Harry didn't matter much to the Ministry – they and Dumbledore wanted Harry hidden away. Dumbledore used the excuse of blood wards, but I know for a fact that they never worked. The only wards he used were ones that prevented anyone magical from approaching the Dursley household."

"It seems Minister Fudge is a fan of yours, Harry, and I was told that he was very impressed by your performance in the First Task. When myself and the Child Services presented him with the evidence of the bars and the Dursleys' confessions along with the fact they were never your guardians, he overrode the previous Minister's orders that you were to be hidden away and has allowed me to take on the job your parents wished."

"So, Harry, it means that if you wish, you can come home with me during the holidays or anywhere else you wish, as long as it isn't to Number 4 Privet Drive."

"Thank you, Professor," Harry said.

Lessons went on as normal until the Christmas holidays. Nothing of note happened besides Neville Longbottom melting his (by Harry's count) twenty-sixth cauldron in Potions and receiving a two week detention for it. Professor Moody was still teaching about Dark Curses, although he had now left the subject of the Unforgivables. It appeared that some students had complained to their parents about Moody using the Imperius curse on them who in turn complained to the Ministry. Dumbledore managed to get Moody off the hook by saying that he was authorised to demonstrate the curse on animals but was not authorised to use them on students and he would be having a serious word with the former Auror about it.

"Oh yeah," Harry said to Hermione when the news of that meeting had leaked out, "Dumbledore probably authorised him to use it on students so he could see who could be controlled." Hermione didn't say anything about it.

"I've done some reading into the Veela charms, Harry," Hermione said, with a book on mind control in her hands, "It seems that their charms are similar to the Imperius curse in a way, but with elements of love potions."

"So that's why I can resist her charms?" Harry asked.

"Yes. She really is a pretty girl," Hermione said, "without the charms influencing her."

Thanks for all the kind words regarding the previous chapters. Here is another one from my files.

## A Year at Hogwarts

Harry Potter looked at the weird building he was being taken too and reflected on things that had brought him there, going back ten years.

He was on holiday in Australia with his evil relatives – the Dursleys. From what he knew at the time, Petunia Dursley was his mother's sister, married to Vernon and his cousin was called Dudley. They had received an invitation to Petunia's other sister's wedding and the invitation specifically mentioned Harry so they had to take him.

Before they were due to return to England, the Dursleys transferred custody of Harry to his Aunt Sarah, who had just got married. Sarah and her husband Michael had a lot of work to do in order to undo what the Dursleys had done to him – physically and mentally.

When he was six, they told him he was a wizard. Sarah was a witch herself. Petunia wasn't – she and Vernon hated the thought of it and drummed it into Harry that magic did not exist.

When he was 11, he was invited to attend both Hogwarts in England and the Sydney Academy, there in Australia. Harry choose to go to the Academy, not wanting to be too far from his family.

A few weeks ago, Harry was invited by his best friend to go to the Quidditch World Cup in England and with his aunt and uncle's consent, accepted. However, after the game, the grounds were attacked by strange men in weird masks and Harry was seen by some people who took him away.

He was taken to a hearing where it was made clear that he was reported missing ten years ago and was never found. It appeared that the Dursleys never informed the British Ministry of a change in guardianship. They refused to listen to Harry about his guardians in Australia and told him that until the issue of permanent guardianship was dealt with, he was to be placed in foster care and given a placement at Hogwarts. He heard them mention someone called Black and his claims over the boy.

The person who was escorting him to the house stopped and knocked the door. It opened and a middle-age woman answered it.

"Morning Nymphadora." She said. The other woman scowled, apparently not liking the mention of her name. She turned to Harry, "Morning dear. My name is Molly Weasley." She showed Harry and the other girl in and led them to the kitchen. There was a group sitting around the table.

"I saw you at the World Cup!" one of the five boys said.

"This is Harry Potter," Molly Weasley said, "He'll be staying with us until Hogwarts begins. Harry dear, these are my sons Bill, Charlie, Fred, George, Ron and my daughter Ginny." They all said hello. Ginny went red.

"You'll have to ignore her mate," the one indicated as Fred (or was it George) said, "She's had a crush on you for years."

Molly told Harry to sit down while she sorted him out some breakfast.

"Where have you been? People have been looking for you for ten years!" Bill asked.

"Well, they didn't do a very good job. I've been living in Australia for ten years with my aunt and uncle." Harry answered.

"We heard you were living with Muggles and going through their education system." Charlie added.

"Well, I spent three years with Muggles – my aunt, uncle and cousin are Muggles. My other aunt, who I've been living with is a witch while my other uncle is a Muggle but my two cousins are witches. I've also been attending the Sydney Academy for three years."

He told them about the school. Bill had heard of the school, he had a pen-friend who attended there in the 80's.

"What brings you to our humble abode?" George asked.

"Well, because the Dursleys – my Muggle relatives didn't notify anyone I was now living in Australia, and they did know because they transferred guardianship to the Falk family while in Australia, I

was listed as missing because there are wards and stuff on the Dursley home to say if I was there. I laughed when they brought the Dursleys into the hearing and punished them for doing so and for taking me out of the country – apparently, I'm not allowed out of England for some weird reason."

He looked at them. "I know all about this Boy-Who-Lived thing. What are people here like about it? People in Australia are respectful of it but don't ask questions and I prefer that. Why should I be famous because someone killed my parents?" Harry asked.

"There are people who are obsessed with you." Charlie answered, "Expect lots of stares and stuff while at Hogwarts."

"Does anyone have an owl? I need to get a message to my friend before they return to Australia so they can inform Aunt Sarah what is happening."

The pinked haired Auror turned to him. "I'm sorry, but Delores Umbridge has forbidden you from sending owl post."

"What right does she had to do that? I am not even a British citizen." asked Harry.

"She's the Senior Undersecretary to the Minister, Harry, so she has the right to do so."

"Could you find the Samson family before they get the international Portkey please, and inform them of what has happened."

"I'll try to do that at least." She said, "Oh, my name is Tonks."

She left the house. Molly Weasley carried on preparing food. The Weasley children looked outraged at what the Ministry was doing.

"So," Harry said, "Do you lot attend Hogwarts?"

"I graduated six years ago – I now work for Gringotts," Bill said, "Charlie here finished a year before you should have started. He now works for a Romanian dragon preserve. Our other brother Percy, he's not here right now, began working for the Ministry a month ago – working in the Department of Magical Co-operation."

"So Harry, any broken hearts down under?" Fred asked.

"Hopefully not. As soon as my family find out what's going on, they'll be kicking up a right stink about this. Then I'll be seeing Hermione again." Harry got out a wallet which had a picture of him with a girl with bushy brown hair. Ron, Fred and George looked as if they recognised her.

"That's Granger!" Ron shouted.

"Do you know her?" asked Harry, "I know she came over from England during my first year, transferred from Hogwarts but she was always tight lipped over why."

Ron's face then went red. "What do you know about this Ron?" Bill asked.

"If you don't tell him Ron," Fred and George said, "Then we'll tell him." Ron remained silent.

Fred decided to tell the tale. "Hermione Granger was sorted into Gryffindor but had a lot of trouble settling in. People refused to talk to her, because she was what people called an insufferable know-it-all. The Potions master, Snape kept bullying her, deducting points and giving out detentions when she did excellent work." Harry looked furious at that piece of news.

George continued. "It kept going until Halloween. According to Neville Longbottom, a fellow Gryffindor, during Charms, Ron kept messing up when trying to perform the levitation charm and Hermione showed him how to do it. After the lesson, Ron said in front of everyone that she was a nightmare and it was a wonder she didn't have any friends."

"That evening, we had our Halloween feast as usual. There was no sign of Hermione." Fred carried on, "We heard a pair of Gryffindor girls tell Neville Longbottom that she had been in the girls bathroom crying ever since she heard Ron say what he said. The next thing we know, our former Defence teacher Quirril came in saying there was a troll in the dungeons. Everyone was sent back to their common rooms."

"The next day, we found out that the troll had cornered Hermione in the toilets and nearly killed her. We never saw her again after that." George finished. "Neville told us that McGonagall told him that her parents had withdrawn her from Hogwarts." To say Harry was furious with Ron's actions was an understatement.

"Mum found out through Percy what happened due to Ron's actions and she sent him a Howler. He was also grounded the whole of the Christmas holidays. He had to spend them at home with Great-Aunt Muriel while Fred and I along with Percy stayed at school and Mum, Dad and Ginny went to Romania to visit Charlie." George also finished.

Harry turned to Ron. "Right, Ronald." He said, "I will be talking to Hermione later and when I do, you will apologize for what you caused. It had better be a sincere apology too." Ron looked scared.

Molly came over and asked what was happening. Bill explained.

"I wondered what happened to that poor girl," she said, "Percy told me she was very talented at her work and magic. I'm glad she's getting a good education elsewhere." She turned to Ron, "You will apologize too otherwise you will face a grounding for the rest of the holidays."

"How will you be talking to her?" Charlie said. Harry got a mirror out of his bag.

"This is one of a two way mirror system. All you need to do is speak the name of the person you wish to speak to who would have a similar mirror to this, they answer on the other end and you can talk to them just as well as you and I are talking right now."

"Where did you get them from?" Ginny asked.

"I found them in the Potter vaults. Hermione and I became best friends not long after she started at Sydney but didn't want to rely on owl post all the time so I found the mirrors in the vault."

There was a laugh behind them. "I never thought those mirrors would be in use again." Everyone turned and saw a man standing at the door.

"Hello Harry, it's been a long time since I saw you last." He said. Holding out his hand, he continued, "My name is Sirius Black, your godfather." Determined to be polite, Harry walked over and shook it. He sat back down.

"Your father and I used to use those mirrors to speak to each other during holidays until my sixth year or when we were in separate detentions." Black continued, "Now, what have you been up to?"

Harry told him what had been going on. When Harry mentioned what the Dursleys had done, Sirius Black looked as if he was going to lose his temper.

"Alright Harry, since I was suppose to be your rightful guardian, I will deal with the Dursleys." He said, explaining that on the deaths of Harry's parents, either him or Aunt Sarah were to be his guardians, not the Dursleys.

"Does that mean I'll have to come and live with you?" Harry said, with sorrow in his voice.

"If it was up to me Harry, after what I know now, then I would just let you stay with Sarah Evans. Sadly, Dumbledore and the Ministry have filed a custody case regarding you and I can't get it cancelled. You must understand Harry, that a week ago, we didn't even know if you were alive or dead. The Dursleys never told us of the change in guardianship. If the Ministry rule in my favour at the hearing, I will exercise my rights to sign it over to Sarah."

"Thank you Sirius." Harry said, "I'm sorry if I hurt your feelings."

"No problem kid." Sirius said, "I would rather you stayed in a home where you are happy rather than one that you were unhappy in. Tell you what, if you like, you can stay with me if you visit during holidays or if you don't mind, when you return to Australia, I'll like to come with you."

Harry was unsure what to say. "Thank you." He said.

"Right," Sirius said, turning to Molly, "This is a time to celebrate, have the Hogwarts letters arrived yet?" She nodded. "I'm going to take you all to Diagon Alley and buy you all your supplies!" Everyone looked gobsmacked.



"You don't have to Sirius, we can manage." Molly said.

"Don't talk like that Molly!" Sirius said, "You're looking after Harry. This'll be my way of thanking you. I won't take no for an answer." Molly had to admit she was beaten.

The first stop after arriving at Diagon Alley was to Gringotts where Sirius withdrew money from the main Black vaults.

The stop after that was Flourish and Blotts to buy the school books. Ron, the twins and Ginny looked stunned at being brought brand new books. Bill explained to Harry later on that the Weasley family were so poor, they had to rely on a scholarship type scheme from Hogwarts to get the children through but it only stretched to buying second hand books and robes. "Charlie and I send a bit of money when we can which helps a little."

Then the next stop was to Madam Malkin's to purchase school robes for Harry.

"I know you don't want Hogwarts robes Harry," Sirius explained, "But it's best to go along with it for now until the custody case is heard, following which, you will be able to return to your old school."

New robes were brought for the others too. Ollivander's was the next stop.

"I wondered when I would be seeing you here Mr. Potter. It seemed only yesterday that your parents were in here buying their first wands." The wand maker said. He gave Harry the creeps.

"I already have a wand sir. My aunt brought it for me in Australia." Harry said.

"May I see it please?" Ollivander asked. Harry handed it over and it was inspected. "A fine piece of work here. Did you get it from a person called Yarkanos?" Harry nodded. "A fine wand maker, he is. Take good care of this wand Mr. Potter, it will serve you well."

Sirius stepped forward. "We're here to buy new wands for the Weasley children." There were looks of shock and they were about

to protest, but Sirius held his hand up. "I said I was going to buy the supplies and that is that."

Within an hour, Fred, George, Ron and Ginny stepped out of Ollivanders with brand new wands. Previously, the twins had been using the wands of Molly Weasley's elder brothers (both twins), Ron was using Charlie's wand while Ginny was using her grandmother's wand.

Months later... in-between stuff to be written in full version

"This is a hearing convened by the International Confederation of Wizardry. It is to cover the abduction of Harry James Potter on order of Albus Percival Wolfric Brian Dumbledore and the future custody of Harry Potter." Warlock Jansen said, "The chair recognises Professor Dumbledore."

Dumbledore stepped forward. "When Harry's parents were murdered by Voldemort, I took the decision to place Harry in the custody of his Muggle aunt and uncle. Lily Potter's sacrifice created a bond which protected Harry from harm if he could call his aunt's home his home."

"Then why," the Warlock asked, "Does the reports from Vernon and Petunia Dursley themselves along with medical reports from the time of the adoption confirm that Mr. Potter had been close to death because of their savage beatings?"

"I made a mistake there Warlock. I had wards on the house to inform me on his well-being plus a Squib agent. Both reported that Harry had vanished and the Dursleys would not tell us what happened. I therefore had to report him missing. We didn't think to look out of the country. When one of my agents reported seeing him at the Quidditch World Cup, I made a spur of the moment decision to retrieve him. For all I knew, he was in danger."

"Very well Dumbledore, we will decide your fate later on hearing the rest of the evidence." He turned to Sirius Black. "Mr. Black, please give me a good reason why you should be awarded custody over Michael and Sarah Falk, who happens to be a blood relation on Lily Potter's side."

"Deputy Warlock, I was named in James and Lily's will as Harry's guardian in the event of their deaths. Mrs. Falk, then Miss. Evans was named as secondary guardian in case I was unable to take custody. I feel Harry's best interests are served by being in England." Sirius Black said.

"Then why, did you allow a Rubus Hagrid to take him to the Dursley household, then go and hunt down Peter Pettigrew, then allow yourself to be thrown into Azkaban. How could you serve Harry's best interests in prison?"

"Hagrid was acting on orders from Dumbledore. When that happened, I decided to go and get Pettigrew. It was common knowledge that I was the Potter's secret keeper but he was. Barty Crouch is not one to conduct fair trials and would have imprisoned me. I needed Peter as proof that I was not the secret keeper." Sirius said.

"The chair now calls Mrs. Sarah Falk." Warlock Jansen said.

Sarah stood up. She explained how the Dursleys met her during her wedding and signed custody of Harry over to her, telling her that he was just a pointless freak which no-one wanted. Signed witness statements on how well Harry was treated by the Falk's were entered into evidence. The Academy's Headmistress reported on how excellent his grades were.

"We will now retire to consider our verdict." The Warlock answered. Ten minutes later, they returned.

"It has been decided that Albus Dumbledore, while acting in what he thought was Mr. Potter's best interests, overstepped his authority. He is fined a total of 5,000 galleons. He is also fined an additional 10,000 galleons for overriding the Potter's custody preferences. Sirius Black – your application for custody of Harry Potter is thrown out. We have concluded that you did not act in his best interests following the deaths of his parents. Mrs. Sarah Falk – your application to continue your present custody arrangements is granted. However, due to the Triwizard Tournament, Mr. Potter cannot return home until it's conclusion. I am making a ruling that he is not representing Hogwarts as a second student – he is permitted to represent his proper school – the Sydney Academy. "

This chapter is being posted for ginnylover14, who has pestered me time and time again to finish this story and upload it, so I hope this keeps him/her happy. Tomb Raider characters are from the film universe and certain events towards the end mirror events from the first film. It is ten years ahead from canon so the events from what would be Philosopher's Stone are set in 2001.

## HARRY POTTER-CROFT

Lara Croft was speeding down the busy London streets on her favourite motorcycle. She had gotten back from a trip to Egypt only to find her computer expert employee Bryce with a letter from a London solicitor informing her of the will reading of her cousin Lily Potter-Evans in two hours time.

She made it to the offices with five minutes to spare and knocked on the door. She was shown in and sat down. Looking around, she realised she was not the only person out of place – she was still in the dust and dirt covered clothing she returned home in – she had not had the time to wash or change. She could see people in what looked like weird clothing.

"Now that Lady Croft is here, we can commence with the reading." The solicitor said, sorting through some papers. "For the benefit of Lady Croft, who might not know what is going on, three days ago, on October 31st, 2001, James and Lily Potter were murdered in their home by the terrorist Tom Riddle. However, his attempt to murder their baby son Harry was foiled when a small explosive device he had on his person detonated prematurely." He began to read.

This is the last will of Lily Potter-Evans. I am of sound mind and body as I write this.

First of all, to sort out the custody of my son Harry. On discussion with my husband James Potter, we have decided to award custody of Harry to my cousin Lady Lara Croft. She has a good home and is able to give him a good upbringing. To those friends of James' who will wonder who Lara is, here is a brief biography. Lara is the daughter of my aunt Samantha Evans and my uncle Lord Richard Croft, famed archaeologist. He died in mysterious circumstances in 1985 leaving his daughter Lara to inherit the title.

Harry is not to be sent to my sister Petunia Dursley under ANY circumstances.

I leave the sum of £5 million to various children's charities, to be distributed under the discretion of my solicitor.

Lara, the Potter family is extremely wealthy, I'd say wealthier than your father's family. Harry will gain access to it when he is 18 so I ask that you help keep it safe for him. There will be a trust fund to get him through Hogwarts. You know how to get to Diagon Alley – whenever the time is right, I hope you will contact one of the people I told you about to help you.

A man with very long white hair and a beard stood up. "What do you know of Hogwarts, Lady Croft?"

"I know it is a school of magic that Lily attended during her teenage years. That's where she met James Potter. I understand this solicitor has full knowledge of your world." Lara said. She turned to the solicitor. "Where is little Harry?"

"I do not know Lady Croft – Professor Dumbledore was supposed to bring him today." The solicitor answered.

Everyone turned to Professor Dumbledore. "He is with Vernon and Petunia Dursley."

"You left him with those two?" Lara shouted, "Surely you must know what those two are like, and what they'll do to Harry?"

"Yes, I do know. I was hoping you would not get here in time."

Lara reached onto the desk of the solicitor and turned over a phone. She dialled a number on it.

"Hillary – get a car and meet me at Number 4, Privet Drive, Little Winging, Surrey."

Everyone listened as a voice could be heard on the other side of the conversation.

"Look it up on the map," Lara shouted, "and ask that niece of yours to pop into town and get supplies for a one year old boy."

There was more talk that could be heard. "Tell her I'll explain when I return. Oh, Hillary, make sure she has none of her boyfriends in the manor, especially that one who dresses like a goth and plays that hopeless music!"

Lara hung up the phone. Dumbledore put his wand away before she could see him.

"May I ask who this Hillary is?" he asked.

"My staff." Lara said, signing the papers transferring guardianship of Harry over to her.

"You're not married?" Dumbledore asked.

"No and I don't intend to get married for a long time." Lara answered.

"Lara Croft – are you Lara Croft, the Tomb Raider?" he continued.

"The very same – you know of me?" she asked.

"I've read some of your published works and brought some of the artefacts you found. There is some very remarkable stuff there."

"Much as I would like to chat about tomb raiding, I have a baby to collect."

Lara sped into Privet Drive to find the familiar Aston Martin outside Number 4. A man in his late 20's was standing next to it. Both people walked to the front door of Number 4 and knocked it. A skinny woman answered it.

"What do you want Lara?" she asked, with scorn in her voice.

"What I want Petunia, is Harry." Lara answered.

"There is no Harry here." She answered.

"Oh yes there is." Lara answered, "I was informed that a Professor Dumbledore that your nephew Harry, the son of your sister, my cousin Lily was left here. I have here papers transferring him to my custody as per the wishes of Lily's will."

"But we have to keep him – Dumbledore said.." Petunia Dursley began.

"Screw Dumbledore. He is not above the law Petunia. Now, either give Harry to me now, or I'll come back here with the police, my lawyers and a court order." Lara said. She was not a person to take anyone's crap.

Petunia walked into the hallway. Lara and Hillary noticed she opened a cupboard under the stairs, reach in and lifted a bundle up. She thrust it at Lara without much care. The woman noticed that the baby's face was black and blue with bruises. She passed Harry over to Hillary then pushed the door open and walked in. Petunia was now in the kitchen feeding her overweight son. Vernon Dursley was also in the room.

"What did you do to that poor boy?" Lara asked.

"Given him the beating he deserved!" Vernon shouted, "How dare he dirty our household with his freakiness."

That was the wrong thing to say – Lara reached behind her back and pulled out one of her guns and pointed it at Vernon.

"I don't know what you see in this piece of shit Petunia, but it is clear that you are not an Evans at all. A member of the Evans family would not stand by and see one of its own being beaten for no reason, especially a baby." Petunia ignored Lara. She never got on with the Croft family.

"This is what is going to happen. I am going to take Harry from this place and you will never see him again. You will not make contact with him or make attempt to do so. As far as I'm concerned, Petunia, you can take your obese son and husband and make them live in a cupboard." Lara said, before turning to leave.

Not long after Dumbledore returned to his office, the door knocked and the current Minister of Magic Millicent Bagnold came in.

"Afternoon Albus." The Minister sat down, "So, how did the will reading go?"

"Unexpected, Minister," Dumbledore said, "Custody of Harry was not awarded to Sirius Black after all, but a Muggle cousin of Lily's named Lara Croft."

"What did the will say about the Dursley family?" Bagnold asked.

"That Harry was not to go anywhere near them." Dumbledore replied, "Lara Croft is the daughter of the famed Muggle archaeologist Lord Richard Croft, who died about twenty years ago when the girl was only seven years old. Her mother died three years before."

"So, she won't question the imprisonment of Sirius Black in Azkaban without trial for betraying the Potters?"

"Unless she meets someone from our world, then no questions will be raised. If things go well, there will be no contact with our world until it is time for Harry to attend Hogwarts."

"Address Harry Potter." Professor McGonagall said, as she finished filling out Harry Potter's Hogwarts letter. It wrote out:

Harry Potter-Croft,

The Second Master Bedroom,

Croft Manor,

Buckinghamshire

Surprised, she grabbed the letter and ran to Dumbledore's office.

"Albus – why does Harry Potter's letter not have him marked down as living with the Dursleys? After all, you left him with them!" she shouted.

"As it happens Minerva, Lily's will stated that he was to go to her cousin Lara Croft, and the Dursleys were not to go anywhere near him. It was witnessed by many people and Lady Croft got him away before anyone could do anything. I felt it was in his best interests to have people think he was living somewhere else. I would like you and Severus to deliver the letter to him."



The next morning, McGonagall and Potions master Severus Snape went to Croft Manor. By chance, they got there the same time as a delivery van going to the main house so they were able to catch a lift.

The two teachers looked around in the main hall as a woman in her late 20's signed for a delivery of something. They could see three people – two older men and a young man who they presumed to be Harry clearing up a lot of rubble. Looking around, they could see broken windows, broken glass everywhere, all sorts.

Everyone stopped to look at the new arrivals. The woman walked up to them.

"What can I do for you?" she asked.

"Who are you?" Snape asked.

"I'm Lady Lara Croft, this over here is my butler Hillary, my computer technician Bryce and my nephew Harry Potter. Who the hell are you?"

"I'm Minevra McGonagall and this is my colleague Severus Snape. We're teachers at Hogwarts, a school in Scotland where Harry Potter's parents attended." McGonagall said, "We're here to offer Harry a place at this school."

"Your school of magic?" Lara asked.

"You know of magic?" Snape asked, surprised.

"Yes, Lily told me of your world when we were children. I've been expecting a letter to arrive from you or at the very least, a visit." Lara answered. She called Harry over.

"Remember I told you about your parents going to the Hogwarts School of magic and that one day you would be given a chance to attend yourself?"

"Yes Aunt Lara." Harry answered.

"Would you still like to go?" she asked.

"Yes please." Harry answered.

Snape looked on in surprise. He was expecting Harry to be like his old enemy James Potter, but here Harry was, polite as brass and even getting his hands dirty doing work.

"What happened here?" Snape asked.

"Let's just say that someone wanted one of my discoveries and went to extreme measures to take it." answered Lara.

"Looks like a war took place here." McGonagall countered, "Anyhow, we have Harry's Hogwarts letter here." She passed it over to Harry who read it then showed it to Lara and the others.

"Lily told me of your Statue of Secrecy. I informed Hillary and Bryce here because of the circumstances. Hillary's family have worked for my family for centuries and Bryce used to do top secret work for the Americans, so they won't say anything." Lara said.

"Would you like to accompany our Muggle-born orientation group to Diagon Alley?" McGonagall asked, "It's on August 20th."

"Sure." Lara said, finishing putting some kit together, "If you'll excuse me, I've got a very tight deadline."

"Aunt Lara," Harry said, "Be careful."

"I will." She promised, kissing him on the head before leaving.

"Where are you going?" Snape asked.

"Cambodia – matter of life or death!" Lara shouted as she left.

"Well," Dumbledore asked, "What are your impressions of Mr. Potter and the woman who raised him?"

McGonagall and Snape had returned to the school.

"He seems a fine chap." McGonagall said, "Doesn't seem to be a spoilt boy at all which Severus thought he would be."

"He was even getting his hands dirty doing work." Snape said.

"What about where they live?" Dumbledore asked.

"It's a very large manor house. It's undergoing some renovations at the moment – looks like someone used a lot of Muggle guns in it." McGonagall said.

"What is happening about the Diagon Alley trip?" Dumbledore asked.

"Lady Croft was just leaving on a trip to Cambodia – matter of life and death she said."

"Very well." Dumbledore said, "Would you say he is safe there or should he be moved to the Dursleys?"

"Very safe." Snape said, "She won't let anything happen to him."

Another chapter from my previews. There is one more chapter after this one before I run out of uploadable previews. The latest chapter of The Apprentice is at my proof-readers and will be uploaded soon.

Dumbledore/Ron!Molly!Percy Bashing in this one. AU but certain events in canon happen.

After the Weapon's Been Used

"Voldemort's dead," Harry Potter said before collapsing.

Everyone in Gryffindor Tower looked on as Harry Potter stumbled through the portrait hole to make his declaration. There were many cheers when this news was announced. Harry's girlfriend Hermione Granger, a muggle-born witch, flung herself upon him.

"You jerk!" she shouted, "I was so worried about you!" But Harry was non-responsive. With the help of their fellow Gryffindors, Hermione got Harry to the hospital wing where he spent the following week in a coma, magically drained.

It was the last day of term of Harry Potter's sixth year at Hogwarts – he had woken up from his magical coma during the night and was released that morning. Harry explained to Hermione as soon as he woke up, that after defeating Voldemort, Dumbledore returned him to the castle and dumped him on the staircases in-between the fourth and fifth floors. Using what little strength he had left, he crawled up the stairs to Gryffindor Tower. Dumbledore had disillusioned him, so no one knew he was there. As soon as he reached the Portrait hole, charms surrounding the area dispelled the disillusion. He managed to speak the password and get in.

He was dreading the holidays, as it meant another two months locked up at his relatives' house with regular beatings and guaranteed starvation. Before leaving the Hospital Wing, Dumbledore had told him that despite Voldemort's demise, he would have to spend the whole summer holidays at the Dursleys. Harry knew there was no point in protesting, but unknown to Dumbledore, he had other plans – he had no intention of going there, he would just give the illusion of going there.

He was sitting down in Gryffindor Tower with Hermione sitting on his lap half-listening to their so called friend Ron Weasley going on about the Quidditch games he planned to see during the holidays.

"Surly Dumbledore can't make you stay at with the Dursleys after you turn 17?" Hermione asked.

"He says I have to," Harry replied. "I can't see the point, personally. The so-called blood wards are null and void on my 17th birthday, so why do I need protecting if I'm not allowed to leave the house? I've never considered that place a home, anyway."

A small pop could be heard – Harry and Hermione looked and saw Dobby and Kreacher – Harry's house-elves. Dobby had bonded with Harry since he freed the elf from the Malfoy family and Kreacher was part of the inheritance Harry received from his late godfather.

The elves pointed at the couple to join them in a corner. Ron was still going on about a Chudley Cannons game. Dobby waved his hand about.

"Now no one can hear us," he said.

"What have you found out, Dobby?" Harry asked. A few weeks ago, he had asked the two elves to keep an eye on the Dursleys to see what they had planned before he made his plans.

"We spy on Master Harry's relatives," Dobby began. "They talk about when you get to the house. Too many things to talk about. Horrible things planned."

"Kreacher see young master's bedroom. Items of torture that would sicken even Kreacher's pureblood Mistress Black," the second elf said.

"Their plans are too horrible to talk about. Master Harry is in great danger," Dobby finished.

"Alright Dobby, Kreacher. Thank you for doing a good job. There is one more thing that needs doing – I want you to execute Order 66," Harry said. Hermione looked at him. "I'll tell you about it on the train where we can have some privacy."

"It will be done, young master." Both Kreacher and Dobby vanished, removing the privacy charm as they left. Harry and Hermione didn't notice Ron watching them.

Ten minutes later, Ron was in Professor Dumbledore's office.

"I think Potter and Granger are up to something, Professor. Dobby and Kreacher appeared and took them to a corner. I don't know what they were talking about – it was silent in the corner," Ron said.

Dumbledore looked into Ron's mind and saw that he was telling the truth. Harry must have used a privacy charm.

"Thank you, Mr. Weasley," Dumbledore said. "I will take steps to ensure nothing goes on."

Ron left the office while Dumbledore considered things. He could deal with them when Harry was safely at the Dursleys. He knew he would never get any answers from the house-elves – he had already tried and failed. He kept forgetting that house-elves were bound not to reveal their master's secrets.

Harry and Hermione got into a compartment on the Hogwarts Express and were greeted with the sight of Luna Lovegood and Neville Longbottom kissing. The two had announced that they were dating two months before. Remembering that Ron was looking for Dean Thomas, to warn him to keep away from his sister Ginny (for the tenth time that week), Harry closed the compartment door and put a privacy and locking charm on it.

"Right Harry – what is Order 66?" Hermione asked. She had no problem asking him in front of Neville and Luna – both were very loyal to Harry.

"You notice I had no luggage or Hedwig to bring with me?" Harry asked.

"I assumed you were leaving them at school to save them from the Dursleys," Hermione replied.

"Partly true," continued Harry. "I expected the report Dobby and Kreacher brought back. I theorised that the Dursleys would try something as I approached my majority. They would stop at nothing

to prevent me from using magic along with keeping me at Privet Drive. So, I had Dobby and Kreacher take my trunk and Hedwig to a safe-house which I inherited from Sirius last year. The home has been placed under Fidelius by the Gringotts goblins with the Black account manager Krantor as Secret-Keeper. Sometime during this journey, Dobby should be arriving with a Portkey which will take me to Gringotts. From there, Krantor will let me into the secret of the safe house and will Portkey me there."

Just as Harry was finishing his speech, Dobby appeared. "Dobby has arrived with Master Harry's Portkey." The loyal house-elf said. He passed a small pen to Harry. "To activate it, all you need to do is say the word BANK."

"Thank you, Dobby," Harry said, "You and Kreacher deserve a pay-raise for this. Can you go and make sure the house is ready, please?"

"No pay-raise is necessary, master," Dobby said before vanishing. Hermione smiled when she heard Harry offer Dobby a raise – she was one for giving house-elves wages. It was easy to pay Dobby but not easy to pay Kreacher. So instead of giving him money, Harry allowed him to keep whatever Black family heirlooms he wanted before he either sold or gave them away. He also allowed Kreacher to take orders from Narcissa Malfoy, who turned out to be a good person kept under the Imperius curse. It was too her he gave away unwanted Black heirlooms – the stuff she or Kreacher didn't want were sold and the proceeds given to various charities.

"When do you plan to use the Portkey?" Hermione asked.

"Knowing Dumbledore, he will have charms which will tell him that the Dursleys collected me. I plan to use it in the car."

Harry and Hermione spent most of the trip kissing. They had cancelled out the privacy and locking charms so Ron could come in.

"Why do you allow Ron to continue hanging about with us?" Neville asked before Ron entered, "especially since we were told he was reporting things to Dumbledore."

"I have my reasons, Neville. As the Muggles would say – 'keep your friends close but your enemies closer'. Ron will get his

comeuppance – he expects to be made Quidditch captain but that job is still mine – he thinks he will be back on the team next year but he can think again."

Everyone got off at King's Cross and Harry reluctantly walked over to the Dursleys. They had smirks on their faces.

"Where is your stuff, boy?" Vernon demanded.

"I had it taken to the place I'm moving into when I turn 17 so don't worry, you won't have to put up with me any longer."

The quartet got into the car and Vernon began to drive.

"You are not moving anywhere, boy. You will be remaining with us until the day you die. You will summon that owl back home where I will personally execute it. There will be no freaky business and as soon as we get in, we'll be taking steps to ensure that never happens."

"How would you do that, Uncle?" Harry asked in an innocent voice.

"Well for one thing – if you don't have a hand, you can't cast spells!" Vernon roared – Petunia and Dudley laughed. Harry took the pen out of his pocket.

"Well, I hate to ruin your plans but you won't be able to carry any of it out," Harry said.

"And how do you plan to stop us? No one in the area likes you or will do anything," Vernon said.

"Thanks to you spreading lies about me, which I can sue you for. However, I just need to say one word to stop you. But before I say this word, I want to say something to all of you. Vernon – you are just a walrus who thinks violence against children should be rewarded with knighthoods. I hope you rot in hell. Dudley – you are just a killer whale who can do nothing but eat or hit people. Petunia – you look just like a broom handle and when I leave, I hope you learn how to use a proper one. I hope I never see any of you again and if you miss the violence that much, why not practice it on each other and Marge! One other thing – you are not going to kill Hedwig – she is just a harmless animal who has done nothing to you."



With a screech, Vernon stopped the car. It was pure luck he didn't hit another car. He was going purple. Dudley was also going the same colour.

"Just you wait, boy. You are going to get what's coming to you!" Vernon said, "Dudley – get him. Teach him some manners."

As Dudley lunged towards Harry, the wizard said the keyword "BANK!" and vanished before Dudley could grab him.

Harry reappeared in the lobby of Gringotts bank where the goblin Krantor was waiting for him. He led Harry into an office.

"Afternoon, Mr. Potter. As you requested, here is the address of your safe house plus five multi-use Portkeys to get to the property. They will only work for the person they are addressed to and the writing can only be read by them."

"Thank you, Krantor. Can you have them delivered please?" Krantor clicked his fingers and the Portkeys vanished.

"There are other things we need to discuss while we're here. You reach your majority in a month's time and will no longer have to be under the thumb of Dumbledore at Hogwarts. Your parents' will, which was never processed, states that you were to gain full access to your vaults by the time you turn 15. According to our records, money has been taken out by a Molly Weasley for the past ten years, along with Dumbledore. Your signature was on the withdrawal requests."

Harry was going purple himself. How dare Molly Weasley – the woman he thought of as a surrogate mother – steal from his vaults? Dumbledore's actions didn't surprise him.

"I didn't sign anything, especially for the years before I went to Hogwarts. I've not been allowed to come here for the past three years. How much have they taken?" Harry asked.

"Twenty million galleons," Krantor replied.

"Can you get it back?" Harry asked.

"Yes. It will take an hour though," Krantor said. He brought some drinks in. "If you like Harry, we will begin full action against Dumbledore and the Weasley family."

"Dumbledore – yes. The entire Weasley family – no. Leave Fred and George Weasley out of this action – their records will show that they received their start-up loan from me – I gave them my Triwizard winnings in order to start their joke shop."

"That was very noble of you, Harry," said Krantor. "Not many wizards would do that."

"Not surprised. Also leave Bill, Charlie and Ginny Weasley out of it, and possibly Arthur Weasley. I don't think he would have anything to do with this."

"It will be done. The rest of your properties have been put under Fidelius with the exception of 12 Grimmauld Place, which is already under such a charm."

"I'll have Dumbledore remove the charm, or better still, I'll let Narcissa Malfoy have the house and she can have it removed." He still had the address in Dumbledore's writing. He would arrange a nice surprise for the next order meeting.

"As the owner of the house, you can remove the charm yourself." The goblin got a piece of property parchment which covered 12 Grimmauld Place, "All you need to do is place your wand on this and say 'I, Harry James Potter hereby remove all charms on this house'."

Harry put his wand on the parchment and said the line. The parchment glowed.

"Excellent, all charms, including Fidelius, have now been removed. Now, onto other business. Under the terms of your parents' wills, if you were placed with Vernon and Petunia Dursley, you were to be emancipated at the age of 15. I have arranged for this to happen."

"Thank you," Harry said.

Time went and soon another goblin came in and whispered to Krantor.

"The recovery of the money has been completed. All the money taken by Dumbledore has been recovered from his vaults while only three million of the money stolen by Molly Weasley has been recovered."

"Thank you, Krantor. Tell me, is there any way for the contents of my vaults to be transferred to an overseas Gringotts branch?"

"I anticipated this question, Harry. I took the liberty of setting up vaults for you in our branch in Germany. The German magical region dislikes the British Ministry and Dumbledore in particular so they won't be much help to them. They will be helpful to you. The contents can be transferred within seconds. Gryffindor's vault cannot be transferred, though, but only you can open it."

"Do it, please," Harry said. Krantor clicked his fingers and within seconds, a piece of parchment appeared confirming the transfer. "It is done. Your accounts here are now closed. One final thing – I have the boxes you asked for." He passed two boxes to Harry. He looked at them quickly then closed them again.

"Thank you, Krantor. May your profits flow free," Harry said, leaving the office.

Harry saw Dumbledore at the counter requesting that the Potter vaults be locked down pending a confiscation order by the Ministry.

"What do you mean the accounts have been shut down?" Dumbledore asked.

"Exactly what I said, Professor. The Potter accounts have been shut down and the vault contents removed." In a rage, Dumbledore turned around. He knew that he wouldn't get information on where the money was from the goblins. Potter must have gotten that Mudblood girlfriend of his to close it – the wards indicated he was with the Dursleys. But then his chain of thought was broken as he saw Harry.

"Mr. Potter, what are you doing here? I told you that you were forbidden to come here. You have to return to the Dursleys for the holidays. Come over here and I will take you there."

"I don't think so, Dumbledore. I found out about the extreme violence they have planned for me including cutting off my hands so I can't cast spells. I've also found out about you being a thief along with your accomplice, Molly Weasley. Rest assured that you will not be getting your hands on anymore of my money and you will be lucky to see me at Hogwarts next year where your agent Ron Weasley can spy on me!"

"You must return to Hogwarts, Harry. The law states that you have to attend Hogwarts to inherit the contents of a pureblood vault."

"Actually Dumbledore, the law says I have to attend Hogwarts for at least five years and gain my O.W.L.'s but my access was granted when I turned 15 so I can go off to another magical school."

"And leave Miss Granger behind? You wouldn't go off and leave her at the mercies of the Slytherins. I don't think so."

"I'll ask her to come with me," Harry said. "Now, I have one thing to say to you – bye!" Harry activated the Portkey. He vanished before Dumbledore could do anything.

Dumbledore went straight to the Burrow after his encounter with Harry at the bank. Only Molly, Bill, Fleur, Ron and Ginny were there.

"Now, did Harry discuss any plans with you? I just saw him at the bank and he hinted that he might not be returning to Hogwarts next year," he asked.

Ron and Ginny commented that he never mentioned anything to them. Ginny did mention that she heard him tell Neville that if he was confined to the Dursleys home, he was going to arrange some sort of protection and was going to ask a few people he knew for some favours. But that was of no help to Dumbledore. Harry didn't tell anyone anything to protect them. Only Hermione knew the exact plans.

"I'm afraid, Molly, that our plans have been partly discovered. The goblins have told Harry that we were robbing his vaults." At this news, Bill, Fleur and Ginny were shocked.

"Is that why you were suddenly so keen for me to start working for them? To make it easier for you to rob Harry?" Bill asked.

"What do you mean?" Ginny asked.

"I wanted to be a curse breaker for Gringotts since my second year. Mum was against it for five years until suddenly she decided I could take the job offer after I finished Hogwarts," answered Bill.

"How do you think your apprenticeship was paid for? The goblins don't do things for free!" Molly asked.

"You told me I was given a scholarship! It was in that letter addressed to me you were so keen to hide!" Bill was disgusted, "I suppose Harry's money paid for Percy's internship at the Ministry?" No-one said anything. "And all these elaborate things for my wedding – I take it the money was coming out of Harry's vault?" Molly went red.

"We're entitled to that money!" Ron shouted, "Do you know the danger Potter has put us in by being friends with us?"

"You should have stopped him being friends with that Mudblood slut Granger from the beginning!" Molly said. "She's clouded his judgment and is preventing him from getting together with Ginny."

Fleur had heard enough. She stood up and marched to a bedroom, her silvery blonde hair flowing behind her. Minutes later, she came back in with a trunk. She passed a ring over to Bill.

"I'm sorry, Bill. But I cannot marry into a family which has betrayed a good friend. You may not have done anything, but it is clear that your mother calls the shots, she does not like me, she has made that clear and I was willing to put up with it, for you. Harry has been nothing but good to you. He told me that he would have gladly given your family money but you kept refusing it. He is like a brother to me; I owe him very much, especially since he pulled my sister out of the lake. I will not stand by and see the people he calls a family soil his good name. Goodbye!"

And with that, Fleur Disapparated. Bill stood up.

"Well, I hope you're happy with yourself now, Mother," he said. "I don't know Harry that well, I admit that, but no-one forced him to be friends with us. He would have been in every right to cut off all ties

with us after Ronald decided not to believe him over the Triwizard fiasco. You've now cost me the woman I love and I can never forgive you for this." He turned to his sister. "I'll see you again sometime. Tell Father I will be in touch. I will be contacting Harry as soon as possible to arrange paying him back the money you stole from him to pay for my apprenticeship and what you spent on my now non-existent wedding."

Ginny then stood up. "I can't believe you! I told you several times I was over my crush on Harry and was moving on. He loves Hermione, not me."

"It is in his best interests, Ginny. Our society will not allow the heir to a major pureblood family to marry a Muggle-born," Dumbledore said.

"He doesn't care what people think," continued Ginny. "He stood by in his second year while everyone called him the Heir of Slytherin and just let them. In his fourth year, he stood by while people thought he put his name in the bloody Goblet of Fire and to top it off, he spent all of his fifth year having the entire public think he was an attention seeking liar by claiming Voldemort was back and have Dolores Umbridge torture him with a blood quill! It didn't help matters that he was almost sent to Azkaban for defending himself against Dementors!"

Everyone winced at the mention of Voldemort's name. Some people still feared the name despite the fact that during the previous Christmas holidays, Harry and Dumbledore had defeated him.

"He deserved it – he should have stayed on the Ministry's side," Ron said.

"Harry defeated Voldemort like the prophecy said – why can't we allow him some freedom for a change?" Ginny continued.

"Because if he has all that money and freedom, he will become a Dark Lord!" continued Ron.

"What a load of crap! Harry has no intention of being the next Dark Lord – all he wants is a peaceful life and a family which love him. It is pretty clear that he never got any of that with his so called relatives. Unless there is some Ministry law no-one knows about, he is free to date and marry whoever he wants and if he gets wind of

yours and Dumbledore's plans, he will marry Hermione sooner rather than later!"

Ginny had finished losing her temper – she went to leave the kitchen.

"Stay right there, young lady!" Molly shouted, "You will marry Harry even if we have to force you."

"No way in hell!" Ginny shouted and continued to leave the room.

"You leave this room, I will cut you off from this family, Ginevra!" shouted Molly. Ginny continued to leave the room. Loud noises could be heard and ten minutes later, she was dragging her trunk along, holding her broomstick (which Harry had bought her for her birthday last year), her wand and a piece of parchment.

"Cut me off – I don't care. I don't want to be part of a family which turns its back on a friend," Ginny said.

"And where will you go? You have nowhere to go," Ron sneered.

"That's what you think – ACTIVATE!" Seconds later, Ginny vanished. Everyone looked on in shock.

This is dedicated to my aunt, who sadly died five years ago thanks to a brain tumour and the incompetent medical professionals who did nothing.

## The Tumor

The door to Cornelius Fudge's office opened and Senior Undersecretary Delores Umbridge came in.

"Cornelius, we have Dumbledore now!" she said.

"How so?" Fudge asked. He was determined to get some dirt on Dumbledore since he started making announcements regarding the return of Voldemort.

"The Potter boy was admitted to St. Mungos' earlier today by Arthur Weasley." Umbridge began.

"Everyone thinks he should be admitted there, so how is this dirt against Dumbledore?"

"You know he's sent to Muggle relatives in near isolation each holidays? According to my source, Dumbledore has forbidden Potter's friends from writing to him." Umbridge said.

"That's illegal for a start – Dumbledore has no power to prevent anyone from receiving mail." Fudge said.

"For the last two weeks, Potter's owl has delivered letters to the Weasley family, apparently from his Muggle aunt begging for help. My source says that she says in his letters that he has been seriously ill since he returned for the holidays and it looked like some magical illness, collapsing a day later, apparently she remembered it from when Lily Potter was at school and used Potter's owl to send a letter to the Weasleys, apparently the only magical family the Dursley family know by name. My source then told me that on consulting with Dumbledore, he said that the letters were forgeries written by Mr. Potter to get out of staying with his relatives. However, after two weeks of receiving these letters, Arthur Weasley with two of his eldest sons went to Potter's home and found him seriously ill and took him to St. Mungos at once."

"Who is your source?" Fudge asked.



"Percy Weasley, currently under investigation over Barty Crouch's activities over the last year." Umbridge said.

"So, what is the problem with Potter?" Fudge asked.

"He is suffering from a serious brain tumour, which is likely to have been there for years. Healers have stated that exposure to the Black Lake while using Gillyweed in the Second Task and for some reason, exposure to the Cruciatus curse have aggravated the problem to an extent, if he does not undergo surgery within the next two days, he will die. They have also told me that serious tumours can cause hallucinations." Umbridge said.

"So, the things he said about You-Know-Who can be attributed to medical issues caused by the Tournament Dumbledore was so insistent on holding, I believe he chose the underwater task and I know that he could have pulled Potter out of it at any time. There were reports that the Durmstrang champion used the Cruciatus curse on his rivals." Fudge said.

"That's not all. While his muggle guardians have given consent for the operation to go ahead, despite the fact that he has no magical guardian, Dumbledore won't allow it unless the Dursleys agree to take him back." Umbridge said.

"What legal standing do we have about this Delores?" Fudge asked, "Can we authorise the surgery?"

"We can on the grounds that a guardian is endangering the welfare of a minor but without a guardian, there is little we can do unless we use emergency powers to appoint a magical guardian or use little known Ministry override powers, which enables either one of us to act in his best interests." Umbridge said, "Ultimately, as Head of the Department of Magical Law Enforcement, Amelia Bones would be the perfect choice, as since Dumbledore has been removed from his positions, she is the ideal person to override anything he may say." Umbridge said.

Fudge called for Amelia Bones to come to his office.

"What can I do for you Cornelius?" she asked. Fudge explained what Umbridge had told him.

"My niece Susan thinks highly of him. She has said he was acting strange since the second task, doing things and saying things that were very unlike him. I've taught her to recognise the signs of being under the Imperious and Cruciatus curses and she told me that the fake Alastor Moody put Mr. Potter under the Imperious Curse during Defence lessons in order to prepare himself for the real world and she also told me that he had the appearance of being under the Cruciatus at some point during the third task. Percy Weasley once told me his younger brothers rescued Harry from his guardians – there were bars on the windows, his door was heavily locked, a cat flap was in the door, both him and his owl were very hungry and his personal belongings were in a cupboard under the stairs. I tried to deal with it but Dumbledore blocked it. I'll be happy to become his guardian if only to save his life, but I will give him the choice later on of transferring it to the Weasleys, because they are closer to him." She said.

"That sounds alright Amelia." Fudge said. Minutes later, the papers were filed.

The trio went to St Mungos' minutes later and saw Dumbledore arguing with Healers along with the Weasleys.

"Unless the Dursleys say he can return to them the minute the surgery is over, I will not authorise it." Dumbledore said.

"Then you're no better than You-Know-Who himself," Molly Weasley said.

"Professor," the Head Healer began, "After an operation like this, Mr. Potter will need several weeks of after-care right here. It cannot be given at a Muggle household."

"Excuse me," Amelia Bones said, "Dumbledore cannot authorise the surgery, neither can he refuse it. As of ten minutes ago, I am Harry's legal guardian." The Healers turned to Amelia. "I've been given the full details of what is going on. As his legal guardian, I authorise the operation to go ahead."

"Thank you Madam Bones," the chief Healer said.

"Amelia – you're making a mistake." Dumbledore began.

"Stop it Albus," Amelia Bones said, "We've just witnessed you attempting serious harm upon a minor by trying to stop a necessary operation from going ahead. You'd better leave now otherwise I'll have charges filed against you."

Defeated, Dumbledore left the hospital. The group saw Arthur, Percy and Bill Weasley move to some seats and went over to them.

"Thank you for what you've done," Arthur said, "I don't know what Molly would have done had Harry died thanks to Dumbledore."

"My niece speaks fondly of him," Amelia said, "there was no problem helping him. Did you collect his trunk when you picked him up?"

Bill passed a shrunken trunk over to Amelia who took it into Harry's room and re-enlarged it. She noticed the numerous magical locks on it. She vowed to ask him about it at a later day.

"We'll get back to the Ministry," Fudge said, "Keep us informed about his progress." Amelia promised to do so. "Percy Weasley – report to my office when you come into work next, we might have a new job for you."

The Daily Prophet had the following article in the next day's paper:

## HARRY POTTER EXONERATED!

For the last month, we have been hearing from the Boy Who Lived and Albus Dumbledore about the apparent return of You-Know-Who and they were wildly disbelieved. We have printed article after article slandering them over these claims.

It now appears that Mr. Potter was suffering from a serious brain tumour, caused by the Second Task of the Triwizard along with multiple attacks by the Cruciatus curse. Among many symptoms of this tumour, hallucinations are one of them. Healers at St Mungos' have told the Prophet that because of mixed signals send by the brain, these could seem true to the person. We were also told that without surgery, the patient can die.

How did this tumour get to this point without being noticed? Albus Dumbledore choose the underwater task knowing two important

things: Veela and Merpeople are sworn enemies and the fact Harry Potter CANNOT swim and has NEVER been in a swimming pool or lake in his life. No help was offered. Also, fellow Triwizard Champion Victor Krum cast the Cruciatus curse on at least two champions during the Final Task. The Ministry is appealing for Bulgaria to extradite him to England to stand trial.

Albus Dumbledore is also guilty of trying to prevent Mr. Potter from having the operation. His muggle aunt sent letters to the Weasley family BEGGING for help but Dumbledore dismissed them as forgeries by Mr. Potter in order to escape his relatives. After TWO weeks of letters, Arthur Weasley and two of his sons went to Mr. Potter's home where they discovered the aunt's fears were true and took him to St. Mungos where he was diagnosed with the life threatening condition. They got permission from his Muggle guardians on condition Mr. Potter find somewhere else to live, they apparently don't like magic. Dumbledore has done his best to prevent the operation – he would only allow it if Mr. Potter returned to his relatives the SECOND the operation was over.

However, on checking the records and the law, it was discovered Harry Potter has no magical guardian, so in accordance with the law, Minister of Magic Cornelius Fudge appointed Amelia Bones of the Department of Magical Law Enforcement as his magical and legal guardian and she has authorised the surgery.

We wish Mr. Potter a speedy recovery and would like to apologise to him for the things we have said about him.

Arthur and the others returned to the Burrow to many questions.

"Calm down!" he shouted and everyone became quiet, "Harry was genuine in need of medical attention – he has a serious brain tumour that would have killed him. Luckily, the Dursleys consented to the operation, but on the condition he not return to them."

"We'll bring him here then." Molly began but Arthur interrupted her.

"However, Dumbledore tried to prevent the operation because of it and would only allow it if he returned to the Dursleys the second the operation was finished. Thankfully, the Ministry found out about this and used executive powers to appoint Amelia Bones his magical and legal guardian – she has authorised the operation."

This is set later on in this science fiction story. Shinzon, a member of a race of aliens called Silmarrions crash lands on Earth in the 1970's and in return for a green crystal which will repower her ship, she becomes a bodyguard to James Potter. After he and Lily Potter are killed by Voldemort, she takes Harry back to her homeworld, bringing him back to Earth in time to begin his first year at Howarts.

This extract is set after Fourth Year and is a mix of events from Books 5 and 7. Harry has brought a group of Silmarrions from their homeworld, which has been conquered by the Ketar rebels but their safe house has been compromised and so Harry has to be moved..

This extract was chosen to cheer up those Hedwig lovers who were saddened by her death scene in the Deathly Hallows film. The final extract is based on moments in the Half-Blood Prince film – you have to admit, even if you think the film in itself is rubbish, the beginning sequences are very well done.

## HARRY POTTER AND THE SPACE WAR

Harry looked as Moody and Shinzon flew on either side of him, escorting him to some new safe house. For her first time on a broom, Shinzon flew it well.

"Hey Moody – who leaked that information about where I was staying with the Silmarrions? Now we've got to find a new home for them." He asked. Moody ignored him.

Suddenly, a curse shot past them. Harry looked behind him and saw a Death Eater following them, firing curses.

"Death Eater," Moody said, "Prepare to break formation. Use whatever is necessary to slow him down."

Then before they could do anything, a brown owl flew past them and towards the Death Eater. Only Harry seemed to recognise her.

"It's Hedwig!" Harry said.

"Leave the owl Potter," Moody said, "She's unimportant."

"She's safe Moody." Harry answered. Moody looked as if he didn't believe him. Hedwig flapped her wings around the Death Eater's

face, putting him off his flying and his aim. Then she turned around and flew towards Harry. The Death Eater recovered and fired several killing curses at Hedwig, all of which hit her. But they had no effect.

Shinzon turned around and took a laser gun from her belt and opened fire.

"Dive!" Moody shouted. Both Harry and Moody headed towards the ground at breakneck speed. Their destination appeared to be the River Thames. At the last moment, both pulled up and flew just feet above the water. Moments later, Shinzon rejoined them.

"Nearly there, just follow my lead." Moody ordered. After five minutes, they changed course to take them back over dry land and they stopped in a park. Moody lead the way as Hedwig landed on Harry's shoulder. They ended up at a row of houses, going from Numbers 1 – 14, but there was no Number 12.

"Read this you two and memorise it." Moody snapped, handing them a note. The two read it:

The Headquarters of the Order of the Phoenix can be located at 12 Grimmwald Place.

The two focused on the information and it seemed a house was pushing Numbers 10 and 13 to one side. Moody lead Harry and Shinzon in and the trio went to a kitchen where the entire Weasley clan were sitting down, along with Daphne Greengrass and Hermione Granger. Sirius Black and Remus Lupin were also there.

"You made it here alright?" Molly Weasley asked, after giving Harry one of her trademark bear hugs.

"Just about," Moody said, "Someone leaked our travel plans to the Death Eaters. Potter's owl took several killing curses."

"But she's on his shoulder, alive." Hermione said.

"What have you done to the poor owl?" Mrs. Weasley asked. Hedwig was wearing some brown leather material which with a thought appeared to fold away, revealing her true nature as a white snowy owl.

"Finest triluminium you can buy in the Silmarrion system," Harry said, "It can withstand over a dozen plasma bolts, with her status as a magical owl, Hedwig's magic enhances the protection meaning that she is protected from almost anything. The Silmarrions use triluminium as armour for all their animals, no reason why Hedwig couldn't have any."

"The meeting is about to begin – Harry, you'll have to go upstairs with the others." Mrs. Weasley said as various witches and wizards began to appear, followed by Dumbledore. The other children were shoed out of the room.

"Before I go, I want to know who leaked the information of the safe house to Voldemort?" Harry said.

"Albus," Mrs. Weasley said, "You shouldn't let Harry remain at this meeting – he's only a child.."

"A child?" Harry asked with anger in his voice, "Do you know what I went through on Acheron? I barely escaped it with my life, I lost my leg fighting a war, helping my people, my friends."

"He can stay at this meeting Molly," Dumbledore said, "He has the right to know."

"Alright Professor," Harry asked, "Who leaked the information?"

"I believe it was Severus." Dumbledore said.

"Who told Snape where I was living?" Harry asked. No-one answered, "You do know that we'll have to find a new safe house for the Silmarrions."

"Why?" someone asked, "With their technology, they can defend themselves from the Death Eaters."

"You idiot," Harry said, "Earth is a backwater planet, it is not of interest to anyone, being a developing planet. That is why I brought the Silmarrions here, to keep them safe from the Ketar rebels and anyone who want to do them harm. If they invaded Earth, then you can just kiss everything goodbye!"

"What about that armour you gave your owl Potter?" someone asked, "Why can't you make some for us if it can protect from the killing curse."

"Because triluminium cannot be used by humanoids, only animals. Tests revealed that use of triluminium on humanoids is just like digesting poison. It is proven fatal to both humans and Silmarrions." Harry said.

Three clouds of black smoke flew down from the skies throughout London and went through the Leaky Cauldron and broke through the wall into Diagon Alley, and kept going until they blew up Ollivander's shop.

Two Death Eaters came out of the store, with another wizard, who had hold of Ollivander. The trio looked around and saw shoppers running away in panic. Before the Death Eaters could do anything, they were hit by laser bolts.

Four Silmarrions ran towards them, carrying their laser weapons, one of them grabbing Ollivander and pulling him away. The Death Eaters got back up on their feet, the laser weapons being on low power – they then turned back into puffs of smoke and left Diagon Alley. Two of the Silmarrions turned into mini jets and took to the skies.

At the Millennium Bridge, over the Thames, the clouded Death Eaters approached it. Before they could do anything, they were struck by laser beams. The Silmarrions that followed them had fired on them. One of them had fired a freezing laser at them. The Death Eaters reverted back to solid form and fell into the Thames. Grappling hooks with energy beams were lowered and the Death Eaters were lifted up and flown away.



This is the first version of this fic I've written and I wasn't entirely satisfied with it, hence the rewrite which will be in the next chapter.

## BROTHER AND SISTER

It was early morning in Diagon Alley. Shopkeepers were opening up their stores. Xenophilius Lovegood walked into Gringotts bank and went over to a teller.

"What can I do for you?" the goblin asked.

"I want to make out my will." Mr. Lovegood said.

"Very well." The goblin said.

## THREE YEARS LATER

Harry Potter, the Boy-Who-Lived, sat down at the Gryffindor table in the Great Hall. The night before, he had saved his friend Hermione Granger from being killed by a troll, no thanks to Ron Weasley. He was more stunned because afterwards, Hermione crept into the boys dorm, went to Harry's bed and thanked him. She also declared feelings for him, which were surprising, because he hadn't had anyone express feelings like it before. She promised to help him.

Noises from the owls indicated it was time to receive the mail. A brown eagle flew in and dropped a letter in front of Harry. He picked it up and looked at it. The letter bore the official seal of Gringotts. He opened it and duplicated the letter before reading it (Hermione hiding the real one).

Dear Mr. Potter,

I regret that we were unable to meet when you visited our bank on July 31st, I was told that Rubeus Hagrid rushed you away before anything could be told to you that you had to be told.

Further attempts at communication with you seem to have been rebuffed – we suspect someone has been intercepting your mail, hence this message being sent by one of our eagles.

We would have waited until holiday time before approaching you directly, but circumstances have forced us to meet sooner. Amelia

Bones from the Department of Magical Law Enforcement, a trusted friend of us goblins will be arriving at Hogwarts today to collect you.

With kind regards.

Lord Ragnock.

Dumbledore stepped in. "I'm afraid you can't attend any meetings with the goblins Harry." He said.

"Why not?" asked Harry.

"I will not allow you to." Dumbledore said.

"Oh, yes he will be going." A female voice said. Everyone looked and saw a woman walking over with two people in uniform.

"Amelia Bones at your service Mr. Potter. This is Auror Shacklebolt and Trainee Auror Tonks." The quartet shook hands. "I've been asked to escort you to Gringotts for an official meeting."

"I won't allow him to go Amelia." Dumbledore said, "As his magical guardian, I forbid it!"

"Ah yes, I was hoping it wouldn't come to that. You aren't his magical guardian Dumbledore – I am! Mr. Potter, please come with us. Your friend can come with us too. I've cleared it with Professor McGonagall."

Harry and Hermione got up and followed the adults out of the Great Hall.

Amelia Bones led the duo into Lord Ragnock's office.

"Welcome Mr. Potter – I've been awaiting your arrival. There are many things that need to be done today, including the reading of several wills."

"What are wills?" asked Harry.

"A will is a document written by someone to say how they want the things they own distributed after their deaths. We are here to read your parent's will along with that of your godfather."

"What is there for my parents to leave?" Harry asked, "The Dursleys told me that they were broke and died penniless while Hagrid told me that the contents of the vault Griphook took me too was all they left me."

"That is cause for concern Harry." Madam Bones said, "The Potters are our oldest family and have at least three vaults. What you were taken to was your trust fund account. Lord Ragnock, please read out the wills."

"Very well Madam Bones," Ragnock said. It was obvious that the two were friends.

This is the last will and testament of James and Lily Potter.

First things first, in the events of our deaths, our two children are not to be split up nor are they to go to Lily's Muggle sister Petunia Dursley and her husband. They hate magic of all description.

One million galleons are left to our friend Remus Lupin. He needs new clothing but refuses to allow us to buy him any – he won't accept charity. Inheritance can't be classed as charity.

One million galleons are left to Sirius Black.

The rest of our money and properties are to left to our two children, Harry and Luna.

In the event of our deaths, we would prefer the children to go to Amelia Bones, failing that, Sirius Black or the Abbott family. Charlie Abbott was one of Lily's close friends in the Muggle world before the two went to Hogwarts.

"What does that mean I have a sister?" Harry asked, "No-one's ever mentioned her before."

"We theorise that Dumbledore took her somewhere." Ragnock said, "I suspect she was left with a Xenophilius Lovegood but we'll get back to that later. I will now read out the will of Sirius Black."

I, Sirius Black am of sound mind as I write this will, on the twenty-third day of November in the year of our lord, 1980. Forgive all that,

but my dear Mother told me that all wills should be dated in this fashion.

I don't have a lot, because my dear Mother cast me out of the family when I was sixteen but everything I do have is left to my godson Harry James Potter and his sister Luna Lily Potter.

"What happened to Mr. Black?" Hermione asked.

"He was sent to Azkaban Prison," Madam Bones said, "A month ago, he was apparently kissed by the Dementors while trying to escape. I've done some digging and found out he was imprisoned without a trial – he was accused of murdering thirteen Muggles and a wizard. I was working to get him a trial but then I got the news he was kissed."

"What does it mean kissed?" Harry asked.

"The Dementors, when applying their kiss, suck out a person's soul." Madam Bones said. Harry and Hermione cringed at the thought.

"We will now read the will of Xenophilius Lovegood."

I am of sound mind as I write this will. Before I get to the unpleasant nature of dispensing everything I own, there is something I need to get off my chest first.

My daughter Luna is not really my daughter. She is the daughter of James and Lily Potter. She was brought to my wife and I after their deaths by Dumbledore and we were put under a compulsion charm to take her. He told us not to tell her about where she came from when she was older. We managed to break off the compulsion charm and I suspect Dumbledore killed my wife to keep her silent. I can no longer stand by and live this lie.

I leave everything belonging to the House of Lovegood to Luna, to be held in trust until she turns 17. I also want the goblins to find her brother and reunite the two, although I have no idea where he is.

"I suspected as much." Amelia Bones said, "We placed Luna in a foster home until Mr. Lovegood's wishes were found out. You won't be returning to the Dursleys. Madam Pomfrey has owled me with disturbing facts which amount to ten years worth of abuse."

"Where will I go then? Vernon and Petunia hinted that they were so kind to take me in because no-one else would. Vernon's sister Marge kept telling them to send me to an orphanage." Harry said.

"Well, I want to take you in. I wanted to after your parents died but Dumbledore told me that you were being hidden away for your own good. I've already filed the paperwork so you and your sister will be living with me. My brother and sister-in-law were also murdered by You-Know-Who so my niece Susan – you might know her – lives with me."

"Thank you." Harry said.

The next stop was the Weasley home. Because she came from the area and was friends with the Weasley daughter Ginny, it was decided to place Luna with the Weasleys until permanent guardianship could be arranged.

Amelia Bones knocked on the door and was greeted by Molly Weasley. The group were shown into the kitchen where Ginny and Luna were.

"Luna, dear. This is Madam Bones." Molly said, "She needs to have a word with you."

Luna came over, her face was tear-smeared. Amelia slowly explained to her that her parents weren't really her parents and that Harry was her brother. Luna was aware of Harry's legend, but didn't hero worship him like Ginny Weasley did (who incidentally went bright red at the mere presence of the Boy-Who-Lived in her home). Then Harry and Luna were introduced to each other. The two shared a brief hug.

"Molly, would you mind looking after Luna during the day please?" Amelia asked, "I can pick her up after work and will be able to look after her at weekends."

"Sure, no problem." Molly said. The two settled on money to be paid to Molly for doing so.

Amelia returned Harry and Hermione to Hogwarts.

"Why did you bring me with you?" Hermione asked.

"I heard about the troll incident and thought you might like some time away from the school." Amelia said. It was obvious she knew more than she was saying. "Harry, I'm going to arrange with McGonagall to let you leave school at the weekends so you can come home with me and get to know myself and Luna. You will be able to come home to me with Susan for Christmas if you want to."

"Thank you." Harry said.

"No problem," Amelia said, "Don't let Dumbledore bully you into returning to the Dursleys – the law is on your side and they will be visited by Aurors tomorrow." Neither pre-teen noticed her put something in their pockets.

Harry and Hermione made a point to go to the teachers they would have been with that day to collect any homework. Professors McGonagall and Sprout told them they could catch up with the work in the next lesson.

As they went back to Gryffindor Tower, Dumbledore stopped them and asked them to join him in his office.

"It seems the two of you have discovered stuff that is best kept secret. Harry – I hope you made the most of your time with Madam Bones because you will be going back to the Dursleys at Christmas. You will not be seeing Madam Bones or Luna again. Miss. Granger, I'm afraid I'm going to have to wipe your memories of everything that happened today and yesterday."

Dumbledore raised his wand and began to cast a spell when his fireplace came to life and out stepped Amelia Bones plus two Aurors. The trio disarmed Dumbledore and forced him back into his chair.

"We heard everything Albus," Amelia said, "I placed some listening charms upon Harry and Hermione. Poppy Pomfrey owed us with her findings about Harry before you obliviated the memories and the Dursleys will be questioned tomorrow. You're already in trouble for circumventing the Potter's wills and kidnapping."

"Kidnapping?" Dumbledore asked.

"Illegally splitting up a brother and sister then placing them with people that a will did not specify. The Lovegoods may have been good parents to Luna but the Dursleys weren't."

The door opened and McGonagall came in.

"Minevra – will you be up for taking over the school for a couple of days while we investigate actions on the part of Dumbledore?" Amelia asked.

"Alright," McGonagall said, unsure what was going on. She too had been obliviated after Madam Pomfrey's report was made to her and Dumbledore. The two Aurors took Dumbledore and forced him through the floo. Amelia Bones explained to McGonagall what had been going on. She looked shocked and upset.

Amelia turned to Harry, "I'm going to have to get a statement from you at the weekend about what happened in this office and with the Dursleys. With any luck, they'll get the book thrown at them. I'll see you then."

"Thank you." Harry said. Amelia then left. McGonagall dismissed Harry and Hermione.

"Harry – this changes nothing. I promised to be with you forever, and you can't get rid of me." Hermione said in the corridor. Harry didn't say anything, but he didn't need to. He didn't realise it then, but he had found his soul mate.

Here is the second version of Brother and Sister. Please let me know which version you prefer.

## Brother and Sister

"We are his legal guardians and we say he is not going!" Petunia Dursley shouted to the giant known as Hagrid. He looked at the young Harry Potter nearby then called out a name.

"FAWKES!" Hagrid said. With a flash, a big golden bird appeared out of thin-air. Hagrid got a roll of parchment out and wrote on it. After he finished, he rolled it up and gave it to the bird who then vanished in a ball of flame.

"Just had to write to Professor Dumbledore, Harry. He'll get this mess sorted out." Hagrid told him.

Only ten minutes ago, Hagrid had burst open the door to a hut on some rocks the Dursley family were staying on with their nephew Harry (not that they would acknowledge that relationship) in order to escape a hoard of letters, Harry found out which came from Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry.

Ten minutes later, the door opened again and a man with a very long beard walked in followed by a serious looking woman with a monocle in her eye.

"I am Albus Dumbledore. What seems to be the problem?" the man asked.

"This person," Vernon said, pointing to Hagrid, "broke in here and is trying to take our nephew to your freak school. We decided when we took him in, at no request of ours, that he was not going and that is the final word on the matter!"

The woman, Amelia Bones came forward. "Has Mr. Potter had the chance to choose?"

"Why should he?" Vernon roared, "He has no rights. He is going to a NORMAL school, not to your school of freaks!"

"I'm warning you Dursley!" Hagrid said, pointing his pink umbrella in a threatening manner, "Just one more word."



"Calm down Hagrid." Dumbledore said, "Is there any chance of convincing you to change your minds?"

"NO!" Vernon shouted.

"Then we'll drag this out in the courts." Amelia Bones answered.

"Courts? You can't take us to court so he can go to magic school!" Petunia said, "No-one said that when my freak sister got her letter."

"In your case Mrs. Dursley," Amelia Bones said, "Your parents consented for Lily to go to Hogwarts. Because you and your husband are Muggles and have prior knowledge of magic, then there will have to be a hearing about this and our courts will probably rule in Harry's favour, that's if Lucius Malfoy doesn't pay them off first."

"Oh, very well." Vernon said, "What becomes of the boy in the meantime?"

"In the meantime," Amelia Bones said, "I will be taking him to the wizard bank. Now he is eleven years old, there are things he needs to know and sign. If one of the things I think will come out, he won't be coming back to you."

"Amelia," Dumbledore said, "Hagrid's going to Diagon Alley for me anyway, let him take Harry."

"No Albus – I'll take him. I know what you're like, you'll just make sure Harry is in and out of there as soon as possible. That reminds me, I would like the key to Mr. Potter's trust fund."

Dumbledore knew he was beaten so he looked at Hagrid who dug it out of his pocket and handed it over. Vernon looked at them with greed in his eyes.

Amelia Bones led Harry into Lord Ragnock's office later that day.

"Welcome Mr. Potter – I've been awaiting your arrival. There are many things that need to be done today, including the reading of several wills."

"What are wills?" asked Harry.

"A will is a document written by someone to say how they want the things they own distributed after their deaths. We are here to read your parent's will along with that of your godfather."

"What is there for my parents to leave?" Harry asked, "The Dursleys told me that they were broke and penniless when they died."

"That is cause for concern Harry." Madam Bones said, "The Potters are our oldest family and have at least three vaults. Lord Ragnock, please read out the wills."

"Very well Madam Bones," Ragnock said. It was obvious that the two were friends.

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The rest of our money and properties are to left to our two children, Harry and Luna.

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"What does that mean I have a sister?" Harry asked, "No-one's ever mentioned her before."

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I don't have a lot, because my dear Mother cast me out of the family when I was sixteen but everything I do have is left to my godson Harry James Potter and his sister Luna Lily Potter.

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"The Dementors, when applying their kiss, suck out a person's soul." Madam Bones said. Harry cringed at the thought.

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I leave everything belonging to the House of Lovegood to Luna, to be held in trust until she turns 17. I also want the goblins to find her brother and reunite the two, although I have no idea where he is.

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"Where will I go then? Vernon and Petunia hinted that they were so kind to take me in because no-one else would. Vernon's sister Marge kept telling them to send me to an orphanage." Harry said.

"Well, I want to take you in. I wanted to after your parents died but Dumbledore told me that you were being hidden away for your own good. I've already filed the paperwork so you and your sister will be living with me. My brother and sister-in-law were also murdered by You-Know-Who so my niece Susan lives with me."

"Thank you." Harry said.

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"Molly, would you mind looking after Luna and Harry during the day please?" Amelia asked, "I can pick them up after work and will be able to look after them at weekends."

"Sure, no problem." Molly said. The two settled on money to be paid to Molly for doing so. They then told her that they would be back for Luna later after the hearing.

Later that day, the Wizengamond assembled. Dumbledore took his seat. A wizarding solicitor brought Vernon and Petunia in while Amelia Bones came in with Harry.

"This is a hearing of the 1st August, 1991 into the refusal of Vernon and Petunia Dursley, of 4 Privet Drive, to allow their nephew, Harry James Potter, to attend Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry." He said, "Chief Interrogators, Albus Percival Wolfric Brian Dumbledore, Chief Warlock, Cornelius Oswald Fudge, Minister of Magic and Kingsley Shacklebolt, Deputy Head of the Department of Magical Law Enforcement.

"As the assembled witches and wizards in this room are aware, on October 31st, 1981, Harry Potter defeated the Dark Lord Voldemort with the sad loss of his parents. I took the liberty of placing him with his Muggle relatives, his mother's sister Petunia Dursley and her husband Vernon. There, I hoped he would remain safe until it was time for him to attend Hogwarts. Over the course of a week, letters were sent to him but remained unanswered. Eventually, I sent Hogwarts gamekeeper and Keeper of the Keys Rubeus Hagrid, to deliver the letter. On receiving it, it was revealed that Mr. Potter has no knowledge of the wizarding world and was not even aware he was a wizard. Both Mr. and Mrs. Dursley are aware of our world so could have told him anytime. The main point revealed in this meeting is that they do not consent for him to go. Because Mr. Potter is a half-blood and heir to a prominent pureblood family, the law states that this hearing will determine what will happen."

The Dursley's solicitor stepped forward. "Witches and wizards of the Wizengamont, my clients have a natural fear of magic, escalated because of what happened to Mrs. Dursley's sister. Their refusal to allow him to attend Hogwarts, or even inform him of his wizarding status is an attempt to protect him of the dangers of this world."

Amelia then stood up. "That is a load of rubbish!" She held up a roll of parchment. "It's true, they hate magic, I knew James and Lily Potter very well and Lily told me how much Petunia hates magic, mainly through jealousy. I have their wills here and it makes their wishes over placement quite clear." She turned to the Dursleys, "Did you know, James and Lily made it quite clear that their children were not to go anywhere NEAR you, let alone live with you?"

"It doesn't surprise me," Vernon said, "As made clear, my wife never got on with her sister after she received her letter. Why would they send their son to live with us?"

"Excuse me Madam Bones," Fudge said, "You did say children?"

"I did Minister. After informing the Dursleys about the hearing, I took Mr. Potter to Diagon Alley to have his parent's will read. Imagine our surprise to find out that four months before their deaths, Lily Potter gave birth to a girl who was placed with a loving family. This girl is now known as Luna Lovegood. Her adoptive mother died a year ago following an accident while Mr. Lovegood was murdered two days ago. Luna is now with the Weasley family for the duration of this hearing."

Amelia went back to the Dursleys. "Who do you think would have been asked to take care of the children?"

"Well, Lily did mention that her husband's best friend was someone called Sirius Black and they would get into all sorts of trouble – I don't know about her friends, I never wanted to know. I would imagine Sirius Black." Petunia answered.

"Yes, a lot of people would think that," Amelia said, "but in my opinion, Sirius Black is too immature to raise children, and with his status as a prisoner of Azkaban, would have been unsuitable. No, James and Lily's will stated that I was to be their guardian in the event of their deaths. So, imagine my surprise to find out that the children had been split up, Harry being sent to guardians I knew were unsuitable."

"According to someone Dumbledore planted in the area, to make sure Harry was fine, he has suffered near starvation at the hands of the Dursleys, treated like a house-elf, forced to suppress intelligence and made to live in a cupboard under the stairs." Amelia finished.

The Dursley's solicitor got up. "My clients were having financial difficulties so could not pamper their nephew."

"Pamper him? Both Mr. Dursley and his son look like they've been eating non-stop for years. Mr. Dursley is the boss of a major Muggle company. According to Dumbledore's agent, Dudley Dursley received THIRTY-EIGHT presents for his birthday this year. She

tells me that Harry has not received one present since his parents died. Mr. Dursley's son is heading for a top private school while Harry was to go to a local public school. A check of Mr. Potter's belongings reveal that all he owns is second hand clothing, which used to belong to his cousin."

Dumbledore, Fudge and Shacklebolt started to confer, then Dumbledore stood up.

"All in favour of allowing Harry James Potter to attend Hogwarts..." Most of the hands went up. "So be it, Mr. Harry Potter will be permitted to attend Hogwarts. He will be returned to your care this afterno..."

Minister Fudge decided to interrupt. "Excuse me Dumbledore, but Mr. Potter will not be going back to the Dursleys. I am enforcing the conditions of the Potter will – Harry Potter will be free to live with Amelia Bones with his sister." Dumbledore began to interrupt, "any more from you Dumbledore and you will be facing serious charges."

Amelia and Harry left to return to the Burrow.

My beloved Izzy (my laptop) is going in for repairs in a couple of days and so I thought I'd post an additional chapter. I wasn't entirely satisfied with this, noting the amount of haters of the Harry/Cho pairing and decided to leave it until I could do something with it.

## HARRY AND CHO

"Mr. Potter – a word in my office please," McGonagall said to Harry as he walked through the Entrance Hall. It was the first day back since the Christmas Holidays. He followed McGonagall to her office on the first floor. Dumbledore was standing there along with Professor Flitwick and, to Harry's surprise, Cho Chang.

"Mr. Potter – Cho has come to me," Flitwick said, "with an interesting story. It appears that in the middle of November, the two of you had sexual relations in something called the Room of Requirement."

Harry knew it was best not to lie. "That is true, Professor. We had declared our feelings for each other and one thing led to another."

"While we frown upon such things happening, it is too long since the incident to issue a punishment. If we did, then we would have to punish everyone who did such things long after the event happened," McGonagall said.

"There is a further development, Mr. Potter," Flitwick said, "Cho – would you like me to tell him or would you like to do so?"

Cho showed signs of crying. "I'll tell him, Professor." She said, "Harry – I'm pregnant."

Harry didn't know what to say. "But, we used protection..." he began.

"Didn't anyone tell you?" Flitwick asked, "Muggle contraception doesn't work on our kind."

"No, no-one told me. All I know about our world is limited to what I learn here and that isn't much."

"Anyhow, Cho's family, on finding out about this have disowned her. She has spent most of the holidays here in my care until you returned," Flitwick continued.



"There is a dilemma here Mr. Potter," Dumbledore said. "The law for such a case requires you to assume automatic responsibility but by the time the baby is born, it will be the summer holidays, during which you will have to spend at the Dursleys."

"Cho can't go to the Dursleys – they won't allow her to stay, let alone a baby," Harry said.

"I know that. I am going to arrange an immediate termination." Dumbledore said, "We will all swear an oath of secrecy and I myself will obliviate the memories of this incident from Cho's family."

"NO!" Harry shouted, "Professor McGonagall – what is the best thing to do?"

"Normal equittete would have you marry Cho as soon as possible. Our law allows this at the age of 15 in situations like this. This would emancipate you and you won't have to return to the Dursleys." McGonagall said.

"Thank you, Professor," Harry said. He then turned to Cho, "Cho – I got you into this mess and I aim to make things right. Will you marry me?"

Cho looked at him for a few minutes before giving her reply. "Yes," she said. She walked over to Harry and the two shared a hug.

McGonagall took a box out of her desk. "Your parents asked me to look after these before they went into hiding. I intended to give them to you when you turned 17, but this is the right time to give them to you," She said, passing it over to Harry. He opened it to find a set of rings. "They were your parents' wedding rings – they came from the Potter vaults and the smaller one is your mother's engagement ring."

Harry took the smaller ring out and slid it on Cho's finger. McGonagall wrote on two pieces of parchment.

"It would be best you discussed wedding plans over the weekend and returned to your common rooms. Show these passes if Professor Umbridge stops you."

Harry and Cho didn't say anything as they left the room. Harry turned to Cho.

"Cho – for your sake, I'm going to smooth things over with Umbridge. Whatever you hear about what is going to be said, don't worry about, it'll help us and I'll explain about it later."

"Alright," she said. They continued walking. There was a cough and the couple stopped. It was Professor Umbridge.

"Mr. Potter, Miss Chang – out during curfew," she began.

"Excuse me, Professor, but we were in a meeting with Professors McGonagall and Flitwick. We were given these passes to show you," Harry said, passing the parchments to Umbridge.

"These are in order – I'd make my way back to your common rooms before anyone else catches you," Umbridge said.

"Professor – can I talk to you please? It's very important," Harry asked.

"Very well, Mr. Potter," she led the way to her office.

"Professor Umbridge – I had myself examined by a Healer during the holidays and she found evidence of confounding and memory charms, placed on me during June. A Mind Healer confirmed that the memories placed on me involved You-Know-Who," Harry said. He took some parchment out of his pocket and passed it over.

"It was discovered that both spells had Dumbledore's magical signature all over it. Therefore, it seems I was being used as a pawn in his game to destabilise the Ministry. The Mind Healer is working to restore the altered memories."

"Thank you for bringing this to my attention, Mr. Potter," Umbridge said, making copies of the reports, passing the originals back to Harry.

"Another thing – Dumbledore has appointed Snape to teach me Occumency. I know it is the art of looking at people's minds and I would not like him looking there. I looked at some books and have discovered that teaching the students the art without their guardians consent is illegal."

"Your guardians are Muggles, aren't they?" Umbridge asked.

"They were, but events have led to my emancipation and I have decided I do not want any further lessons with Snape than I have to. Potions lessons are bad enough. What you saw during his inspected lesson was an act."

"I have a Pensieve here – do you know about extracting memories?" Umbridge asked. Both Harry and Cho nodded and extracted a few. Umbridge entered her Pensieve and stepped out half an hour later.

"Thank you for bringing this to my attention. The Minister will be pleased at this. Mr. Potter, I am restoring your Quidditch privileges. She reached into a cupboard and passed Harry's Firebolt back. She also passed him a gel. "This is to remove that scarring on your hand. I apologise for the torture I subjected you to. Rest assured you will not have to attend these Occumency lessons."

Harry and Cho stepped into an empty classroom after their meeting with Umbridge.

"I've not had the chance to tell you this before, Cho," Harry began, "because Hedwig was here during the holidays and I couldn't send any mail. I decided to go to a Healer at St. Mungo's due to a pain in my head and they discovered I had memory blocks, evidence of being confounded and memories being implanted.

"It appears that the memories of me facing Voldemort were faked. What they were able to make out, was that Cedric and I were sent to a graveyard where we saw some people doing a Death Eater ritual, worshipping Voldemort. Mad people if you ask me. They started to duel us and their leader killed Cedric and would have killed me had I not been able to summon the cup which was turned into a Portkey."

Cho burst into tears again. She had no idea what to think.

"I don't blame you for it, Harry. I will always think about him, but I'm with you now. You shouldn't blame yourself either." The couple shared a hug.

The following day, Harry and Cho decided to tell their best friends about what was happening. After dinner, the group was taken to the Room of Requirement where the couple told Ron Weasley,

Hermione Granger and Cho's best friend Marietta Edgecombe about Cho's pregnancy and the forthcoming wedding.

Ron, on hearing the news stood up and was about to storm out of the room when Hermione grabbed his arm and pulled him back.

"But, you're suppose to be marrying Ginny after school!" he exclaimed.

"As it happens, Ron, I don't have those sorts of feelings towards Ginny – she, like Hermione, is more like a sister to me. I love Cho and I will be marrying her. And who says I'm supposed to be marrying Ginny after I finish at Hogwarts?"

Ron didn't say anything but Hermione did. "I overheard Molly Weasley telling Ron and Ginny that they had to keep you away from anyone who would take you away from Ginny. Molly said that the Potter love of red-hair would be the key."

"Look at Cho – she doesn't have red hair and I love her," Harry said.

"Although I would change my hair to red if Harry wanted me to," Cho added.

"Any idea what you're having yet – boy or girl?" Marietta asked.

"No – we want to be surprised."

There was stunning news the next day at breakfast. According to news passed around on the grapevine, the Minister of Magic came to the school with a group of Aurors the previous night (when Harry and Cho were telling their news to their friends) to arrest Dumbledore and Snape for attempting to overthrow the Ministry of Magic but both had vanished before they could be arrested.

An educational decree was announced later that day:

#### EDUCATIONAL DECREE NUMBER 29

Dolores Jane Umbridge, High Inquisitor of Hogwarts has now been named Headmistress of Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry.

Signed, Cornelieus Fudge, Minister of Magic

Harry was summoned to Umbridge's office later that day. Fudge was with her.

"Mr. Potter, I suppose you've heard about Dumbledore and Snape's break for it and my appointment as Headmistress?" Umbridge asked.

"Yes I have; congratulations on the appointment. Maybe you could sack Trelawney before she predicts my death again and hire a potions teacher who would teach better," Harry suggested, "Oh, and maybe get rid of Professor Binns and get a History of Magic teacher who would teach more than the Goblin Wars."

"Those things are being taken care of, Mr. Potter." Umbridge continued, "I understand that Dumbledore refused the recommendation of Professors McGonagall, Flitwick and Sprout to make you the fifth year Gryffindor Prefect. I would like to remedy this as a thank you for the information you've given us."

"How so?" asked Harry.

"I've noticed that Ronald Weasley delegates most of his Prefect duties to Miss Granger. That is not the sign of a good prefect. I've also noticed how most Gryffindors and students from other houses look up to you. Therefore, I am offering you both the position of High Inquisitor and Gryffindor Fifth Year Prefect. If you like, I can also give you the Quidditch Captain's job too."

"Thank you Headmistress, Minister. I will accept your offer of Prefect and High Inquisitor but I'll have to decline the Quidditch Captain's job. Angelina Johnson is doing a good job and there is a good chance I'll be getting it next year, mainly on the grounds that I will have been on the team for six years by then and Katie Bell made it known that she might have to quit due to her demanding NEWT schedule."

"Very well, Mr. Potter." Umbridge passed over a Prefect badge to Harry. "Also, I am appointing a squad known as the Inquisitorial Squad to help with discipline and trouble-makers. It has been suggested that Draco Malfoy be a member along with many Slytherins."

"Excuse me, Headmistress. If I am to be the High Inquisitor, I would like the Squad to consist of people I know and trust, people who would not show bias towards anyone or issue punishments because of their heritage. If he was a member, Draco Malfoy would dock points from anyone just because of being a Muggle-born."

"Very well, you may select your team," Umbridge said.

"I only have a handful of people in mind right now. I will talk to them tomorrow and let you know."

Fudge stepped forward. "I've examined the evidence you provided, and I've authorised the exoneration of Sirius Black on all charges."

"Thank you, Minister." Harry shook hands with the Minister.

"I call this Order meeting into session." Dumbledore said. He and Snape were meeting with the rest of the Order of the Phoenix at 12 Grimmauld Place. Everyone sat down.

"This meeting concerns Harry Potter," Dumbledore began.

"What's that brat done this time, Albus, except get the two of us put on the Ministry's Most Wanted list?" Snape asked.

Dumbledore began to speak, but Sirius answered.

"Harry is going to be a dad!" he said, with joy in his voice.

"WHAT!" a lot of people shouted. Dumbledore raised his hand for silence.

"How do you know this, Sirius?" he asked.

"Dumbledore, surely you didn't think that he was going to keep something like this from me?" Sirius replied, "He's also arranged for my name to be cleared!"

To say that Dumbledore and Snape were gobsmacked was an understatement.

"Who is the mother?" Molly Weasley asked.

"Cho Chang," Sirius replied. Molly went bright purple and would have started shouting had Arthur not put a silencing charm on her.

"What's Harry going to do about it?" Tonks asked.

"Well, Harry tells me that he plans to marry Cho on Valentine's Day and the trio will probably move in here with me until they can get a Potter property sorted out. That is why Harry's house-elf friend Dobby and his mate Winky are here. This place is no place to raise an infant, with all the dark magic material lying about."

"What about the Dursleys?" someone else asked.

"Circumstances mean Harry will be emancipated when he marries Cho, so he won't have to return there. They won't accept her or the child and Harry will not live anywhere where they cannot." answered Sirius.

"But Harry needs to return there for the blood wards," Dumbledore answered.

"Albus – you've kept him out of our world long enough. He has decided and I support him fully on the matter – he will not be returning to the Dursleys and that is the final word on the matter. He also happens to have the Minister's support on this matter," Sirius finished.

Dumbledore was about to say something else but Sirius raised his hand.

"There is one more thing – Harry has informed me of what you and Snape have been up to and that is going too far. I hereby ban Albus Dumbledore and Severus Snape from this house." Sirius said, "Don't let the door hit you on the way out."

Without further ado, both Dumbledore and Snape were thrown out of the house. They tried to get back in, but nothing happened. Suddenly, the house vanished.

Inside, Sirius had recast the Fidelius charm. He turned to the rest of the crowd in the kitchen.

"Now, anyone else against Harry and Cho's relationship?" No-one said anything, although they could tell that Molly Weasley was itching to say something and probably would have, had Arthur not kept the silencing charm on her.



I was just going through the files on my Sims 3 USB drive, looking for the latest version of Chapters 1 – 3 of my original book when I found this gem hiding away. It's one of my very rare pre-Hogwarts stories.

Good news for fans of Untitled Harry Potter Fic – the material is going to form the start of a new fic which is a crossover between Harry Potter and the HG Wells book *The War of the Worlds*, which unlike most adaptations, will be set in England, although in the present day.

### The Shire School for the Gifted

"VERNON! DON'T TOUCH HIM!" Petunia Dursley shouted to her husband, who was in the kitchen of their home about to beat up their nephew, Harry.

"Why not?" roared Vernon, who was holding Harry by his baggy clothes. Vernon had just lost a major deal at Grunnings, the drill firm which he ran and as usual, came home to take it out on his nephew.

"We've just received a letter from the Shire School for the Gifted. They are sending someone to talk to us in a few days about a scholarship," she said.

"Looks like someone finally noticed Dudley, then," Vernon said.

"It's not about Dudley, dear. It's about the freak! Apparently, he has one of the best test scores in the county and the school is sending a representative to speak to us about a placement for him. That means if they see evidence of beatings, then we will be arrested. If we play our cards right, then we can be rid of him!"

Vernon saw reason and then he dropped Harry to the ground. "You're lucky that letter came, boy! But as soon as that visit has been completed, you'll get what's coming to you for ruining the deal of my career," he threatened.

Harry Potter was seven years old. He had been living with his aunt and uncle since his parents died when he was fifteen months old (their deaths caused, according to the Dursleys, because Harry's dad was drunk and crashed their car, killing the two instantly and giving Harry the unusual scar on his forehead).

His bedroom had been the cupboard under the stairs ever since he was left on the Dursleys' doorstep. He was underfed and was practically a skeleton. As soon as they could get away with it, the Dursleys had him do all their housework and cooking. He was also used as a punch bag by both Vernon and the Dursleys' child, Dudley, who was a month older than Harry. The boy did very well at school, much better than Dudley, who got very low marks. Rather than praise Harry for his achievements, Vernon beat him, disgusted by the fact that Harry was showing Dudley up by doing better than him.

The next couple of days were the best Harry ever had in all his time with the Dursleys. He was well fed; there was no violence towards him (Vernon had even told Dudley off when he tried to punch Harry) and he even got to sleep in a proper bed (in Dudley's spare bedroom even though it was a lousy bed). And to top things off, on the day of the visit, Petunia even took him into town to buy him some clothing that fit correctly and had his glasses repaired properly.

At 4 P.M. that day, there was a knock at the door. Petunia answered the door to find a young woman standing on the doorstep. Petunia let her in and led her to the living room, in which Vernon, Dudley and Harry were sitting, in neat clothing.

"Afternoon, Mr. Dursley, Mrs. Dursley. My name is Rachel Smithers and I'm the Deputy Headmistress of the Shire School for the Gifted." She sat down. "Now, I'm sure you will want to know why I'm here."

"We were wondering that," Vernon said, in a polite tone of voice.

"As you may have known, children of Harry's age were given an I.Q. test along with some special exams over the last few months. The Shire School gives placements to the best students in these tests. Harry's test revealed an I.Q. of 190 – in other words, genius level. Harry has also gotten the best test results in the whole Surrey region."

Everyone was gob-smacked. Then Dudley decided to open his mouth. "I bet he cheated!"

"Actually, there was no evidence of cheating, especially after he did a second test and scored the same. Now, I am authorised to offer Harry an invitation to attend our school on a full scholarship until he

turns 16, when he will receive an offer to join our second form college."

There was even more silence. Miss Smithers broke the silence. "The school year starts from September 1st to June 30th. There are two half-terms along with two weeks of Christmas and Easter Holidays. Harry can either come home for these or stay at the school. Most students return home for the summer holidays."

"What about Dudley?" Petunia asked, "Does he qualify for a place?"

"No," Miss Smithers replied, "I'm afraid not. Not only does he have the worst scores in the entire region, his I.Q. is rather low so he wouldn't qualify. Even if he did, the reports of his bullying, especially of Harry, are disturbing. He would not have a place at the school – bullying is not tolerated." The Dursleys looked angry when they heard her talk about Dudley like that. Dudley looked like he was going to throw a temper-tantrum, but a glare from Vernon stopped him.

"If you'll excuse us for a minute, please?" Vernon asked. He and Petunia left the room to discuss things.

"Do we let him go?" Petunia asked, "If we refuse to allow him to go without giving the freak a chance to say if he wants to go or not, it may look suspicious."

"I know that, Pet, but remember what that freak Dumbledore said in that letter he left with the brat."

"I am sick to death of that freak world dictating what we do!" Petunia hissed angrily. "I don't care what that Dumbledore says. I say we let him go. It means less trouble for us and if Dumbledore tries anything, we are his legal guardians, not him. I know how to write to their authorities and we can file a legal complaint."

Vernon and Petunia walked back into the living room.

"We've discussed things and we have decided that Harry can go to your school if he wants too," Vernon said.

"Would you like to come to the school, Harry?" Miss. Smithers asked.

Harry looked at the Dursleys then at the teacher. "I would like to come to your school, please," he said.

"I'm glad to hear it," Miss Smithers said. "I can take you with me now so you can get acquainted with the school before term starts in two months' time. I will meet you outside, so if you would like to get some belongings, we can get going."

Harry was outside within seconds. He wasn't carrying anything.

"Where are your things, Harry?" the teacher asked.

"I don't have anything, Miss," Harry told her sheepishly. She began to put two and two together. She remembered how the Dursleys looked when she told them about the reports of Dudley's bullying, mainly towards Harry. She took his hand and took him away from Privet Drive, planning never to let him return. She vowed to find out what had been going on there.

A few hours later, they arrived at the school. It looked like an old converted Victorian mansion. Miss. Smithers took Harry to the school matron.

"Before I take you to see the Headmistress, you will need to have a medical."

Harry looked frightened at the thought of someone examining him. Rachel noticed this.

"Is there a problem, Harry?" she asked. He suddenly froze up. The matron came up.

"Afternoon, Rachel," she said, "I assume this is Harry, our new student."

"Yes it is," Rachel said, taking the matron to one side. "I suspect Harry here has been beaten by his relatives. I have a copy of his medical file from his old school here." She passed the matron a folder. "Take down what you find and I'll deal with the matter." She went back to Harry. "I'll have to go and report to the Headmistress. I'll be back in a short time." The young boy looked terrified. "Don't worry. No one here will hurt you."

"Come in," Headmistress Janet Whitehead said. The door opened and Miss Smithers walked in.

"Ah, Rachel. Have you collected young Harry?" she asked.

"Yes. He has his mother's eyes. I knew Lily Potter since we were children and was sad to hear of her death along with her husband," Rachel said.

"How did they die?" Mrs. Whitehead said.

"Well, according to his old school, the Dursleys claimed that they died in a car crash because James Potter was drunk. I know for a fact that they were murdered and Harry was dumped at his so-called relatives. I'm suspecting abuse so I've got the matron to examine Harry. If it confirms what I suspect, I'll file for custody of Harry."

"Good luck," said Mrs. Whitehead.

The matron had finished her examination of Harry. He was sitting on a chair while she gathered Polaroid photographs and wrote some notes. Miss. Smithers came back in.

"Rachel, what I've seen is disturbing," she said.

"What have you found out?" Miss Smithers asked.

"First of all, he is severely malnourished. Also, I have discovered several marks which look like they got there by severe whipping. There are also lots of bruises and it looks like both his arms have been broken and not healed properly. I have concerns about his right leg. It looks very deformed and badly damaged, I'm surprised he can walk on it. I need to get a second opinion, but it looks like he might have to lose it."

Miss Smithers was gob-smacked as she heard the news. She vowed to call the social services as soon as possible.

"If you don't mind, Rachel, I would like to call my brother in – he's more of an expert in these sorts of things."

"Very well. Thank you," Miss. Smithers said.

True to her word, she had called them and two social workers came to the school and talked to Harry. It took two weeks but he eventually opened up when they got through to him that he would not be punished for speaking to them. He confirmed what both Miss Smithers and the matron had suspected. They checked with the Surrey authorities, who couldn't find any records of Harry being registered with a dentist, doctor or hospital. The only medical records were his school medical records.

"What's going to happen to him?" Miss Smithers asked, "He can't go back to the Dursleys."

"He'll have to leave your school and go to foster care. We'll make sure he gets the medical treatment he needs and will ensure the Dursleys will serve time in jail for what they've done," one of the social workers said. They also promised to call in the police.

"I'll adopt him," Miss Smithers said. The social workers looked at her. "If you check the records, you will find I'm officially cleared to adopt so if you get the papers to me as soon as possible, I can sign them. I was a friend of Harry's mother and knew him as a baby."

"Alright, we'll make the recommendation to our superiors and have the papers sent to you as quickly as possible. But the Dursleys will have to sign them, too."

"You get the papers to me and I'll deal with the Dursleys. I happen to have quite a bit of blackmail material on dear Petunia and when I'm through, they'll sign soon enough." The social workers pretended they didn't hear the bit about blackmail.

Miss Smithers walked into the sick bay where Harry was laying down on a bed. His arms and leg were in plaster.

"Harry, I have something I need to talk to you about," she said. Harry looked at her. "I know what the Dursleys did to you and that is not right. I also noticed you didn't have anything to bring with you. Is all you're wearing all you owned?"

Harry was hesitant to speak up, but he looked into Miss Smithers' eyes and knew he could trust her. "Yes," he began, "The Dursleys only bought these clothes to make you think they treated me right. I normally wear Dudley's old clothes."

"I'm going to take action about this but we need to sort you out first. I have been told that you will have to be taken from the school and into foster care. I have something to tell you, Harry. I knew your mother when she was a child. We were best of friends. I was saddened to hear that she had died. Despite what those idiot Dursleys told you, they did not die in a car crash under the influence of alcohol. They were murdered. Now, I know your mother wouldn't have wanted you raised by the Dursleys, so if you like, I would like to adopt you. Would you like that?"

"Yes, please Miss," Harry replied.

"That's settled then. I'll be going to the Dursleys to get them to sign the paperwork and then they will be arrested and sentenced to jail for their crimes. One more thing, except for classes, you don't have to call me Miss. You can call me Rachel."

"Thank you," Harry said.

Rachel knocked on the door of Number 4. Petunia answered it.

"Oh, it's you again. Term hasn't started yet, so you can't have kicked the brat out. Unless you've made a mistake and Dudley does get a place?"

"No, Mrs. Dursley; Dudley does NOT get a placement. This is a matter of grave importance. May I come in, please?" Rachel asked.

"Very well," Petunia said, leading her into the living room.

"What do you want?" Vernon demanded.

"When I got Harry to the school, he had to have a medical and the Matron discovered many things that got me concerned. Marks on his back from being whipped, malnutrition, barely healed broken bones, a foot so badly deformed it may have to be amputated," Rachel said.

"That was just Dudley and him playing about," Petunia said.

"Don't give me that crap! I know abuse when I see it. Harry has told me how much you despise him so I'm here to offer you a deal."

Vernon looked like he was going to explode.

"I have with me here adoption papers. Sign them and relinquish custody of Harry to me, and I won't tell the police or the authorities what you did. Save a lot of battles in the courts because I promise you, if this has to go to court, I will make sure every last detail of what you did to him comes out and I will personally crack open the most expensive bottle of champagne in the world when you are sent to prison for life."

Vernon and Petunia looked at each other. They knew Rachel had them over a barrel.

"Very well, we'll sign. Just to be rid of him," said Vernon. Rachel passed the adoption papers over and the Dursleys signed them.

"Thank you," she said. Petunia and Vernon walked her to the door, determined to get rid of her as soon as possible. Petunia opened the front door only to find several police officers.

"You said you weren't going to tell the police?" Vernon said, slowly going purple.

"I said I wouldn't say anything. I didn't say anything about anyone else saying anything," Rachel said. She held up the adoption papers. "Thank you. I would say it was a pleasure and I look forward to seeing you again but the next time I see you, it will be in court to see you get your just deserts for what you did to Harry."

Miss Smithers walked away with a smile on her face. She got a lot of pleasure in seeing the Dursleys dragged away after resisting arrest.

Rachel went to the Matron's office where she saw the Matron's brother examining Harry. He saw Rachel and came over to her.

"There are several things you should know, now that you've adopted Harry here," he said. Rachel sat down.

"Harry is a wizard. I am also a wizard."

"Lily told me something like that but I never believed it," Rachel said.

"The Dursleys always said magic didn't exist," Harry said



"It's true," Healer Bridden took a wand out and conjured a glass of water. "Your mother is what we call Muggle-born, just like I am. Lily and I were born to non-magical families. Now, seven years ago, James and Lily Potter were murdered by a Dark Wizard who tried to kill Harry. His curse backfired and killed him. Albus Dumbledore, my former headmaster, placed Harry in an unknown location and until now, no one knew where he was placed. I will keep Harry's location a secret from anyone in the Wizarding world. If Dumbledore found out, he would try to put him back with those relatives my sister told me about. I am bound by doctor/patient privilege so I can't say anything. I will do this work on Harry on the QT."

"How much will it cost me? I assume you don't have an NHS?" asked Rachel.

"Don't worry about cost. The whole wizarding world, especially muggle-borns like me, owes Harry a life debt for getting rid of the Dark Wizard."

"What needs to be done?"

"I had a more detailed look than Sarah could do. I found out that drops of acid have been poured into his eyes. Harry's optic nerves were slowly wasting away. I've already taken the liberty of using a counter agent, so the nerves will heal. If it had been a few more weeks before I saw him, he would have been completely blind."

Rachel was shocked. How could the Dursleys do this? "Is there any evidence that can go before the court?" Darren Bridden, the Healer passed over a file.

"This documents all Harry's injuries. About his foot, normally, if we saw something like that, we would debone the foot and part of the leg, and then use a potion called Skele-gro to regrow the bones. But if I remember correctly, James Potter was allergic to the potion so Harry might be allergic too. The damage to his foot is so bad, it has to be removed. I can do that myself, with your permission." Rachel nodded. The Healer waved his wand about and to Harry and Rachel's surprise; Harry's foot and part of his leg had no bones left. The Healer then gave Harry a potion. He drank it with great displeasure. "It will take a few hours to work..." the Healer began but stopped as he saw Harry being sick and turning green. He gave

Harry the counter potion. "Looks like Harry shares the same allergies."

"What did James Potter do?" Rachel asked.

"I was training to be a Healer when he seriously broke bones in his arm following an accident playing Quidditch."

"Quidditch?" Harry and Rachel both asked.

"Wizarding sport – I'll find you a book on it. However, Poppy Pomfrey tried to use Skele-gro to regenerate his bones but it almost killed him. It took us months to brew a variation on that potion which would help him. But the person who developed it was Lily Potter. Unless she left any paperwork on it, the secret died with her."

"I will tidy up the leg for now," the Healer said, using his wand to remove the skin from the deboned area. "It would be worth finding out about Lily's will – maybe she left the paperwork to someone who might be able to help."

"Thank you," Rachel said.

A few weeks later, Mrs. Whitehead was in a meeting with two parents.

"Of course Hermione is welcome to continue here. Her grades make her the top of her year," the headmaster said to the parents.

The door knocked and the secretary came in. "Excuse me; there is a solicitor here to see you and Miss Smithers."

"Let him in," Mrs. Whitehead said. An elderly gentleman was let in. Mrs. Whitehead turned to a young girl.

"Hermione, dear, could you go to Miss Smithers's office and tell her that someone is here to see her."

The young girl left the room.

"Hermione speaks very highly of Miss Smithers," her dad said.

"Rachel is a favourite of everyone here. There have been some developments which might prove beneficial for Hermione."

Miss Smithers came in with Harry and Hermione. The two parents looked at Harry and gasped. The poor boy was in a wheelchair. The solicitor walked over to Rachel.

"Rachel Smithers? Adoptive mother and guardian of Harry James Potter?" he asked.

"Yes," Rachel answered. She was wondering why a solicitor would come to see her about Harry. Maybe the Dursleys managed to have her adoption of the boy overturned.

"My name is Arthur Madsen, executor of the estate of one Lily Potter-Evans. I was surprised to receive a letter this morning telling me you adopted Harry a couple of weeks ago. Let me explain. When Lily filed her will with me, she specified that if Vernon and Petunia Dursley was given custody of Harry, against her and her husband's wishes, her will was not to be read out. But now you have custody of him, the will can be read out."

Hermione's parents stood up. "We can come back later," her dad said.

"No need – we need two independent witnesses to sign this," Mr. Madsen said.

"My name is Michael Granger and my wife Emily. This is our daughter Hermione." Michael Granger said. Hermione smiled at Harry who went red.

"What happened to the poor boy?" Mrs. Granger asked, noting Harry's half-missing leg.

"His so-called relatives, the Dursleys, happened." Rachel said, "That's just the tip of the iceberg." She told them what had happened to Harry while at the Dursleys. Hermione burst into tears and suddenly threw herself upon Harry and gave him a cuddle.

Everyone sat down as Arthur Madsen took out some papers and began reading.

"This is the last will and testament of Lily Rose Potter, nee Evans.

I am of sound mind as I write this will and I am not under undue influence.

In the event of mine and my husband's deaths, custody of Harry is NOT to go to Vernon and Petunia Dursley. They are abusive to anyone they don't like and because of mine and my sister Petunia's history, they will mistreat him. This will is not to be executed if he ends up in their custody illegally. There are people around who would do so.

Custody of Harry is to go to my best friend, Rachel Smithers. If she is unavailable to take custody of him, then custody is to go to my friend, Alice Longbottom.

All of my money, property and possessions are to go to Harry. The money is to be held in trust until he turns 18.

"Mr. Madsen, do you know anything about James Potter's will?" Rachel asked.

"No, I'm afraid not. Lily told me that James had his filed with a firm of solicitors his family has used for hundreds of years but the name of it has escaped me."

Mr. and Mrs. Granger signed the will as independent witnesses followed by Mrs. Whitehead.

"That concludes our formalities. I will personally ensure the Dursleys pay substantial compensation for your injuries, Harry," Mr. Madsen said.

"Thank you, sir," Harry said. Arthur Madsen then left the office.

"Hermione," Mrs. Whitehead began, "We grown-ups have many things to talk about, so why don't you give Harry here a tour of the school. He'll be joining your year in September."

"Yes, Miss," Hermione said. She grabbed the back of Harry's wheelchair and pushed him away.

Harry and Hermione hit it off straight away as she gave the boy his first proper tour of the school. She showed him all the classrooms followed by her favourite room in the entire building – the library.

"I've never owned books – the Dursleys never allowed them in the house unless they had something to do with the financial world. My cousin Dudley has never read a book in his life. They wrote to my last school, telling them to keep me out of the library but the teachers ignored them and let me in. The Dursleys were known to take books from anyone they saw in Privet Drive and destroy them."

Hermione looked shocked hearing someone disrespect books like the Dursleys.

"How disgusting. When is your birthday, Harry?" she asked.

"Rachel told me it is on July 31st," he answered.

Hermione looked as if she was planning something. Harry didn't know why she had asked – the Dursleys had always drummed into him that asking questions was illegal and if someone heard him asking one in public, he would be arrested.

July 31st came a few days later. On special invitation, he and Rachel went to Hermione's home which was a ten minute walk away from the school. Harry looked up at it and saw a home which was at least three times the size of Number 4. Rachel opened the front door (it appeared she had a key) and pushed Harry in.

"SURPRISE!" a group of voices could be heard shouting. Harry looked and saw Hermione with her parents along with a small group of other children Harry had befriended at the school. He wasn't sure what to say.

"This can't be for me..." he began, "I don't deserve a birthday or a party. The Dursleys said freaks like me..." but then Rachel interrupted him.

"Harry James Potter! You will forget EVERYTHING those idiots told you. You DO deserve a birthday and a party – everyone here thinks so. Now get the thoughts of the Dursleys out of your head."

"Here you go," Hermione said, passing a small box over to Harry. He opened it and found a front door key. He looked at Hermione and her parents. Rachel turned to him.

"Harry – a couple of days ago, the house I was going to raise you in was repossessed by my uncle and for a while, it seemed we would have nowhere to live except for the school."

Emily Granger then stepped forward. "Rachel has been a friend of ours since Hermione started at the school. She told us about it and asked if we minded if you stayed with us for a week or two while she found somewhere for the two of you. We told her that the two of you could stay with us as long as you wanted. We want you to think of this place as home, not that house you stayed at before."

Harry was unsure what to say. "I never thought of Privet Drive as home, always a torture chamber."

"Well my lad," Michael began, "You can think of this place as home."

"Thank you sir."

"Don't call me sir, call me Michael."

In his office at Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry, Albus Dumbledore looked in shock at one of the detectors near his desk. It told him that the wards on 4 Privet Drive were down. Changing his clothing to resemble Muggle style clothes, he went to Hogsmeade and apparated to Privet Drive. He walked to Number 4 and knocked on the door. After ten minutes, a neighbour came over, having seen him from the window.

"I wouldn't bother waiting if I were you." She said.

"How come?" Dumbledore asked.

"They were arrested weeks ago and that pig of a son of theirs taken by the social workers."

"What about Harry?"

"Harry – nice lad. Not a nice family though. No-one here believed the lies the Dursleys spread about him. The rest of us would see

them beat the living crap out of him and Vernon would threaten us with death if we reported it. I heard they got arrested for abusing him although a few days before, he left with some girl who came over." For the next ten minutes, Dumbledore listened as the neighbour insult the Dursleys.

"I see. Thank you." Dumbledore said before leaving. He decided to ask around if anyone knew about the girl who had taken Harry. Everyone told him exactly what they thought of Vernon, Petunia and especially Dudley. One neighbour pointed out the damage caused to her house by Dudley. They all mentioned how fond they were of Harry and how they would have helped him had Vernon and Dudley not murdered a neighbour who lived in a house which was a burnt out shell. The final neighbour told Dumbledore that Harry had been awarded a scholarship to a posh private school for the gifted called the Shire (she worked for the school as a cook part time).

Dumbledore's eyes twinkled. He had heard of the Shire School for the Gifted – it had a magical school section and several Muggle-borns were in attendance along with a few purebloods and half-bloods.

This is based on fanfiction rules I've seen on many profiles and thought it would make a nice Christmas comedy story. Follows some aspects of canon, but Dumbledore, Hedwig, Dobby and Fred are still alive. Harem is IMPLIED but not described beyond one sentence.

The latest chapter of The Apprentice is online now and the next chapter will be uploaded Friday. The first story from this range – A Year at Hogwarts will be uploaded just after the New Year.

### Auction Madness

Hermione Granger was using a computer in her parent's home to look up some rare books. Despite her talents in the magical world, she kept up to date with events and technology in the Muggle world, and so was skilled in computers. She was visiting them and they told her that they knew of someone online who could sell her the books she wanted, so allowed her to use their computer to look them up.

She went to the auction site eBay to look up the books in question. Noticing a charity auction section, she took the mouse pointer to it and clicked on it. She went down the listing and saw various toys, electrical items, books (but not the ones she was looking for) and stopped when she saw the following:

LOCKET HOROCRUX – Film Prop

DIARY HOROCRUX – Film Prop

RING HOROCRUX – Film Prop

GOLD CUP HOROCRUX – Film Prop

DIADEM HOROCRUX – Film Prop

DEATH EATER MASK AND ROBES – Film Prop

TOM RIDDLE SCHOOL ROBES, PREFECT AND HEAD BOY BADGES – Film Props

She opened the first auction and read the description.



This is one of many props from a film based on The Hobbit which was abandoned. The creators of these props have consented for them to be auctioned for charity.

Hermione looked at the photographs and was astonished to see that they were the same Horocruxes that she and Harry had hunted for. Suspecting what was going on, she looked up the name of the person running the auction – PRONGS1980. She left the computer and the house then disappeared to a certain location.

Harry Potter was in Grimmwald Place, also looking at the auctions on his computer, which was charmed to work at Number 12. They were raising a nice sum of money.

What a nice way to donate money to the Muggleborn scholarship fund. He said to himself, then he could hear a pop.

"HARRY JAMES POTTER!" Hermione's loud voice could be heard as she stormed through the house until she found him in the kitchen.

"What do you think you're doing putting the Horocruxes on eBay?" she shouted.

"With Hogwarts' funds being stretched on rebuilding, I thought I'd auction the horocruxes to help raise money for Muggleborns to attend on scholarships if need be." Harry answered.

"But why eBay?" Hermione asked, "Doesn't it violate any Secrecy laws?"

"I checked up on the legal side of things – they're no longer magical and they're being passed off as film props so no-one will be any the wiser, although if a witch or wizard, especially a Muggleborn sees them, they will know what they are and put in a bid. Ironical – Tom Riddle spends his days trying to rid our world of Muggleborns, yet his artifacts are going to help them! I already sold his robes and a replica of his wand for 20,000 galleons."

Hermione looked gobsmacked.

"Lucius Malfoy still worships him, he paid the money without a second thought. I already sold the Riddle House and land to developers in a deal worth 1 million galleons. Kingsley told me that

since I killed Tom, anything of his is mine to do with as I see fit. Ron, bless his socks, put in a bid of 1 galleon for Tom's chair! Ginny bid five galleons for the Gaunt shack. Since she suffered so much at Hogwarts while we were HorocruX hunting, I felt I should let her have it for 3 galleons. I even sold photographs of Tom for people to use for target practice.

"I did consider setting up auctions for people to spend the night with us." Harry began and Hermione glared at him, "but I decided that it wouldn't be the best thing to do. Both you and Daphne would kill me." He was referring to the fact he was married to both Hermione and Daphne Greengrass due to being Lord Black and Lord Potter (Daphne was visiting her sister, to try to talk her out of marrying Draco Malfoy). Hermione was unsure what to think at Harry's plans to exploit the death of Voldemort for profit.

"How much money are you receiving for this?" she asked.

"Not a knut," Harry said, "In fact, I'm losing money because I paid top dollar to list these auctions."

"I suppose that's alright then." Hermione said.

In the end, a total of 1,500,241 galleons were made by the auctions. Muggleborn students brought the stuff listed on eBay, determined to have a souvenir of the Dark Lord. In the end, Harry ended up selling the chair to Ron for 2 galleons. In a public ceremony, Harry handed over a Gringotts key to Dumbledore in the rebuilt Great Hall. Dumbledore, being in one of his weird moods, wore a t-shirt which bore the legend: POTTER 6 – VOLDEMORT 0. He had brought it from another auction Harry held.

This is something I found on my hard drive that I wrote about two years ago and never did anything with it. It's loosely based on the Street Fighter film of 1994 and a couple of scenes from it influenced a couple of scenes in this very story, which have sadly been lost.

## Wizard Fighter

June 1995: Dark Wizard Tom Marvolo Riddle, aka Lord Voldemort is brought back from the dead. The UK Ministry of Magic refuses to believe it and so brings serious repercussions against anyone who so much as mentions his name, even to the point where they bring farcical criminal trials against students for underage magic and allow torture against students.

For instance, Ministry Undersecretary Delores Umbridge sent the Dementors of Azkaban to Boy-Who-Lived Harry Potter's home to try and kill him. He used the Patronus Charm to defend himself and found himself brought before the whole Wizengamot for a full criminal trial for doing so. He was cleared but things went downhill from then. Minister Fudge forced Dumbledore to hire Umbridge as Defence Against the Dark Arts teacher who delighted in using torture on Harry in order to keep him silent. But he persevered.

During the year, he developed romantic feelings for Ravenclaw student Luna Lovegood. Unbeknownst to him, she had the same feelings.

Then, towards the end of the year, Voldemort sent a vision to Harry and tricked him into going to the Department of Mysteries to collect a prophecy. Harry went with his best friends Ron Weasley and Hermione Granger, along with Luna, Ron's younger sister, Ginny and her boyfriend, Neville Longbottom. The group got into a fight with Death Eaters who then got into a fight with the Order of the Phoenix. The teens were hurt in the attack. But Voldemort made his presence known at the Ministry and tried to take over Harry, but Dumbledore prevented him. Voldemort escaped from the Ministry with a few Death Eaters, the rest being arrested and sentenced to Azkaban.

From The Story of Harry Potter, Chapter 10, written by Ezry Potter, 2091

HE WHO MUST NOT BE NAMED RETURNS

In a brief statement on Friday night, Minister for Magic Cornelius Fudge confirmed that He-Who-Must-Not-Be-Named has returned to this country and is once more active.

"It is with great regret that I must confirm that the wizard styling himself Lord - well, you know who I mean - is alive and among us again," said Fudge, looking tired and flustered as he addressed reporters. "It is with almost equal regret that we report the mass revolt of the Dementors of Azkaban, who have shown themselves averse to continuing in the Ministry's employ. We believe the Dementors are currently taking direction from Lord - Thingy.

"We urge the magical population to remain vigilant. The Ministry is currently publishing guides to elementary home and personal defence which will be delivered free to all wizarding homes within the coming month."

The Minister's statement was met with dismay and alarm from the wizarding community, which as recently as last Wednesday was receiving Ministry assurances that there was "no truth whatsoever in these persistent rumours that You-Know-Who is operating amongst us once more".

Details of the events that led to the Ministry turnaround are still hazy, though it is believed that He Who Must Not Be Named and a select band of followers (known as Death Eaters) gained entry to the Ministry of Magic itself on Thursday evening. Several Death Eaters were captured including Lucius Malfoy, who claimed to have been under the Imperius Curse during the last war.

Albus Dumbledore, newly reinstated Headmaster of Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry, reinstated member of the International Confederation of Wizards and reinstated Chief Warlock of the Wizengamot, has so far been unavailable for comment. He has insisted over the past year that You-Know-Who is not dead, as was widely hoped and believed, but is recruiting followers once more for a fresh attempt to seize power. Meanwhile, the "Boy-Who-Lived" Harry Potter, a lone voice of truth, perceived as unbalanced, yet never wavering in his story, forced to bear ridicule and slander has refused to talk to our reporters. A spokesperson for the teen has cited ridicule and slander on the part of the Daily Prophet as the very reason Mr. Potter has refused to consent to an interview with us.

We do know that he is now homeless. His Muggle relatives, who he has lived with since You-Know-Who killed his parents, have kicked him out following an attack on their son last summer by Dementors. On investigation, the Prophet has found evidence of widespread abuse and neglect on the part of these relations and urge Minister Fudge to do something about it. More on page 8.

Harry took a seat in front of Dumbledore's desk. The aged wizard sat down in his chair. There was a copy of the paper on the desk.

"First things first. I am very impressed in how you handled yourself in the Department of Mysteries."

"Thank you, sir."

"Secondly, this concerns the Dursleys. When your mother sacrificed herself to save you, it created a blood bond. It meant you would remain safe at anywhere you could call home in which your mother's blood flowed. Petunia Dursley was not my first choice – aside from her, there was a great-aunt of your mother's but she was far too old to raise you. I had hoped that you would not relish the fame."

"You were right there, Headmaster. I hate the fame. All I want is a family that loves me and to be a normal boy," Harry said.

"Anyhow, the Dursleys' resolve involving our world has reached its breaking point. The accidental blowing up of Marge Dursley was barely tolerated but the pranking of Dudley by Misters Fred and George Weasley two years ago and last year's attack by the Dementors forced them to reconsider their relationship with you. I am going to have to find you somewhere else to stay for the holidays. Vernon told me that if you went back to Privet Drive, you may not live to see the next term. Petunia discreetly told me that if your life was valued, I should keep you away."

"Headmaster, despite what Mrs. Weasley might tell you, I don't think I should spend the summer at the Burrow. The Weasleys' status as blood traitors makes them a big enough target as it is; if I spent the whole summer there, then we might as well paint a huge bull's eye on the roof of the Burrow."

"I had a better idea in mind, Harry. As you know, Wormtail was one of the Death Eaters arrested at the Ministry. Earlier today, Sirius' name was officially cleared and he has offered you a permanent home at 12 Grimmauld Place."

"That's great!" Harry said.

"Finally, did you say anything to the papers?" Dumbledore asked.

"No. I don't want anything to do with the paper unless it is to report Voldemort's death. I had Hermione tell them I don't want to be interviewed by them/"

"Very wise, Harry. But the Prophet has the knack of finding things out for themselves."

"I am working to get you emancipated by the time you turn 16, so that you can practice magic outside of Hogwarts. During the holidays, I will be popping by to give you Occlumency lessons – you were lucky this time but next time, maybe someone will get killed. I know of how Professor Snape tried to teach you and his methods were completely wrong. I will give you a book on the subject before you go home for the holidays."

"Thank you, Professor."

"One more thing Harry, there might be a few surprises in store for you next term. I need to discuss things with Professor McGonagall."

Harry began to make his way back to the Hospital Wing where Ron, Ginny and Hermione were recovering from the Ministry. On the way, he saw Luna, who was pinning notices on the wall.

"Are you alright, Luna?" Harry asked.

"Yes, thank you. People have taken my stuff again and because we're approaching the end of term, I do need them back."

"Would you like a hand in finding them?"

"No thank you, Harry. They have a knack of turning up." They both looked up and saw her shoes tied up together and hanging from a

post near the roof. Luna pointed her wand at them and used the summoning charm to bring them to her.

"You are different to a lot of people. You don't see me as the Boy-Who-Lived," Harry began.

"When I was little, I did. But as I grew up and as I saw you here, I saw you as something different. You weren't the Boy-Who-Lived. You were just Harry Potter. An ordinary boy who is famous because his parents were murdered and he survived. That is no reason for someone to be famous. Someone should be famous because they are good at Quidditch or a popular singer, not because they survived the killing curse."

She took Harry's hand. "I notice some people are only interested in you because of the whole Boy-Who-Lived thing. If it was someone ordinary making claims about the return of You-Know-Who, people wouldn't have been making such a big deal over it."

Harry rubbed her hand with his thumb. He could feel scarring in the form of words. "Did Umbridge do that to you?" he asked. "Did she do that to you for what I said to Rita Skeeter which ended up in your dad's magazine?"

"Yes, she did. She told me I shouldn't tell lies. Like you, she banned me from going to Hogsmeade. She tried to get to Dad through me. The Quibbler is free of the political intervention that the Prophet is subject too."

"Dumbledore has revoked Umbridge's ban involving me going to Hogsmeade. It should apply to you too. Would you like to go with me on the next trip?" Harry asked.

"I would like that, Harry Potter," Luna said, moving closer and kissing him on the cheek. They looked at each other for a few moments. Then they moved closer and kissed. They stayed like that for several minutes, and then they broke away.

"I was always told kissing you would be like kissing a Nargal. But that was very nice." Harry considered things as Luna spoke to him. Granted, she may seem a bit mad at times but it was nice to have someone who liked him for what he is and not all this Boy-Who-Lived crap.

"Will you be my girlfriend, Luna?" Harry asked.

"Yes, I will, Harry." They took each other's hands and walked to the hospital wing.

"At last! You owe me 10 Sickles, Ron!" Ginny shouted to Ron as Harry and Luna walked into the hospital wing.

"I'll get a sub from Fred and George!" Ron shouted back.

"What for?" Harry asked.

"Ginny bet me 10 Sickles that you two would finally admit your feelings about each other today. I bet her that it would be Christmas. Anyhow, what did Dumbledore want with you?"

Harry told everyone about his meeting with Dumbledore.

"At least you won't have to put up with the Dursleys anymore mate," said Ron.

"That is good news. That means you and Luna can see a lot of each other," teased Ginny. Both Harry and Luna went red, but Harry knew that if he were at the Dursleys, he would be lucky if he got to see Luna in the holidays, let alone be able to write to her. He knew that if the Dursleys got wind of Sirius being declared innocent, he would have lost an important weapon.



## AFTER THE WEAPONS BEEN USED CHAPTER 2

Harry had appeared in the kitchen of a medium size house on the south coast of England. He hadn't been to this house yet, although he had picked it because Sirius told him about it and it was not on any listings of Black properties (it was the house he had bought when he came of age and there was no record of it on Ministry records). Over the course of the year, he had Dobby and Kreacher prepare the house for living. The elves had also arranged for the goblins to put it under Fidelius. Harry knew he would not be able to arrange it – Dumbledore had a tracking charm on Hedwig and a charm on her which would not allow her to go to certain places – Gringotts being one of them.

Hedwig was standing on a perch in the kitchen with a letter on her leg. Harry admired the perch, Dobby or Kreacher must have brought it. He took the letter from Hedwig's leg and gave her an owl treat.

Dear Harry,

I was going to send this via the family owl but Hedwig suddenly arrived. Great-Uncle Algie found several charms on her including tracking and forbidding – he removed them, he doesn't believe in those sorts of restrictions for students.

Harry made a mental note to thank Neville's family.

The reason for this letter is that my grandmother has discovered a plot in the Ministry of Magic for an arranged marriage between you and Ginny Weasley. She asked me to tell you that normally, only guardians can arrange such a thing, but Dumbledore as the head of the Wizengamot can. There is a little known loophole though – if you marry before the arrangement can be made, the arrangement will be rendered null and void. It will be best to have either a Muggle wedding or one officiated by a Ministry official you can trust – my grandmother tells me that Amelia Bones is a supporter of yours so she might be able to officiate. In my view, you should ask Hermione as soon as possible. Gran says when Hermione does agree let us know and she'll make the arrangements for you.

Neville

PS: Thanks for the Portkey to your house. I've told Gran and Great-Uncle Algie and they've done a secret untraceable hook-up from our fireplace to yours.

Harry went red at the mention of marrying Hermione. He knew he wanted to marry her, but he had hoped that he would be able to do it after school. He knew Ginny wouldn't be in on the arrangement plans because she told him in the strictest of confidence (under penalty of a very painful Bat Bogey Hex if he told anyone, especially any of her family) that Dean was going to propose to her when he finished school.

While he was reading the letter, Ginny appeared in the room.

"Hello, Harry," she said. They shared a hug and then Harry told her of Neville's letter.

"I know – Mum and Dumbledore are trying to sort out an arranged marriage between the two of us. I told them no and decided to leave. Thanks for the Portkey – if I didn't have that, then they would have probably used the Imperius curse on me to force us to get married."

Harry didn't tell Ginny about what he was thinking of doing, he needed more time to think about it himself. He spent the next few hours pondering on things. Just after midnight, he decided what he must do.

The next day, Harry caught a Muggle taxi to Hermione's house (after leaving a note for Ginny). Nervous, he knocked on the door and a middle aged woman answered it.

"Morning, Harry," she said, "Come right in."

Emiliana Granger led Harry into the living room where her husband Michael was sitting.

"Hello, Harry," he said.

"Morning, sir," Harry replied.

"You don't need to call me sir. Just Michael will do," he replied.

"Thank you, Michael," Harry said.

Harry was invited to sit down. He was told that Hermione was shopping but they were tight lipped on what it was about. Harry explained to them what was going on involving Molly Weasley and Dumbledore.

"So, to get out of this apparently illegal arranged marriage, done by someone who is abusing his powers, you have to get married?" Michael asked, "And you want to marry Hermione?"

"Yes, sir," Harry began. "I wanted to marry Hermione ever since we started dating, but I always intended for it to do it after finishing school, or at the very latest, wait a year or two afterwards."

"You've always been very faithful to my daughter, Harry. She's told us about all these admirers you get from members of either sex but how you always have eyes for her."

"I'm told my father was the same after he first set eyes on my mother," Harry said.

Michael and Emiliana had a whispered conversation for a couple of minutes.

"Alright, Harry – if you want to marry our daughter, you have our blessing but we ask that you don't have any children until after you finish school."

"Don't worry, Michael. I have a few issues from my childhood that need addressing before I become a father myself."

"Such as?" asked Michael. Harry knew he had dug a big hole – he had to tell them.

"Well, my aunt and uncle, who have raised me since my parents died, never liked me. They would put me down all the time, call me freak and stuff like that. I spent a long time as a slave and a punchbag. I was starved. They locked me in a bedroom like a caged animal or prisoner in jail. I need to deal with them first. Otherwise, if they got wind of me having a child, they would do all they could to take it from me and do to it what they did to me." There were tears in his eyes. Emiliana went over to him and put her arm around him.

The door opened and Hermione came in with lots of shopping bags. She put them down and gasped as she saw Harry.

"Harry! How are you?" she asked, flinging herself upon her boyfriend.

"Great, thank you 'Mione," Harry answered. Emiliana and Michael took one look at them and left the room.

"Why did my parents just leave the room?" asked Hermione.

"Because I have something to tell you," Harry said, fingering the box he had in his pocket, "Hermione, I was planning on doing this in a year or two but things have forced my hand. I've been informed that Dumbledore and Mrs. Weasley are trying to arrange a marriage between Ginny and I, and the only way out of it is to marry first."

Hermione was shocked. "They can't do that, can they?"

"According to Neville, they can. As I said, I had planned to do this in a few years time, but I've never had any doubt that I wanted to do this." He got onto one knee and looked into her eyes, "Hermione Jean Granger, I love you. Will you marry me?" he asked, holding out the box – it had a solid gold ring in it. Hermione looked on open mouthed.

"Yes," she said. Harry took out the ring and put it on her finger. He then stood up and the couple kissed.

"Congratulations, you two," Michael Granger said, coming back in.

"You knew he was going to do this?" Hermione asked.

"He told us about the problem involving your headmaster and that Weasley woman. Horrible duo." Emiliana answered.

"While I think you are perfect for my daughter, I must warn you, Harry, that if you hurt her, there will be hell to pay," Michael said, with a slight laugh.

Harry used the Portkey to return home so he could make a Floo call to Neville's home. The formerly shy Gryffindor answered the call.

"Neville – Hermione agreed to marry me," said Harry.

"That's great – Gran anticipated this and is making the arrangements with Amelia Bones for a small ceremony. She might come back with a Portkey, so when she does, I'll pop by and drop it off."

"Thanks mate."

Harry went to a nearby Muggle clothes shop and bought a new suit. It took an hour or two to find one that would fit him. He was still used to wearing Dudley's hand-me-downs. He also gave Ginny some money to find herself a nice dress.

Meanwhile, Emiliana Granger had dug out her wedding dress, which had been used for several generations of her family. Adjustments were made for it to fit Hermione.

Dumbledore was temporary foiled. He had gone to the Dursleys after his trip to the bank but they only said something about an insolent brat being rude to them before vanishing into thin air in the car while holding nothing but some sort of pen. Dumbledore then theorised that the goblins must have given him a Portkey.

But he had no time to worry about it. He had his annual meeting with the heads of house – Professor McGonagall for Gryffindor, Professor Sprout for Hufflepuff, Professor Flitwick for Ravenclaw and Professor Slughorn for Slytherin – Severus Snape resigning after Voldemort's downfall. The main purpose of the meeting was to decide who was going to be Head Boy and Girl along with Prefects for the approaching year.

Professor McGonagall was first, "I think that Harry Potter and Hermione Granger should be Head Boy and Girl – their marks show great academic performance, despite Snape's so called teachings and they have a great rapport with the students, something which is a key thing for a Head Boy and Girl."

"I have to agree with Minerva," Professor Flitwick said, "Up to a few years ago, one of my students, Luna Lovegood was frequently picked on by my own house members but since she attended the D.A. lessons run by Mr. Potter and Miss Granger, her confidence has gone through the roof and she is standing up to the bullies."

"I agree there, Filius," McGonagall said, "You should have seen the improvement in Neville Longbottom's grades and performance in class afterwards."

Dumbledore looked shocked. He was hoping that Harry would not be nominated for Head Boy, it would give him too much of an ego boost. Still, there was Sprout and Slughorn and then his vote.

"Are you sure either Ron Weasley or Draco Malfoy wouldn't be better for the job?" Dumbledore asked.

"Absolutely not!" McGonagall said, "Mr. Malfoy would just abuse the title, taking points and assigning detention just because someone is a Muggle-born, while Mr. Weasley is the worst Weasley Prefect Hogwarts has ever seen. In my view, he should not have been given the job."

"I also think Mr. Potter and Miss Granger are perfect for the job," Slughorn said. "The students look up to them, especially the Muggle-borns and the half-bloods. Lily Evans was the same when she was at Hogwarts. I remember telling her that she should have been in my house. Real cheeky answers I got in return, I tell you."

"Very well. Mr. Potter and Miss Granger will be the Head Boy and Girl," Dumbledore said. He knew he was beaten.

Harry stood in Amelia Bones' office with Neville Longbottom along with his grandmother, Ginny plus Fred and George Weasley, waiting for Hermione and her parents to arrive.

"It's been over an hour, Mr. Potter," Madam Bones said. "It's possible she has had cold feet."

"I don't think so, Madam Bones," started Harry, "She would find some way to contact me to let me know."

"I'll have two Aurors sent to her home to collect her," Madam Bones said.

Hermione was pacing the room in her dress. Her parents were dressed in their best. They were waiting for the Portkey which they were told would take them to the Ministry. The door knocked and Michael Granger went to answer it. He came back in with two Aurors.

"Thank goodness you're alright," the first Auror said, "Mr. Potter has been getting frantic with worry. He thought you were getting cold feet about the whole thing. Have you got the Portkey Madam Bones sent you?"

"What Portkey?" Hermione asked.

"You never got it?" the second Auror asked. Hermione shook her head. The Auror took an item out of his pocket and cast a spell on it. But nothing happened.

"That's strange. I can't turn this into a Portkey – you try." He said to his partner, who tried the Portkey creation spell. But that didn't work either. They both waved their wands around the house.

"Interesting – there have been new wards placed on your home."

"WHAT?" The Grangers shouted, "We gave no permission for these wards to be placed on this house. What do they do?"

"It seems that Portkeys can't be used, apparition is impossible and post owls cannot come and go. There also seems to be a ward which will reveal to someone when someone magical is arriving. We'll have to get a small distance from here before we can take you to the Ministry," the first Auror said.

The second one was looking through the window. He could see someone approaching.

"I can see a wizard approaching. Have you got something that can get us out of here fast?" he asked.

"Yes – our car," Emilian Granger answered. The group went through to their garage, got into the car and drove away. Twenty minutes later, when they had gotten a respectable distance away, one of the Aurors cast the Portkey creation spell again, this time, it worked. They all took hold of the object which transported them to Amelia Bones' office. One of the Aurors walked over to her and gave her a report.

"Well, it seems illegal wards were placed on Miss Granger's home – I will personally investigate it but first we have a ceremony to perform," she said.

Harry looked at Hermione and remembered how they had started dating.

It was a week after the incident at the Department of Mysteries in which Harry's godfather, Sirius Black, had been killed. It was just after this that they found out Ron had been spying on them and reporting it to Dumbledore.

Hermione spent time comforting Harry and with the last Hogsmeade weekend coming up, with his visiting privileges restored, he invited her to come with him. The date was more successful than his date with Cho Chang earlier that year.

"Will you be my girlfriend?" Harry asked Hermione.

Delighted, she replied, 'Yes.'

Over the course of the summer, Dumbledore had tried to keep them apart, even to the point of filing a request for both students to be kept under house arrest, but Amelia Bones refused to entertain the motion. After two weeks of trying to keep them apart, Harry took all his things to the Grangers.

After attending Sirius' will reading (in which Harry was left practically everything – Hermione was left the entire Black library [all removed from Number 12 and Dumbledore's office], placed in her own personal vault) the Grangers took Harry and Hermione on a holiday abroad to Greece, who disliked the UK Ministry and Dumbledore with a vengeance.

During the school year, Hermione helped Harry train for the forthcoming battle with Voldemort. A couple of weeks before the year finished, Dumbledore told Harry that the time was right to deal with him. The two left the school without a word – despite Dumbledore trying to keep him and Hermione apart, they shared the same views when it came to Voldemort. For six days, Hermione was frantic with worry until Harry came back with Dumbledore, all bruised and exhausted. He explained that with Dumbledore's help, he had vanquished Voldemort once and for all.



Harry put his mother's wedding ring on Hermione's finger and she did the same with his father's ring.

"By the power vested in me by the Ministry of Magic, I hereby declare you husband and wife. You may kiss the bride, Harry."

"With pleasure," Harry said, lifting the veil from Hermione's face and kissed her. Her parents and the others cheered. Suddenly, the doors burst open and Molly Weasley came in with Dumbledore and Ron.

"Before you proceed with this travesty, Amelia," Dumbledore said, "Molly here has something she wishes to inform you."

"I, Molly Weasley hereby enter my daughter Ginevra Molly Weasley into a marriage contract with one Harry James Potter," she said.

"I'm afraid that cannot be done, Molly," Madam Bones said.

"And why is that?" Mrs. Weasley asked.

"Because, 1) You disowned your daughter and 2), I just married Harry and Hermione so any attempts to arrange a marriage will fail."

"Maybe so," began Dumbledore, "But I have a letter here from Mr. Potter's guardians saying they do not consent to him getting married to Miss Granger."

"What a load of crap, Albus! Harry is an emancipated minor who reaches his majority in a few weeks time. I happen to know that the Dursleys should not have had custody of him in the first place so they do not need to give consent. So, the two of you can leave right now. Oh, and Dumbledore, when Harry and Hermione return to school, that is, IF they choose to return to Hogwarts, you will leave them alone unless it is something to do with school business and you will not try to split them up."

"I therefore invoke the property act of 1750. The Dursleys claimed the right to use Harry as a slave and when I met with them three years after I left him with them, they asked if they could claim him as property. I gave them the paperwork and told them that if they wanted, I could invoke it in terms of emergencies." He passed another piece of parchment over.

"The property act cannot be invoked here, Albus," Madam Bones said disgustedly, "Muggles cannot make use of this act and before you try anything else, neither you or any other wizard can invoke it on behalf of Muggles. So your request to make Harry the property of the Dursleys is hereby refused. If you are so keen to invoke the property act for them, then why not use it on their son?"

Ron decided to add his bit. "Under the 1750 property act, I claim Hermione Jane Granger as property. For my first order, I order her to stay away from Harry Potter and for my second order, I forbid her from returning to Hogwarts."

"I'm afraid, Mr. Weasley," Madam Bones said, "You cannot claim Hermione as property either. She is now married to Harry who is the only person who can claim her as property and knowing his fine character, he won't do such a thing."

Knowing they were defeated, Dumbledore and Ron left the room without a word. Molly turned to Ginny.

"Come home with me now, miss. As soon as Dumbledore gets this marriage dissolved, we will be arranging your wedding to Harry."

"No. I am not marrying Harry no matter what you say. The only way that will happen is if you put both of us under the Imperius curse and the two of us can shake that off!" Ginny shouted.

"I am your mother and you will talk to me with respect and do what I tell you to do!"

"I have no respect for anyone who steals money from my friend and tries to separate him from his soul-mate. As far as I'm concerned, I am no Weasley or Prewett. I consider myself a Potter!"

Mrs. Weasley looked like someone had slapped her in the face. "If that is the way you feel young lady, consider yourself out of this family. Go and live with that brat and his Mudblood slut." Everyone looked on in shock, especially Fred and George. Amelia Bones walked over.

"You cannot force Ginny like this. Thanks to a few tip offs I received, I did some checking and digging through the records. They happen

to state that after you gave birth to Ronald, you began to haemorrhage and it resulted in your womb being removed, therefore you couldn't have given birth to Ginny. There are also records stating that a newborn girl was kidnapped from St. Mungo's when she was only a few hours old. Only one child was born in that hospital on that day. Then suddenly, you had a daughter."

"Her parents died so Arthur and I decided to adopt her," Molly said.

"I don't think so, Molly. Ginny is correct when she considered herself a Potter – she is one." Everyone looked on in shock. "An hour after Ginny Potter was born, she was abducted. She was never found. I suspect our dear friend Dumbledore was behind it. Yet another thing to add to his list of crimes."

Ginny burst into tears as this revelation was made. "You tried to make me marry my brother?" she screamed.

"You tried to force me to marry my sister? How sick can you get?" Harry asked. He and Hermione went over to her and put their arms around her and let her cry into their shoulders.

"Dumbledore forbade Lily Potter from having anymore children after Harry but she went ahead and had one!" Molly shouted, "He was within his rights to take her!"

"He had NO rights to do that! James and Lily Potter were perfect parents! Dumbledore has NO right to say who can have children and who cannot. You had better leave, Molly, before I have kidnapping charges filed against you."

Fred and George walked over to their mother.

"We've never been more ashamed of you, Mother," Fred said. "Harry is our financial backer and it is because of him that our shop is a success. If you try to make us choose, we know who we will choose."

Molly stormed out of the room without a word and slammed the door shut. Amelia turned to Harry and Hermione.

"Would I be right in assuming that you would like to gain custody of Ginny? If so, I can have the papers filed with Mr. Lanning of Child

Services right now. Molly will no doubt be telling Dumbledore about what I have found out and he might try to send her to the Dursleys."

"Let him try!" Harry said in an angry voice but then calmed down, "Yes, we would like to file for custody of Ginny."

Madam Bones filled out the papers and tapped them with her wand. "Bruce Lanning owes me a favour. He will have them filed as soon as he can."

A couple of days later, Harry and Hermione were at the airport with her parents and Ginny. The Grangers had paid for a two week honeymoon to Italy for the newlyweds as a wedding present. They had also promised to look after Ginny (the suggestion caused the redhead to give one of her famous pouts while stating she didn't need a babysitter and if she wasn't in a Muggle household at the time, she would have given both Grangers plus Harry and Hermione a very painful Bat Bogey Hex each – she probably would have done if Hermione hadn't hidden her wand) while Harry and Hermione were away.

"I call this meeting of the Order of the Phoenix to order!" Dumbledore said. He looked around the room at 12 Grimmauld Place and saw the whole group. Everyone shut up and looked at Dumbledore.

"The first order of business is Harry Potter. Three weeks ago, he used a Portkey to leave the care of his relatives and is now at large."

Tonks stood up. "If you lot knew what his relatives were going to do to him, you would have helped him leave."

"He has also married Hermione Granger and went on a two week holiday abroad, both illegally." continued Dumbledore.

"Neither act was illegal. According to Amelia Bones' research, he should not have been placed with the Dursleys. When he turned 15, he was emancipated because he was placed there and as Madam Bones performed the marriage ceremony, it was not illegal. Neither was his two week holiday abroad," Tonks continued.

"Do you know where he went?" Dumbledore asked, "If so, you will tell us so I can take steps to ensure he does not go there again."

"Yes, you old prick – I did know where they went and I am not going to tell you. Harry is of age and is allowed to go anywhere he likes."

"The Ministry sentenced him to house arrest so he has to remain at the Dursleys."

"More like YOU sentenced him to house arrest and you have no legal grounds to do that." Tonks could feel a sensation against her mind. "And none of that Legilimency crap thank you."

"If you do not tell us, Tonks, then I will have no choice but to revoke your membership from the Order."

"You know what, old man – I quit! I, Nymphadora Tonks hereby resign from the Order of the Phoenix," Tonks said. Everyone looked stunned. A few minutes later, four other people, including Remus Lupin, also resigned. They all stood to one side; Tonks looking like she knew something was going to happen.

Then without warning, Narcissa Malfoy came into the room with three Aurors.

"I thought so," she said, "Aurors – there is an illegal vigilante meeting taking part in my home."

"Your home?" Molly Weasley asked, "Dumbledore took over this house when Sirius died."

"Illegally, I might add," Narcissa said, "but the house was left to Harry Potter, who two days ago decided that it should belong to a Black and so transferred complete ownership of it to me. Aurors, if anyone is here in five minutes besides myself and my niece Nymphadora Tonks, I want them all arrested for trespassing. I also want all items that have anything to do with the Order of the Phoenix confiscated. Mr. Lupin is also welcome to stay."

Dumbledore and the others knew Narcissa had them over a barrel. Within moments, all Order paperwork was confiscated by the Aurors and the members all vacated the premises. On a brief look at the papers, there was some very juicy stuff which would get Dumbledore into huge trouble.

(The next day, all members who were there with the exception of Tonks and Remus were issued 50 galleon fines for trespassing on the ancestral home of a major pureblood family because Harry never gave permission for such meetings to take place. Dumbledore had to pay on behalf of Molly Weasley, who didn't have a Knut to her name. He was later arrested on charges of attempting to overthrow the Ministry.)

Due to popular demand, here's the last of the text written for Now the Weapon's Been Used. The latest (and possibly last) chapter of The Apprentice is being written now and is almost finished. The Holy Grail Redux was removed by the powers-that-be that run this website because of some cry baby who complained for some reason. I have no idea who is it but I'm reliably informed that there is someone on here who has created an account just to complain.

If anyone wants to take Now The Weapon's Been Used and adopt it, please let me know.

Harry and Hermione entered the Prefect carriage to await the arrival of the Prefects. Ten minutes later, they arrived. They were surprised that Draco Malfoy and Pansy Parkinson were not Prefects. They also noted that Ron was no longer a prefect as well.

They gave the rules to the new prefects and made the patrol assignments.

After their first patrol, Harry and Hermione entered their compartment to find Ginny and Dean Thomas kissing. Harry cleared his throat and the two split up instantly.

"Ginny told me the good news, Harry. Congratulations. You've won me 50 galleons on the pool!" Dean said.

"What pool?" Harry and Hermione asked. Dean reluctantly answered.

"There has been a pool going about since first year to see how long it would take you two to start dating and to get married. I think there is still a pool going to see if a baby is born before school finishes." Ginny, Neville and Luna laughed as Harry and Hermione went red.

"Anyhow, I trust Ginny has told you the news about the discovery that we are brother and sister," Harry said.

"Yes, she did. I know, you're going to tell me to keep away from your sister or else," Dean said. Without him knowing, Harry winked to Ginny and Hermione. Dean was panicking.

"Maybe I will, maybe I won't," Harry said. He was going to make Dean sweat a little. "Yes, you can continue to date Ginny. But you

will continue to treat her with respect otherwise you will suffer the consequences. I also expect the two of you to keep up to date with contraceptive charms (both Dean and Ginny went red). I don't care if the two of you decide to shag in a broom closet or the Room of Requirement, although I should care, both as her brother and as Head Boy, but you two are responsible to know what you want and the only thing I care about is the two of you taking precautions."

Hermione looked at the two and could tell they were not telling them something.

"Alright – what's going on?" she asked. Ginny and Dean tried to look innocent.

"Well, while you two were on your honeymoon, Ginny and I went to your house." Dean began.

"Your parents didn't know about it. We were just going to go there for a crafty snog and maybe a bit of foreplay." Ginny said. Harry and Hermione looked shocked.

"One thing led to another and we found ourselves on your bed naked." Dean continued. The two adults were looking even more shocked. Dean and Ginny didn't say anymore, but they didn't need too.

"Are you trying to tell us, Mr. Thomas," began Harry, "That you and my sister had sex in our bed?" Dean and Ginny nodded.

"Please don't tell us.." Hermione began.

"Yes, I'm pregnant." Ginny said. Both Harry and Hermione were looking very angry.

"I'm very ashamed of you two." Harry said, "I thought you would have had the sense to use a contraception charm. Dean – for your sake, I hope you plan on marrying my sister and raise the child together."

"Well, we were just going to elope on the first Hogsmeade trip." Dean said.



"ELOPE? No sister of mine is eloping. We are going to have a proper wedding for you two which will be held during the Christmas holidays. Then the two of you will be moving into our home until you can show you can be responsible." Harry said, "Ginny – you are grounded. No Hogsmeade visits this term. Due to your condition, you won't be playing Quidditch this year." Ginny pouted at him.

"This is your own fault." Harry said.

"I bet the two of you don't use contraception charms!" Ginny pouted.

"The difference little sister, is that Hermione and I are responsible adults who happen to be married. And it is none of your business as to if we use the charm or not." Harry said.

Ginny spent the rest of the trip sulking.

Harry and Hermione took Dean and Ginny to McGonagall's office after the welcoming feast in which it was announced that Dumbledore had been sacked pending his trial and Remus was taking over as Transfiguration teacher along with Head of Gryffindor and Tonks was the new Defence teacher. Flitwick was the new Deputy Headmaster.

"So, you would like me to add a charm to the staircase to the boy's dormitories so Miss. Weasley or now Miss. Potter can't enter them in order to share a bed with Mr. Thomas?" McGonagall asked.

"Yes please Professor." Hermione said and explained what was going on.

"I'll have Professor Lupin sort that out at once." McGonagall said, "As for the Hogsmeade visits, Molly Weasley signed the permission slip as her legal guardian."

"Molly Weasley was her guardian illegally," Harry said, "Amelia Bones has transferred guardianship to the two of us and as she is still an underage witch, we reserve the right to withhold her from Hogsmeade trips, which you reminded us was a privilege which could be withdrawn. I also seem to remember you not stepping in when Delores Umbridge banned me from Hogsmeade visits just because I spoke to someone. The last I heard, speaking to

members of the public was not grounds to ban people from trips to the village. If that was the case, what is the point of these visits?"

McGonagall knew she was beaten. "Very well. Miss. Potter is now banned from Hogsmeade visits until further notice." She turned to Harry and Hermione, "Would I be right in assuming that the two of you will be sharing a bed in the Head Suite?"

"We will be Professor," Hermione said, "but don't worry, I'm on both a 12 month contraception potion along with the charm."

"That is alright then. I will inform Professor Snape of Miss. Potter's condition although I must warn you that the last time we had a pregnant student, Professor Snape banned her from the lessons." McGonagall said.

"Thank you." Harry said but then Ginny cut in.

"Professor, I wasn't going to pursue getting a NEWT in Potions." Ginny said.

"What were you going to take?" McGonagall asked.

"Transfiguration, Charms, Runes and Arithmancy." Ginny replied.

"Your grades certainly qualify you for the NEWT classes," McGonagall said, "but I am concerned what will happen when the baby arrives."

"Professor," Dean said, "Around that time, I should have finished my exams and so will be able to care for the baby. As for next year, I plan to purchase or rent a house in Hogsmeade so I can raise the child while keeping close to Ginny."

This is an expanded version of the Space War chapter that was on earlier, which will hopefully make things clearer. Many action sequences were inspired by various sci-fi films.

Work on A Year at Hogwarts, one of the stories from this preview fic is progressing very well and an upload should be soon. The rewrite of The Holy Grail is also progressing well and chapters will be uploaded at the same time as Year at Hogwarts. Living in Darkness will follow.

## HARRY POTTER AND THE SPACE WAR

"Harry Potter." Professor McGonagall said, holding up a parchment and a hat. No-one walked up and as she was about to call out the next name, a bright white light appeared in the Hogwarts Great Hall and two people appeared – an adult female with blue skin and a young man, looking very normal.

Albus Dumbledore stood up. "Shinzon?" he asked, recognising the woman.

"In the flesh Dumbledore," the woman said, "Sorry we're late, we got held up thanks being diverted through the Antares star system. We've been to Diagon Alley and got Harry's supplies, thanks to the list you had left at the house." Everyone was watching with interest. She turned to Harry, "I'll be back to collect you in a year's time. If I can, I'll come and see you at Christmas."

"Thank you," Harry said.

"Oh, Dumbledore, when I come next, I need a word with you about some discoveries that were made." Shinzon said. She then pressed a button on a wrist bracelet and with the same white light, vanished into thin air.

"Mr. Potter, if you could come to be sorted please?" McGonagall asked. Everyone watched as Harry walked to the stool to be sorted. They waited a minute before the hat announced "GRYFFINDOR!" To massive applause, Harry went to the Gryffindor table. Dumbledore look at him with interest, it seemed there was no scar and his eyesight looked perfect.

The door opened and a student came in.

"Professors – Greengrass and Granger have just received a news report about those events we heard about a month ago." She said.

"What's going on here Dumbledore?" Madam Maxime asked.

"Something which came to light a month ago but it appears new information has come about. We'd better go and find out what's going on."

Dumbledore led the group back into the Great Hall. There was a hologram of an orange skinned woman.

"A month ago, we reported that the Kymellian system was being invaded by the Ketar forces. Thanks to a Kymellian escapee, we have footage of the invasion from the Kymellian Time Space Visualiser. As some people know, the Kymellians have developed a machine that can record any event that happens." She said, "Some of this footage can be disturbing."

The hologram changed to show the planet Kymell. A huge warship appeared with hundreds of support craft.

The next shot showed three people come out of a building who looked up. Activating jet packs, they took to the skies.

Another shot showed Shinzon riding a speeder bike towards her battle station. In a hanger, thirty ships were lined up. A door opened and two people ran in towards one of the ships. One of them had a broom attached to his back.

"That's Harry!" one person said, recognising Harry.

"How did Potter enter his name if he is in this other place then?" Karkoff asked. No-one answered.

Harry and the Kymellian entered the ship. Weapons platforms were raised. Suddenly, the Ketars flew towards the planet and opened fire. The Kymellian ships were launched and returned fire.

In the sky, one of the men with jetpacks fired a gun at one of the support ships hoping to cause some damage. The ship aimed a

weird looking weapon at him and opened fire. Hitting him, it cut out the jetpack and the man fell to the ground.

Meanwhile on the ground, three civilian cars were trying to avoid laser bolts. Then, one of the bolts blew a hole in the ground and the three cars fell into it. Two animals were running towards the entrance to one of the cities. One of them was carrying a kitten by her neck. The entrance bridge was retracting. The first animal jumped off a bad guy and made it in. As the second animal approached the bridge, a laser bolt hit him and he stopped, changing back into a Kymellian. The kitten transformed into a young girl who was then stabbed to death by the bad guy on the bridge.

Moments later, the footage changed to a space shot. A Kymellian ship flew past the camera in flames being fired upon by numerous laser bolts. The hatch opened and two space suited people flew out, one with a jetpack and the other on a broom.

"Look at Potter the coward!" Draco Malfoy shouted, ignoring the footage of the ship crashing which then exploded.

"Would you stay in that thing and be destroyed?" someone asked.

"Here they come!" Harry said, using his Firebolt to fly away. Three Ketar ships were converging on them. His sidekick began a transformation but it was prevented by the main Ketar weapon. The friend fell to the ground.

"Dreamcast!" Harry shouted, flying towards his friend. Then the Ketar weapon hit him. The broom lost power and Harry too fell to the ground.

Everyone looked shocked.

The final shot took the viewer to a weapons platform. There were three people operating it.

"FIRE!" the commander ordered. The weapon fired and hit the main Ketar ship. That ship's gun opened fire and destroyed the platform and the three Kymellians on it.

The footage faded away and Dumbledore looked very ill.

"There we have it." He said, "Harry Potter is now presumed dead."

"He can't be dead," one student shouted, "He's the Boy-Who-Lived!"

"The Killing curse is different than falling out of the sky from space!" his tablemate replied, "Also, who knows what that weapon did to him."

The three head-teachers looked at each other.

"I will ask for the Goblet to be examined. With Mr. Potter's apparent death, his participation in the Triwizard is now null and void. It is very obvious that he did not put his name in the Goblet nor did he get an older student to do it for him." Dumbledore said.

"You saw those things the two students had," Karkoff said, "he could have asked them to get an older student to do it for him!"

"That is impossible," Dumbledore said, "He made contact with us during the Welcoming Feast, before the tournament was announced. He told us that there were problems and it might take him a bit longer to get here. It takes four days for someone from that Kymell planet to get here, so he is completely innocent."

"What was he doing there in the first place Dumbledore?" Madam Maxime asked.

"One of them, a Shinzon Sekosa arrived here fifteen years ago and served as a bodyguard to James and Lily Potter. After their deaths, their wills made it quite clear they wanted Harry to be raised by her on her homeworld. I was going to send him to his Muggle relatives to keep him safe, but in the end, I decided it would be a lot safer if Harry was with Shinzon on her homeworld, no free Death Eaters could reach him to seek revenge for what happened to their master."

McGonagall put a comforting arm around him. "You had no idea this was going to happen." She said.

"That's just it," Dumbledore said, "After last term, Shinzon came to me and warned me that war was brewing with the Ketar rebels and begged me to let Harry remain here with one of his friends but fearing Death Eater retribution while he was here, I refused. His Muggle relations refuse to have anything to do with him, there is an

agreement in writing signed by James and Lily Potter and the Dursleys before their deaths saying Harry would not go anywhere near them or would not be sent to them. There is also a magical oath to that effect. When we received that first message from him, I dismissed it, thinking they would be able to sort things out or Harry would just leave to return here."

"So you thought," Karkoff said, "That the Boy-Who-Lived would turn into a coward in order to return here?" Dumbledore didn't say anything.

"Potter is a coward anyway, fleeing that burning thing!" Draco Malfoy said.

"Mr. Malfoy!" McGonagall said, "Twenty points from Slytherin for that remark. That footage proves that Harry Potter is more brave and noble than you. He helped his friends fight in a war which has nothing to do with him – he could have just come here but he stayed and risked his life – in the end, it cost him his life."

"Potter is a coward! Potter is a coward!" Malfoy began to sing, ignoring McGonagall. A Ravenclaw seventh year grabbed him.

"What's that? Harry Potter a coward?" the student asked, raising his fist, "If I ever hear you say one more disrespectful thing about that hero, I'll throw you out into space to join him!" The student put Malfoy down and walked away.

A huge crowd gathered outside Gringotts the following day. There were people there ready to stake a claim to the Potter fortune through some obscure relation now that the news had spread that Harry was dead. Six goblins, including the head of the bank came to the entrance.

"The will reading of Harry James Potter's last wishes will be held momentarily. Is Hermione Jane Granger, Ginvera Molly Weasley and Daphne Greengrass here?" Lord Krantor asked, "The will cannot be read without them here."

"No, but I will go to Hogwarts to collect them." Dumbledore said. He left the alley and returned ten minutes later with the three girls. All three looked like they had been up all night crying.

"Now Miss. Granger, Weasley and Greengrass are here, the will can be read." Krantor said. He took a roll of parchment out. "This is the last will and testament of Harry James Potter, dated June 20th, 1994. I am of sound mind and body as this is written.

I have a couple of bequests to make.

Firstly, to the Weasley family, who helped me during my time on Earth, you may have noticed that you were given new books at Florrish and Blotts this year. I have created an account with them which means Fred, George, Ron and Ginny will be given new books from now until they leave Hogwarts. I have also arranged with Madam Malkins to provide brand new clothing for them along with both Arthur and Molly Weasley for the next ten years. The children's Hogwart's fees from now until Ginny's last year have also been paid. None of it can be returned.

To my best friends Hermione Jean Granger and Ginvera Molly Weasley, I leave two datapads with personal letters contained. There is also a wealth of knowledge in them so use it well. I also leave my Nimbus 2000 to Ginvera Molly Weasley.

Finally, to my third best friend Daphne Greengrass, I leave everything else, including the title Lady Potter. Hermione, Ginny, the reasoning behind this is contained in the letters I have left for you and Daphne, there is a datapad with a letter for you.

Krantor rolled up the parchment and went to move away.

"Wait a moment," Lucius Malfoy said, "Mudbloods are not allowed to inherit the contents of a pureblood vault!" Lord Malfoy said.

"The will is incontestable," Krantor said, "as it happens, the only thing Mr. Potter left Miss. Granger is what he calls a datapad, which is non-magical but a Kymellian product. All the magical items, bar a broomstick have been left to Miss. Greengrass, who is a pureblood. Miss. Weasley is also a pureblood. By the way, you have Albus Percival Wolfric Brian Dumbledore to blame for his death."

Everyone looked at Dumbledore, wondering why. Apparently, that news had not leaked out.



"Yes, at the end of the previous term, Mr. Potter's guardian informed Dumbledore that war was brewing between the Kymellians and the rebel Ketar faction and asked to help him find accommodation with his friends for the holidays. He had also received an invitation to see the Quidditch World Cup. Dumbledore refused so before both Mr. Potter and his guardian returned to their homeworld, he came here and filed his will. Good day to you all."

With that, Krantor re-entered the bank.

Hermione, Ginny, Daphne,

If you are reading this letter, then the war between the Kymellians and the Ketars has cost me my life.

If you're wondering over the contents of my will, there is a little known Ministry law which can be enacted to confiscate Pureblood assets which have been left to Muggleborns and blood-traitors. Because I left all the Potter money, belongings and properties to Daphne, who is a pureblood witch, everything is safe and cannot be confiscated.

"Get off me Malfoy!" Daphne said as Draco kept trying to kiss her. McGonagall came over.

"Mr. Malfoy. Fifty points from Slytherin and detention for sexually harassing a student." McGonagall said.

"I claim her as my property and can do with her as I please." Draco said, ignoring McGonagall and continued to try to kiss and fondle Daphne.

"Stop it!" Daphne said.

"You know you want it." Draco said.

"SHE SAID NO!" a voice said. Everyone turned in the direction of the voice and were stunned. Standing at the entrance to the Great Hall was Harry Potter, but he was different. He had a metal plate covering most of his head. His right leg had been replaced with a prosthetic.

"Harry," Hermione said, "We thought you were dead."

"SHE SAID NO!" Harry said to Draco, who was still trying to force himself upon Daphne, "MAYBE YOU HAVE A HEARING PROBLEM!" He raised a laser gun and an energy bolt fired and stunned Malfoy. Daphne ran over to him and hugged him.

"We thought you were dead. We saw news footage showing you falling into space." She said.

Karakoff stood up. "What trickery is this? One minute you're claiming Potter is dead then he comes walking in."

"That bloody Ketar Transgressor. Keyed to Kymellian physiology, it weakened a lot of my body. I fell through the atmosphere, almost burning up. I was able to cast a cushioning charm but hit my head when I landed. I woke up two months later in a rudimentary hospital. Kymellian surgeons did what they could for me. As soon as I was able to, I got as many people I could into my shuttle, which I expanded thanks to the cargo expander module, left the planet and entered hyperspace as fast as possible."

"What is hyperspace?" someone asked.

"The point between time and space, which accelerates space travel. Without hyperspace, it would take several hundred years to reach here from Kymell." Harry answered.

"So, where are these so-called friends of yours then?" Snape asked, with a sneer on his face.

Harry said a word in the Kymellian language. The air shimmered and fifty people materialised. Teachers and students raised their wands to the intruders while a dozen Kymellian adults raised their guns.

"Kymellians can blend into their surroundings," Harry said, "A very useful defensive measure. The Kymellians won't hurt you unless you hurt them."

Following Dumbledore's lead, everyone lowered their wands. The Kymellians then lowered their weapons.

Harry looked as Moody and Shinzon flew on either side of him, escorting him to some new safe house. For her first time on a broom, Shinzon flew it well.

"Hey Moody – who leaked that information about where I was staying with the Kymellians? Now we've got to find a new home for them." He asked. Moody ignored him.

Suddenly, a curse shot past them. Harry looked behind him and saw a Death Eater following them, firing curses.

"Death Eater," Moody said, "Prepare to break formation. Use whatever is necessary to slow him down."

Then before they could do anything, a brown owl flew past them and towards the Death Eater. Only Harry seemed to recognise her.

"It's Hedwig!" Harry said.

"Leave the owl Potter," Moody said, "She's unimportant."

"She's safe Moody." Harry answered. Moody looked as if he didn't believe him. Hedwig flapped her wings around the Death Eater's face, putting him off his flying and his aim. Then she turned around and flew towards Harry. The Death Eater recovered and fired several killing curses at Hedwig, all of which hit her. But they had no effect.

Shinzon turned around and took a laser gun from her belt and opened fire.

"Dive!" Moody shouted. Both Harry and Moody headed towards the ground at breakneck speed. Their destination appeared to be the River Thames. At the last moment, both pulled up and flew just feet above the water. Moments later, Shinzon rejoined them.

"Nearly there, just follow my lead." Moody ordered. After five minutes, they changed course to take them back over dry land and they stopped in a park. Moody lead the way as Hedwig landed on Harry's shoulder. They ended up at a row of houses, going from Numbers 1 – 14, but there was no Number 12.

"Read this you two and memorise it." Moody snapped, handing them a note. The two read it:

The Headquarters of the Order of the Phoenix can be located at 12 Grimmwald Place.

The two focused on the information and it seemed a house was pushing Numbers 10 and 13 to one side. Moody lead Harry and Shinzon in and the trio went to a kitchen where the entire Weasley clan were sitting down, along with Daphne Greengrass and Hermione Granger. Sirius Black and Remus Lupin were also there.

"You made it here alright?" Molly Weasley asked, after giving Harry one of her trademark bear hugs.

"Just about," Moody said, "Someone leaked our travel plans to the Death Eaters. Potter's owl took several killing curses."

"But she's on his shoulder, alive." Hermione said.

"What have you done to the poor owl?" Mrs. Weasley asked. Hedwig was wearing some brown leather material which with a thought appeared to fold away, revealing her true nature as a white snowy owl.

"Finest triluminium you can buy in the Kymellian system," Harry said, "It can withstand a dozen plasma bolts, with her status as a magical owl, Hedwig's magic enhances the protection meaning that she is protected from almost anything. The Kymellians use triluminium as armour for all their animals, no reason why Hedwig couldn't have any."

"The meeting is about to begin – Harry, you'll have to go upstairs with the others." Mrs. Weasley said as various witches and wizards began to appear, followed by Dumbledore. The other children were shoed out of the room.

"Before I go, I want to know who leaked the information of the safe house to Voldemort?" Harry said.

"Albus," Mrs. Weasley said, "You shouldn't let Harry remain at this meeting – he's only a child.."

"A child?" Harry asked with anger in his voice, "Do you know what I went through on Kymell? I barely escaped it with my life, I lost my leg fighting a war, helping my people, my friends."

"He can stay at this meeting Molly," Dumbledore said, "He has the right to know."

"Alright Professor," Harry asked, "Who leaked the information?"

"I believe it was Severus." Dumbledore said.

"Who told Snape where I was living?" Harry asked. No-one answered, "You do know that we'll have to find a new safe house for the Kymellians."

"Why?" someone asked, "With their technology, they can defend themselves from the Death Eaters."

"You idiot," Harry said, "Earth is a backwater planet, it is not of interest to anyone, being a developing planet. That is why I brought the Kymellians here, to keep them safe from the Ketar rebels and anyone who want to do them harm. If they invaded Earth, then you can just kiss everything goodbye! The Ketars can do worse to you than Voldemort and the Death Eaters ever could."

"What about that armour you gave your owl Potter?" someone asked, "Why can't you make some for us if it can protect from the killing curse."

"Because triluminium cannot be used by humanoids, only animals. Tests revealed that use of triluminium on humanoids is just like digesting poison. It is proven fatal to both humans and Kymellians." Harry said.

Three clouds of black smoke flew down from the skies throughout London and went through the Leaky Cauldron and broke through the wall into Diagon Alley, and kept going until they blew up Ollivander's shop.

Two Death Eaters came out of the store, with another wizard, who had hold of Ollivander. The trio looked around and saw shoppers running away in panic. Before the Death Eaters could do anything, they were hit by laser bolts.

Four Kymellians ran towards them, carrying their laser weapons, one of them grabbing Ollivander and pulling him away. The Death Eaters got back up on their feet, the laser weapons being on low power – they then turned back into puffs of smoke and left Diagon Alley. Two of the Kymellians turned into mini jets and took to the skies.

At the Millennium Bridge, over the Thames, the clouded Death Eaters approached it. Before they could do anything, they were struck by laser beams. The Kymellians that followed them had fired on them. One of them had fired a freezing beam at them. The Death Eaters reverted back to solid form and fell into the Thames. Grappling hooks with energy beams were lowered and the Death Eaters were lifted up and flown away.

At a safe house, the three Death Eaters were dumped into a cell where wands and portkeys were summoned away. They tried to dissaperate but they couldn't.

Harry walked into McGonagall's office. Umbridge was also sitting in it.

"Mr. Potter, as you know, this meeting is to help you decide what you want to do after finishing Hogwarts. This means you will have to pick the right subjects to take at NEWT level. You are averaging an O at everything bar Potions right now." McGonagall said, "So, you have the potential to get into any career you want provided your NEWT grades keep up."

Umbridge started to cough. "Can I offer you a cough drop Delores?" McGonagall asked.

"Have you seen Mr. Potter's current Defence grades?" Umbridge asked.

"This piece of rubbish?" McGonagall saw a pink slip with the letter T on it. "I meant in Defence lessons taught by competent teachers."

Umbridge started to go purple.

"So, Mr. Potter, what career did you have in mind?" McGonagall asked.

"To tell you the truth Professor, I didn't really have one in mind. I want to learn everything I can because when the time is right, I will join my people and we will retake Kymell." Harry answered.

"And how do you plan to do that with less than 25 adults?" Umbridge asked with a sneer.

"There were more survivors than expected Professor," Harry answered, "Many ships survived the invasion. There are colony worlds that have escaped occupation. After Kymell is liberated, I plan to stay there. It has been my home for fourteen years. It's more home to me than this planet."

"Very well Mr. Potter, I can't see there being any more to discuss here." McGonagall said.

Later that day, Umbridge was reporting the meeting to Fudge.

"Let him." He said, "He can't cause us any trouble if he's living at that Kymell place. We'll leave him alone."

A Death Eater burst into the room. Voldemort looked at him.

"My Lord, there is a Muggle aircraft flying over the village." He said.

"My Lord," Bellatrix said to Voldemort, "Let me destroy them."

"No." countered Voldemort, "If we destroy Muggle aircraft, then it will bring unwanted attention to us. Let it go."

The aircraft was actually a Kymellian fighter. It was armed to the teeth.

"This is Prongs 1 approaching target." The Kymellian on board said.

"You may fire when ready." Harry said over the radio.

The Death Eater ran back in. "That aircraft is heading straight towards us!" Everyone ran to look out of the window.

"Weapons locked, opening fire." The Kymellian said, pressing the trigger. Missiles launched from the fighter and struck the Manor.

Every part of it began to explode. Laser fire also hit the house, it even went into the meeting room and hit several Death Eaters. One more missile was fired. Voldemort waved his wand to disable the anti-apperition wards. But he was too late and the last thing the Dark Lord knew was seeing the missile fly into the room before it exploded, taking the Dark Lord with it.



This is a crossover between Harry Potter and the Playstation2 game Sky Odyssey. There is also a second never used crossover in this preview too. A virtual cookie for those who can tell what it is.

## SKY ODYSSEY

"What do you mean I can't repair my house at Godric's Hollow?" Harry asked with anger in his voice. He was in the office of new Minister of Magic Kingsley Shacklebolt.

"After your parents died and you vanquished Voldemort," Kingsley said, like Harry, he wasn't afraid to say the name, "then Minister Bagnold declared your home a national monument and made it forbidden by law to do any repairs to it. Muggle repelling charms were placed upon the house to keep Muggles away."

"Tell me," Harry asked, "was it discussed at those Order meetings if I was to be allowed to go there or not?"

"It was discussed Harry," Kingsley answered, "Dumbledore said that it would be unsafe for you to go anywhere near there, he had received intelligence that a Death Eater had moved into the area."

"You're the Minister now – can't you repeal the law prohibiting me from repairing my property?" Harry asked.

"I will see what I can do." Kingsley promised, "Now, what are your plans? I understand you wanted to be an Auror. What if I was to tell you I could get you into the Auror Academy tomorrow, no NEWTs required?"

"I'd say thank you," Harry said, "But I don't want to get positions anywhere thanks to my name or fame. I had wanted to become an Auror, but now Voldemort is gone and most of his Death Eaters are either dead or incarcerated, I feel I've had enough of dealing with Dark Wizards."

"Very well, but should you change your mind, you know where to find me." Kingsley said, "What do you have in mind instead?"

"When I visited the house at Godric's Hollow last Christmas, I saw part of an old map and a parchment which described a legendary tower called Maximus on some distant island. I intend to learn how

to fly a plane and go out and find this tower. It'll get me away from the wizarding world for a while if I do things the Muggle way. I do intend to come back, I just need some time away."

"Personally Harry, I don't blame you. However, you will need to name someone to be the proxy for the Potter and Black seats while you're gone." Kingsley said.

"No problem," Harry answered, "Andromeda Tonks can be the proxy for the Black family,

The car stopped next to a hanger and Harry and Hermione got out. They could see the sign VULTURE SQUADRON above the door. Hermione looked and pointed up.

"There's my Uncle." She said. The two could see four planes flying about, one of which seemed to have a dog at the controls. They were chasing a pigeon with strange things attached to the planes. After five minutes, the planes crashed into each other and two of the four had activated parachutes to fall to the ground. The dog was somehow using his tail as a propeller and had the other human pilot by his trousers.

"You want them to teach me to fly a plane?" Harry said in surprise, "No offence Hermione, but I'd probably get better flying lessons from Teddy!"

"When they're not after that blasted pigeon, they are good flyers. They taught me to fly a plane." She pointed her wand at the pigeon, "Accio pigeon." The pigeon flew into her hands. Hermione then conjured a small cage and put him in it. The four pilots came over.

"Hermione," the lead pilot said, "How nice to see you."

"Hello Uncle Dick," Hermione said, "This is my best friend Harry Potter. Harry, this is my Uncle Dick Dastardly, Zilly, Klunk and Muttley." The group shook hands. Then Dick saw the pigeon in the cage.

"You've got the pigeon!" he said, dancing for joy. Muttley stood next to him and held out his hand. "You expect a medal when my niece caught the pigeon?"

"Yeah-yeah-yeah." Muttley said.

"Forget it!" Dick said. He took a medal out of his coat and pinned it on Hermione. She smiled – it was not the only medal he had given her (he had sent her all the medals he confiscated from the dog ever since she was a young girl). Muttley started growling. "Now, what can I do for you?"

"Harry here would like to learn how to fly and he would also like to buy a custom plane from you." Hermione answered.

"Anything for the best friend of my niece. I've heard all about you Harry," Dick said.

Over the next month, Vulture Squadron taught Harry to fly a plane. Now they didn't need to catch the blasted pigeon, they flew rather well. At the same time, Klunk built Harry a custom plane. It was ready for him to see after a few weeks.

It was a two wing bi-plane. It was painted yellow, which Harry had asked for. The Potter Family crest was on both wings and on the main body of the plane. There was room for two people to sit in, although Harry would be doing most of the flying on his own.

It was now six months after the fall of Voldemort. Harry had called several friends together. Along with Hermione, there was Neville Longbottom, Daphne Greengrass, Luna Lovegood, Fred and George, the Creevey brothers, Susan Bones and Hannah Abbot and finally Justin Finch-Fletchly and Ernie McMillian. Harry had to admit that despite Ernie being a pompous idiot at times, he was loyal.

"So, you're going to take this homemade airplane and hunt down this island?" Justin asked.

"Yes. The tower has not been seen in several hundred years. I have a few leads to it and I've made a few arrangements to help with fuel and supplies." Harry said.

"We're not going to let you do this alone." Daphne said, "I'm sure I speak for everyone here when I say we're going with you."

"Thank you for the thought, but all of you can't go." Harry said, everyone looked at him. "Neville – you need to remain here to

control the Longbottom votes. Hannah – I was going to get you to deal with the Potter votes. Susan – you need to vote for your family. Fred and George – we need you to keep your family out of the way. If we all go and your family find out we're gone, they'll try to find some way to get into my vaults."

"Thank you Harry," Hannah said, "What do you need me to do?"

"Just vote on behalf of the Potter family," Harry said, "Also, you will be responsible for dealing with the goblins regarding the vaults and making sure Molly Weasley along with Ronald and Ginny keep out."

"I'll do my best." She promised.

"When do we leave?" Hermione asked.

"As soon as you're packed. The first location is Arcadie Island." Harry answered.

This is a crossover I've had in mind for ages. The opening scene is based on a scene in the first episode Exodus and is required to help set the scene for those who know nothing about Thundercats. Thundercat canon is followed upto the end of the Exodus scene. It must be noted that this is based on the ORIGINAL Thundercats series of the 1980's, NOT the new series reboot that is being worked on now, although I am looking forward to seeing it.

## THUNDERCATS HO!

In deep space, the Thundercat website Feliner was adrift. The Thundercats, humanoids which looked like cats were planning their next move following an attack by their enemies, the Evil Mutants which saw the rest of their fleet destroyed. The damage to their ship had meant they could not reach the planet they were reaching for but Thundercat Panthro had found a different planet, more nearby but the catch was, it was still light years away.

"Yuck!" young Wilykat said in disgust, "We'll have to make the trip in the suspension capsules."

"Suspension capsules," Snarf the cat said, moaning, "You'll never convince me those things work."

"Me neither – when in doubt, chicken out," Wilykat's twin Wilykit said, "I'm not going."

Wilykat backed her until she got to a capsule and opened it. He pushed her in and closed the hatch. She shouted many threats against him.

"Is there another choice Panthro?" Jaga, the elderly leader of the group asked.

"Sure, we last remaining Thundercats perish in space." He replied.

"It is settled then. You will all get in the suspension capsules at once. I will pilot the ship to the blue planet." Jaga said.

"No Jaga," Panthro countered, "Without suspension you'll die. We can set the course on robot pilot."

"In it's damaged condition, the ship must be piloted manually for as long as possible, or we cannot be sure of reaching our destination." Jaga countered back.

"We can't be sure anyway," Tygra said, "We'll take our chances together – you MUST join us in the capsules Jaga."

"Yes Jaga, please!" young Lion-O pleaded.

"ENOUGH!" Jaga shouted and Lion-O backed off, slightly scared, "I am by far the oldest of you. Even though the suspension capsules slow down the aging process tremendously, some aging does take place. Even in suspension, I could not live long enough to complete the journey. So let's not have any more talk – ENTER THE CAPSULES!" Everyone looked at him with sorrow.

"But Jaga," Cheetara began. Tygra put a comforting hand on her shoulder.

"Come Cheetara, what Jaga says is true. Don't make it tougher for him." He told her.

"Yeah, he's just being practical." Wilykat said, entering his capsule. Tygra and Cheetara did the same.

"Whatever you say Jaga," Wilykit said, "You were always right."

"Alright, if we're going to do it, let's do it!" Panthro said, picking Snarf up by the scruff of the neck, "In you go Snarf, no stalling."

"I'm going, I'm going, snarf, snarf. See you all later, I hope." Snarf said. Panthro put him in the capsule then went into his own.

Lion-O flung himself upon Jaga, his mentor.

"Goodbye Jaga." He said.

"You must be brave Lion-O, it is your duty." Jaga said.

"Yes, Jaga." Lion-O said, trying not to cry. Within the space of days, he had lost his homeworld, his blind father and now he was losing his mentor. He went into his capsule.

With a clink, Jaga dug a big sword into the floor.

"The Eye of Thundera, will be waiting for you, when you reach your new home." He said, raising his arm to his chest in a salute. The capsules activated and the Thundercats went to sleep. As Jaga went to the pilot's chair, the Eye of Thundera glowed.

The Feliner began it's trek through space.

"I wish I was as sure of their chances as I pretended to be," Jaga said, "still, there is a chance."

Days turned to weeks, weeks turned to months, months turned to years. Jaga maintained all the ships functions, eating very little and more importantly, making sure the suspension capsules were functional. Eventually, the Feliner approached the Sol system. Jaga was now much older, very thin, and very weak. He didn't have long to live.

"I can't go on. I pray the robot pilot can take it from here." He said, reaching with tremendous effort and pressing a button marked ROBOT. It activated then a beep got Jaga's attention. It was coming from a bracelet on his wrist. A jewel on it was glowing red. It fell to the ground followed by a mass of energy. Jaga's empty robes fell into the chair.

The robot pilot started the engines. It took the ship past Jupiter, through the asteroid belt, then past Mars and began it's final approach to Earth.

At Hogwarts, Harry Potter was pondering on recent events. The day before, he and his best friend Hermione Granger had helped his godfather Sirius Black escape from receiving the Dementor's Kiss for his non-existent crimes.

He heard a roar and looked upwards. A streak of fire could be seen in the sky with things falling from it. Within seconds, the ship exploded. Before he could do anything else, a very loud thud could be heard. He ran to the stone circle, which was nearby and in the direction of the noise. Just outside the circle, there was a large something, big enough to hold a person. It had a glass partition at the top where Harry could slightly see someone. He walked over to

it and saw a red circle with a black logo, which looked like a cat symbol.

Looking at it, he found a button on the side and pushed it. The top of the thing opened revealing an adult male who had the characteristics of a lion. The man opened his eyes and looked at Harry.

"My name is Lion-O," he said, "Where am I?"

"Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry. My name is Harry Potter." Harry said. A beep got his attention and he could see an instrument on the machine with the words: "CAPSULE CYCLE INCOMPLETE. LIFE SIGNS FAILING".

"I'm a Thundercat and it looks like I'm dying. I am to be Lord of the Thundercats and I cannot die until I name a successor." Lion-O said.

"Is there something I can do?" Harry asked.

"Being here with me. Within minutes I will join my father and my mentor Jaga. Do me a favour though," Lion-O said.

"Anything."

"On my homeworld of Thundera, we have a sacred code. Take my hand." Lion-O said. Harry took his hand and Lion-O made it so they were holding wrists in a handshake motion. "I want you to spread the code and it's meaning through your world," he said, as the handshake began, "Justice, Truth, Honour, Loyalty."

As the machine in the capsule sent out a steady beep, Harry could feel something flowing through him, then as he watched, Lion-O's body vanished, leaving behind his ripped clothing.

"What's happened?" someone asked. Harry turned and saw Headmaster Albus Dumbledore along with several other staff members. Harry told them what he had seen.

"I'm alright!" Harry said to Madam Pomfrey. Dumbledore had insisted that he go to the hospital wing for a check-up. She waved her wand over him.



"You do seem to be fine." Madam Pomfrey replied, "In fact, old injuries and other problems have seemed to have healed themselves."

Harry woke up the following morning and went into the common room to face stares.

"Alright, what's going on?" he asked.

"Harry," Colin Creevy began, "Have you seen yourself?"

"No, why should I?" Harry asked. Someone passed him a mirror. His hair had changed to red and was long, his scar had vanished and he was more muscular than he was before. He was also taller.

"What's happened to me?" Harry asked. Then, a shimmer of blue light could be seen and Thundercat Jaga appeared.

"You have been changed Harry Potter. When my ward Lion-O died, somehow, your magic forced his life force to merge with you and your body has changed as a result. You are now the Hereditary Lord of the Thundercats." He said.

"Can you explain to me what the Thundercats are?" Harry asked. No-one else could see Jaga.

"You must not have full access to Lion-O's memories yet. We are of a race known as Thundarians from the planet Thundera. A select few are anointed Thundercats, the protectors of the free world. Several years ago, Thundera's orbit changed and eventually, it was destroyed. Many Thundarians escaped but were killed by the Evil Mutants who ambushed our ships. Our ship alone escaped but was damaged. We could not make it to the planet we were heading for, so we came here. The Thundercats went into suspended animation while I piloted the ship to your planet. I died just before the end of the journey and the ship blew up during re-entry. I can't sense your fellow Thundercats but your loyal friend Snarf is nearby along with the sword. I know of your familiar Hedwig and she will still respond to you as you are now."

Jaga vanished before Harry could ask any-more questions.

"Didn't you see that ghost?" Harry asked.

"No we didn't – we didn't even understand what you were talking about." One person asked.

Harry walked into the hall to stares at his new appearance. He walked up to the staff table. Before he could say anything, Hagrid came into the hall with Snarf on his head. He was holding a small sword with his tail.

"I found this in the Forbidden Forest – anyone want to claim him?" the gentle half-giant asked.

Snarf threw the sword over to Harry/Lion-O. Despite attempts from other people to grab it, Harry grabbed it and received a massive shock. Blue lightening flared from the blade. He looked at it, then the ghost of Jaga appeared again.

"Pay heed for it is your destiny you hold in your hand – the Eye of Thundera, the source of the Thundercat's power." Jaga said before vanishing.

"What is going on here?" Professor McGonagall asked. Harry explained what was going on. He then concentrated on the sword.

"I seem to remember something – sight beyond sight." He said, the crossbars curled.

The eye sleeps until needed. Looking through those magical apertures will give you Sight Beyond Sight. The Eye will know it is needed before you do.

He brought the sword to his face and his eyes glowed along with the Eye of Thundera. Through it, he could see five capsules, containing Thundercats.

"In those capsules, they're, they're, they're Thundercats." Harry said. He turned to Dumbledore.

"I won't return to the Muggles this summer Professor," Harry said, "I'm going to find the rest of the Thundercats."

"You must go back there for your own protection," Dumbledore began.

"Professor, if I hadn't blown Marge up, then it would have escalated to violence. I'm no safer there than I am here. I'm not going. It is my duty to find the Thundercats." Harry said.

"They're nothing to do with you." Snape said.

"When the cub Lion-O merged with me, he named me his successor and I promised to find them. Would you break a vow you made?"

Snape admitted that he wouldn't. "Then you should go Potter," he said, "Your father was always one to break the rules."

"Rules are only meaningful if people agree to follow them, otherwise they're just words." Flitwick said.

"I always assumed you would be like your father Potter," Snape said, "But you're more Lily than James. I admit I never got on with him but your mother was a dear friend until I made a mistake. I swore to her before her death that I'd help you, so before you go, come to me and I'll supply you with some potions."

By popular demand, here is a preview of the full length version of Muggle Romancing, the one-shot of which proved very popular. I've taken on board many comments made by the reviewers and I hope you lot are happy with it, for it will still be continuing.

## HARRY'S MUGGLE ROMANCING

"That should do it," Arthur Weasley said, lowering his wand. He and his family, along with Harry Potter, had finished putting out a huge fire, which Death Eaters had started, trying to burn down the Burrow.

"I'm pleased everyone escaped injury and that you were able to save your home." Everyone turned at the sound of the voice which belonged to Albus Dumbledore. He looked at Harry and motioned him to follow his headmaster, which Harry did.

"It's obvious, Harry, that I made a mistake allowing you to leave the Dursleys early this summer," Dumbledore said. "The blood wards are almost inactive, so it'll mean you have to return there for rest of the Christmas holidays along with the Easter holidays."

Harry looked at him with horror – this would be the worst Christmas he ever had since he had started at Hogwarts.

"Professor – are you serious – it's Christmas Day in a week's time. Do you know how I will spend it? I will probably be sent to my old room in the cupboard under the stairs for the rest of the holidays with no food and any presents I may receive will either be destroyed or given to Dudley," Harry said.

"That may be so, but you must go there for your own safety. I will ask Molly to keep your presents safe so Ronald and Ginevra can give them to you on return to Hogwarts, but your return will depend on the state of the blood wards. If they are not charged enough by January 1st, then you'll have to remain at Privet Drive." Dumbledore walked away and spent a few minutes having a heated discussion with Molly Weasley before returning to Harry. He took Harry's arm and disappeared.

They reappeared outside the Dursleys' home. Dumbledore knocked the door. Petunia opened it and saw the two. Judging by the look on her face, she was expecting Harry. Dumbledore nodded and disappeared.

"You had better come in and go to the cupboard," Petunia said, "I will not have you ruining Christmas for us."

"Christmas has already been ruined for me by having to come here, so this is what I will do," Harry said. "I will find somewhere to spend the rest of the holidays. This way, I won't be ruining things for your oh-so-precious Duddy-kins."

Vernon came to the door. "What's taking so long Pet?" he asked then saw Harry. "What are you wearing? Where did you steal them from?"

"For your information, 'Uncle'," Harry said, "I brought these clothes with my own money."

"You don't have money, boy! Now take them off so we can give them to Dudley." Vernon ordered.

"No. I inherited money from my parents," Harry said, "Contrary to what you may think, my parents were rich. Now, I'm off." Harry turned and started to walk away.

"Now listen here freak!" Vernon shouted, "You will turn over that money to us right now otherwise I'll kill you where you stand."

"That won't achieve anything," Harry said. "I've written my will and nothing goes to you. Now, why don't you go back in before Prince Dudley's Christmas is ruined?" Harry ran to the nearest bus stop and pegged down a nearby bus before Vernon could get him.

Harry got off the bus outside the train station where he met Dumbledore in that summer. He went in down to find the cafe, hoping to find the girl he arranged a date with that summer when the Headmaster took him away. He found her – a black girl who was aged around 18, and walked up to her.

"Hello," he said. She turned and looked at him. Then she slapped him across the face.

"Don't you 'hello' me. Do you realise how stupid I felt, looking for you after your grandfather arrived?" she asked.

"I'm sorry – my grandfather was in a rush and refused to let me explain things to you. Please allow me to make it up to you by taking you out tonight," Harry said.

Amy looked at her boss, who told her she could go. "Alright, but if you let me down again, I won't give you another chance."

The two went to the cinema to see the film Star Trek: First Contact – not the sort of film to take a date on, but there wasn't anything Amy wanted to see without going to America and she was really keen to see it. The two held hands throughout and she buried her face in his chest throughout some very scary scenes.

After the film finished, the two found a fish and chips shop and Harry walked her home.

"Where do you go to school?" she asked.

"I go to a school called Hogwarts in Scotland. It's a boarding school which my parents attended. It was their wish I went there so I went there to honour their memories, although my mother's sister didn't want me to go."

"That's not nice of her," Amy said.

"There are not a lot of nice things about her," Harry said. Amy stopped next to a block of flats.

"This is my place. Thanks for a nice night out," she said.

"It's alright. I'm glad you enjoyed it," Harry answered. He kissed her on the cheek before she went into her flat, after promising to go out with him again.

Harry decided to go to Number 12, Grimmwald Place to spend the night. It wasn't the first place he would choose to spend the night, but it would do. After seeing Amy into her home, he flagged down a taxi and got the driver to drive him to Grimmwald Place.

After the trip, Harry walked to the house and opened the door. He was surprised – it was a lot cleaner than it was last time he had seen it. Walking around, he could see no elf-heads on the walls, no

sign of that horrible umbrella stand that Tonks kept tripping up over and no sign of the portrait of Mrs. Black.

Hedwig was waiting for him in the kitchen along with Dobby.

"What are you doing here?" Harry asked.

"Dobby wanted to help the great Harry Potter. That nasty Kreacher refused to help so Dobby punished him and came and cleaned out the great Harry Potter's dogfather's home for him."

"Thank you." Harry said, "How much do I owe you?"

"Payment is not needed, great one. Working for Harry Potter is reward enough. Dobby even retrieved Harry Potter's owl and trunk from Weasley who gave Dobby his socks." The elf said.

"How did you punish Kreacher?" Harry asked.

"Dobby didn't mean to kill him. Dobby only meant to maim or seriously injure." Dobby replied.

Harry decided he didn't want to know after all.

The next evening, Harry took Amy out for a meal at a diner owned by the uncle of a friend of hers.

"There really isn't anything to tell," she told Harry, upon being asked about her life, "My father walked out on my mother and I when I was seven and she raised me on her own. She made sure I was fed, clothed and educated."

Meanwhile, at the Burrow, tempers were flared over Dumbledore's decision to make Harry stay with the Dursleys over Christmas instead of the Burrow. Harry's presents remained under the tree, no-one knowing if they would ever be opened. The Weasleys were lucky that all that was damaged in the fire was the exterior of the house, Fred and George having paid to have it all repaired.

No-one had noticed that Hedwig and Harry's trunk had vanished.

Before long, it was time for the students to return to Hogwarts. The night before it was time, Harry took Amy aside. They were having dinner at Number 12.

"Do you see this relationship lasting?" he asked her.

"I would love it to continue," she said, "Do you get Easter holidays off?" she asked.

"Yes, we do. But there is something I need to tell you, so please keep an open mind."

"Alright."

"There is another world – a world of witchcraft and wizardry. I am a wizard." Harry told her.

"Oh my god!" she said, looking scared, "Keep away!"

"There's nothing to worry about – I won't hurt you. The reason I've not told you anything about it is because there are secrecy laws to prevent us from telling people like you about it, unless we're related or in a relationship."

"Do you see us continuing then?" she asked, bypassing her fear for the moment.

"I would like us to continue," he said.

"This magic, is it like what they show in the movies?" she asked, still with a bit of fear in her voice.

"No, we're trained to use our magic for good, although there are witches and wizards who would use it for evil purposes." Harry said.

"Did your parents have magic?" Amy asked.

"Yes they did. My mother's sister, my aunt who I was placed with after their deaths didn't. She and my uncle hate magic and for years tried to beat it out of me but failed."

"You mean like that young girl who was murdered by her relations because they thought she was a witch?" she asked, referring to a



case where a very young girl was accused by her relations of being magical and was murdered.

"Something like that, but they kept me going as long as possible, so I could be a slave to them." Harry said.

"I'd like to get my hands on them!" Amy said, all fear going out of her voice, "If your magic is unlike the movies, what can you do?"

Harry got his wand out and cast the levitation charm along with several others.

The next morning, before she went to work, Harry promised to write to Amy and to meet her in the Easter Holidays, them being the first time he would leave Hogwarts for those particular holidays. They shared a huge kiss, Amy having to get into work on the early shift. Harry gave her a key to number 12, telling her that if she needed to, she could stay there.

The Weasleys were rushing about. They were preparing to return to Hogwarts via the Floo connection, which had been set up to get the students back to Hogwarts as quickly as possible. Arthur came in to the kitchen.

"Well, Harry's not there." He told the family, "They told me that he left just after Albus left him there."

"Where is he then? What if he goes to King's Cross only to find us not there?" Molly asked.

"Maybe he's at Headquarters?" Ginny suggested.

"I've already thought of that – he's not there." Arthur answered, "However, the place looks like it's been renovated. Harry's been there and he's made changes. I found an access list which controls the wards which fascinated me."

"Why's that?" Molly asked, "Most houses have them these days."

"The list of permitted visitors is very short – it includes us but not Percy. Dumbledore is also off the list. Remus, Tonks, Hermione along with some girl called Amy Poole are also on the list."

"Who?" everyone asked.

"I thought the same thing so I checked the Ministry records – there isn't a witch of any class by that name."

Harry walked to King's Cross station. At the right time, he stepped through the barrier only to find a handful of students getting onto the train. He found Hermione and they went to a carriage.

"What's going on?" he asked.

"I thought you would have known this – the Weasleys are using the Floo to return to school."

"No – after the Death Eaters attacked the Burrow, Dumbledore sent me to the Dursleys. I left there and have stayed at Number 12 with my girlfriend." He shut up realising he said too much.

"I thought you were interested in Ginny." Hermione asked.

"I thought that too, but I met her during the summer holidays and arranged a date with her before Dumbledore took me to convince Slughorn to come out of retirement. I thought I'd try again and thankfully, she agreed. You'll have to meet her someday."

"I'd like that." Hermione answered.

Harry went to Dumbledore's office for another lesson that night.

"You should know, Order meetings at Number 12 are out of the order for now. I've got someone staying there." He said.

"That's a bit dangerous, isn't it Harry?" Dumbledore asked.

"She's got no-where else to go and it's only temporary." Harry said.

"Very well, I'm sure the Order can find a new place to meet for now." Dumbledore answered.

Hedwig flew into Amy's living room a couple of days later and dropped a letter in front of her. She picked it up and began to read.

Dear Amy,

Missing you already. I've already informed my Head of House and Deputy Headmistress that I intend to leave school for the Easter Holidays. If Dumbledore thinks I'm going to the Dursleys, then he is sadly mistaken.

Remember I told you about the Weasley family – their youngest son Ron gave me Christmas presents today. The usual jumper from Mrs. Weasley, joke shop items from the twins – what's the point in that since I own a third of their shop, sweets from Ronnie – when will he get it in his head that I hate cauldron cakes? I've sent a couple with Hedwig for you to try.

I'll see you soon.

Love from Harry

As the term went on, Harry and Amy sent each other letters at least three times a week. Dumbledore and McGonagall looked on in interest every time a letter arrived for him.

"Is it safe for him to receive mail?" McGonagall asked, "What if a Death Eater tries to send him a curse or a Portkey?"

"It's safe Minvera. The wards won't allow stuff like that to come through, also Fawkes tells me that Hedwig can tell what letters are suitable or not and will refuse to take unsuitable letters. I hear that she refused to deliver Howlers from Molly Weasley during the fourth year when she thought Miss. Granger was playing with Mr. Potter's heart."

"I know the owl means a lot to Mr. Potter and it would break his heart if something were to happen to her." McGonagall answered.

"Yes, I know," Dumbledore answered, "Hagrid brought her for him when he first reintroduced Harry to our world. I had to have strong words with the Dursleys afterwards, I made it quite clear to them that they would be breaking all sorts of laws if they were to kill her, in both our world and the Muggle world and I also had to place a mild compulsion charm on them to enforce that."

"At least he won't have to put up with them much longer." McGonagall said, "He shouldn't have to worry about You-Know-Who,

he should find himself a nice woman and make plans to settle down after leaving school."

"I wish he didn't have to either Minvera," Dumbledore said, "if it was possible, I would deal with Voldemort myself."

Dear Amy,

I swear I'm going to kill that McLaggen! I was forced to take him on the team because Ron got poisoned (luckily, we got him an antidote in time) and then he thinks he can tell me how to run my own team! Then to add insult to (even more injury), he takes a Beaters Bat and hits me with a Bludger! I've just come out of the hospital wing following being healed from a fractured skull. Madam Pomfrey is pleased that this is my first trip there this year as a patient – I'm always in there for some reason. McLaggen had better stay away otherwise I'll do more than fracture his skull. Because of him, we lost the game!

I'm counting the days towards the Easter holidays when we can see each other again.

Love from Harry

After reading the letter, Amy took pen to paper and wrote a reply.

Dearest Harry,

If you like, I'll come down and sort out that idiot McLaggen for you. I'd like to ram that Beater's Bat so far up his arse, he'll never sit on a broom again.

I've got some bad news, I was kicked out of my flat a couple of days ago – the owners sold up to the developers. I hope you don't mind, but I'm staying at your home at Number 12 right now. It's just until I can get a new flat.

Looking forward to seeing you too.

Love from Amy (and there was lipstick on the paper where she had kissed it).

As soon as Harry read the letter, he wrote a quick one back.

Dear Amy,

Don't rush in finding a new flat – you can stay at Number 12 as long as you want.

Love from Harry.

"I've had enough of this!" Harry shouted. He was in the staff room having the teachers tell him how ashamed they were of him for using a dark curse on Malfoy in the toilets. They looked at him in shock.

"Don't speak to us like this Potter." McGonagall said.

"Why? You refuse to listen to MY side of the story, only accepting what Snape has had to say and he jumped to conclusions, showing bias because Malfoy is his godson."

"Alright then, what did happen?" McGonagall asked with scorn in her voice.

"Malfoy tried to use the Cruciatus curse on me so I cursed him in self defence and I will provide the memories to prove it."

He extracted the memory of the incident and played it back for the staff to watch.

"If you allow him to go unpunished for the attempted use of an unforgivable, then I will leave this school right now and go straight to the newspapers. I'm sure the Boy-Who-Lived and the Chosen One will get a sympathetic ear when they hear how the use of unforgivables goes unpunished, especially upon their precious Chosen One."

"Mr. Potter – Mr. Malfoy is a respected student at this school..." one teacher said.

"So, all one has to do here to be respected is to cheat at his work, act like a baby, threaten people with his father, make frequent use of the term Mudblood and be allowed to hex or jinx anyone just for the pure fun of it while anyone else would be punished. Draco Malfoy has acted like it for the last six years and has got away with it

UNPUNISHED! It seems that the only time he got punished is when the fake Moody turned him into a ferret. Oh yes, I know that the punishments Professor McGonagall imposed on him, Crabbe and Marcus Flint when they dressed up as Dementors in my third year with the purpose of sabotaging the Quidditch game I was playing was overturned. This is the final straw. Either you deal with him or I walk out of the school doors and I never return and I will make sure everyone knows why."

He left the staff-room then walked to the common room.

The following day, Harry was summoned to the Headmaster's office. McGonagall and Flitwick were there along with the Minister and Kingsley Shacklebolt and Draco & Mrs. Malfoy.

"I hope this meeting is about dealing with him over his use of unforgivables?" Harry asked.

"Harry my boy," the Minister said, "I was hoping we could deal with this in a calm way."

"Why? At least his father didn't bribe you or make claims of the Imperious curse to keep him out of prison this time." Harry said.

"Are you sure you want action to be taken? This could ruin a fine young man's future." Dumbledore said.

"Fine young man? Tut! He acts like my cousin Dudley! Do you know what he does here Minister?" asked Harry. The Minister shook his head.

"He calls Muggleborns by the foul name of Mudblood and it goes unpunished. In Potions, he sabotages other people's work and he gets given bonus points by Snape for doing so, he curses and hexes people when their backs are turned, he's tormented Neville Longbottom for years over what his aunt Bellatrix Lestrange did to his parents. Did you know, Neville has never been on Hogsmeade visits because Draco tells him that Bellatrix is waiting for him there to torture him into insanity so he can join them? That is only the tip of what he does to Neville. There are even rumours that since fourth year, he's lead gang-rapes in the Slytherin Common Room, which intensified to members of other houses during Umbridge's reign of terror last year."

The Minister began to look furious at this. Draco looked as if the noose was tightening over his neck.

"What led to the confrontation in the bathroom?" Shacklebolt asked.

"I heard crying in the bathroom. I went in, to see if everything was alright. I saw Draco here in distress, worrying about being unable to do something. Despite our past, I offered to help him but he was scared of what Voldemort would do to his mother. He then seemed to snap out of his distressed state and started hurling hexes at me, followed by the Cruciatus. Luckily, I was able to get out of the way but I cast the first hex I could think off, which I had found in a Potions book Professor Slughorn had given me."

The Minister and Kingsley went aside with Dumbledore to confer. They came back after a few minutes.

"Will you accept a compromise of sorts Harry?" the Minister asked.

"What will it be?" Harry asked.

"As you know, casting an Unforgivable gets you life in Azkaban. Because of your past history and due to his apparent mental state, I suggest he be committed to St. Mungo's from now until August 20th for evaluation and treatment. It is obvious that before his incarceration, Lucius Malfoy has brainwashed the boy." The Minister said.

"What about me?" Harry asked.

"No action will be taken against you, either legally or via the school system, on the grounds that you were defending yourself. We must ask you however, to swear an oath that none of this information is leaked to the Daily Prophet."

"Very well." Harry said, "I also want my unfair detention recanted AND an apology from members of staff who think I'm a dark wizard in the making."

McGonagall stepped in, "Very well. I also apologise for taking sides without hearing both sides of the story."

"Now we've sorted this out Harry," Dumbledore said, "I trust you won't be dropping out of Hogwarts?"

"For now Headmaster." Harry said.

"What's wrong Harry?" Amy asked him as they walked to Number 12 following the closure of Hogwarts.

"Dumbledore is dead – killed by the Potions master Snape." Harry answered.

"That one who has a grudge against you because of your father?" she asked.

"The very same. He also let terrorist Death Eaters into the school where they nearly killed three students and two guards." Harry answered, "Things are becoming too dangerous and if you want to finish things, I'll understand."

"I am not going to leave you Harry, just because some manic wants to kill you. We'll get through this together." Amy answered.

"All I ever wanted was a family that loved me. With Voldemort on the loose and now acting in the open, that is all gone."

"We'll do something about that then." Amy said to Harry.

"How will we do that?" he asked.

"We get married as soon as possible." She said, "You've got your emancipation papers, I'm eighteen, I can get a couple of witnesses. We find a register office and get married."

"Are you sure about that?" Harry asked, "I was going to ask you at some point but if you want to do it as soon as we can, let's do it."

Harry and Amy walked into the Burrow's kitchen to find Molly rushing about. She went over to him.

"Harry – where have you been – you shouldn't have left your relatives house! Dumbledore said that you needed to stay there for the wards to be active so you could attend!"



"Mrs. Weasley – the wards expired as soon as I turned 17 – if I wasn't allowed to leave the house, what point would there be to recharge protection that wouldn't exist. Anyhow, the Dursley's told me in writing that I was not welcome there anymore and if I went there, they would have me arrested for trespassing."

"Hurry – you need to take the Polyjuice Potion before the guests arrive." She said.

"Excuse me – who said anything about Polyjuice?" he asked.

"Dumbledore make it a secondary condition of you attending this wedding." Molly said.

"Well, Dumbledore is now dead so that condition no longer stands and when was this decided and why was I not consulted on it?"

Molly was silent. Amy broke the silence.

"What is Polyjuice Potion?" she asked.

"Who is this?" Molly asked, only noticing Amy for the first time.

"This is my wife, Amy Potter-Poole." Harry said. Arthur came over and shook his hand.

"Congratulations Harry, but why didn't you tell us?" he asked.

"In case there were instructions from Dumbledore to prevent it from happening. We had a nice simple Muggle ceremony, which was nice and legal and was all we wanted." Harry said.

"You're a Muggle then?" Molly asked.

"Yes, I am what you would call a Muggle – is there a problem?" Amy asked.

"No, not at all." Arthur said, "It's just unexpected, that's all."

"That's alright Mr. Weasley," Amy said, "It's good to meet you too. Now, what is this Polyjuice Potion?"

"It's a potion which will transform you into someone else for an hour. They want me to attend this wedding as someone else." Harry answered.

"Dumbledore said it would be safer for all if you didn't come as yourself."

"I don't think so Mrs. Weasley – the Death Eaters and Voldemort would expect me to attend the wedding hidden under Polyjuice. They would get suspicious if I wasn't here. So, it's dangerous either way and I refuse to use it. If you don't want me here without it, we'll go and leave you to it." Harry said.

"It's too late to argue about it now." Bill said, "Harry is welcome to go as himself if he wants."

Ron and Hermione walked over to Harry.

"How come you got married and didn't tell us about it?" Hermione asked.

"It was just something we decided to do there and then." Harry said, "I know I've got no chance of winning against Voldemort. Before that happens, I want to know what it's like to have a wife and be loved. In the unlikely event I would win against Voldemort, we were planning on something better."

"You're forgiven then," Hermione said, "For the moment."

The battle was finally over. Voldemort was dead and most of his Death Eaters had also been killed. But there had been losses on the light side as well.

Harry lay on his old bed in Gryffindor Tower with Amy next to him. After Death Eaters gate crashed Bill and Fleur's wedding, Harry apperated away with her, knowing what the Death Eaters would do to her. Ron and Hermione also managed to escape but Ron was reluctant to let Amy go on the mission.

Harry told them that she was coming if she wanted too. Ron showed his true colours and told them that he was not going anywhere if a Muggle was coming with them. Harry told him that he could leave if

he wanted too, which he did. Hermione decided to stick with Harry and Amy.

"What are your plans now?" Kingsley Shacklebolt asked Harry a couple of days later.

"I'm not sure. For a while, I had thought about becoming an Auror, but I've had enough of Dark Wizards to last me a lifetime. I just want to be happy. I want a family and I'm going to have that with Amy." Harry said.

"You do know there is going to be a lot of resistance to you having married a Muggle, being the Boy-Who-Lived and everything," Kingsley said, "But I'll do my best for you. If I remember correctly, the only people who know your wife is a Muggle are the Weasleys, Hermione Granger, myself and Andromeda Tonks?" Harry nodded. "Your marriage won't be in the magical records, having been conducted in the Muggle world. I'll have it registered magically and I'll put it on the record that Amy is a pureblood from an African magical family."

"Thank you." Harry said.

"No problem – it's the least I can do for you."

As usual, JK Rowling owns Harry Potter, not me.

This is a minor revision to one of my first fics. I'm considering reworking the whole thing and reposting. But please give me your opinions.

The Girl from Tomorrow

## Chapter 1

Three people ran into a corridor. All of them were wearing armour which covered their entire bodies, including their faces. On each of their left shoulders was a gun. The three were running from many soldiers who were firing at them.

"There's the lab," began one of them, but they were unable to finish before being hit by a laser weapon. As the person fell to the ground dead, the other two reached the lab door and opened it. The surviving duo entered the room and closed the door. One of the people locked it.

"This should buy us some time. This door is made of solid beryllium – it's strong enough to withstand concentrated isolinenium laser weapons," one said. Suddenly, there was a flash of flame and a white bird landed on the shoulder of Two.

"Xantos tells me that they're bringing up high explosives. Can you open the space bridge or not?" Two asked.

"Yes, I need some time, though."

"Give me your weapons – including your shoulder gun," said Two.

One handed over a few handguns along with pulse cartridges but hesitated about the shoulder gun.

"You know the safety regulations!" One said, "Only one shoulder gun per person!"

"Who gives a damn about regulations?" Two shouted, "Besides, if you don't get that space bridge going, we won't need to worry about regs!"

Reluctantly, One removed the shoulder gun from his armour and gave it to Two, who fitted it.

"Why don't you use that magic stick of yours? Use one of those killing curses against them or one of their fancy shield charms?" asked One.

"Use their killing curses and they will be on top of us faster than that if their agents are with that squad. Shield charms aren't effective against their laser weapons. Also, I couldn't cast the killing curse even if I wanted to."

One began to work on the console. Two took an occasional look at a wall which had a circle frame attached to it, with wires connecting it to the console. One then removed the gauntlets on his armour. He operated the controls as fast as he could. He turned and saw Two putting small boxes on the frame.

"What are you doing?" he asked.

"Making sure those morons don't get any ideas about following us. This time bomb is set to go off in six trans."

They could hear noises against the door. "They're preparing their bombs. Hurry up!" ordered Two.

One kept going, but then he hit a snag. "Blast. The coordinate list is blank and I can't set our destination. I never learned coordinates to the secondary home world!"

"Set coordinates: 799-437-118-677-31. Destination Code: 3C4617744," Two said.

"That'll take us into the capitol but security will fire on us as soon as we arrive," One replied.

"Enter name: Tavylor, Abacus. Security Code: 37GE-341. Security Password: Patronum," Two continued.

"That's your father's security code! How in the world did you get that?" One asked as he entered them. "Confirmed."

"You think I wouldn't have any insurance? Father told me the code in case of events like these. I'll have to have them changed when I get the chance – I'm not letting anyone use my dead father's security codes to steal or murder." Suddenly, the door was blown off its hinges and the pursuers began to open fire.

"Activating," One said, pressing a button. Light bulbs activated on the frame one by one and with a flash, cloud appeared in the middle of the frame with beams of light forming circles. Two began to open fire on the enemy. One got up from the console and ran towards the frame but a laser beam fired by the pursuers hit him. One fell to the ground. The enemy walked in.

"Surrender in the name of General Marcus Jameson. Give in and we will not harm you," a voice could be heard.

"Never!" Two shouted and continued to fire.

"You know why we are here. The General has ordered that you remain with us humans. You know the law."

"I don't recognise your laws. You can tell the General, whether he is my grandfather or not, that he can take his pathetic laws and shove them so far up his \*\*\*\* that he'll \*\*\*\* microchips for the rest of his life!"

"You've just added treason to your list of crimes," the enemy commander said.

"Good luck – you'll never catch me." Two took a wooden stick out and pointed it at the enemy. "Reducto!" Two shouted. A beam of light fired from it and hit one of the enemy's weapons. A feedback pulse from the gun sent them flying.

"Half-aliens shouldn't be able to use human magic!"

Two turned and fired on the console which instantly exploded. Two then stood next to the frame.

"Sorry – must dash – give my regards to General Jameson, that's if he doesn't have you shot for this!" Both Two and the white bird went into the frame. Seconds later, Two transformed into a flying machine.

"Get them!" The enemy commander shouted. His forces ran into the room and towards the frame. Suddenly, there was a bright flash as the time bomb detonated, blowing up the room.

Inside the vortex, Two was knocked off course by the force of the explosion. It moved away from the exit Two planned to use. Looking, it found another exit and headed towards it.

At Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry, all the staff and students were watching the final of the Inter-house Quidditch Tournament. It was the eagerly awaited match of Gryffindor House vs Slytherin House. It was a chance for Gryffindor House to win the cup, which they had not done for the past seven years.

Quidditch is played on broomsticks with seven members per team. A Keeper on each team guards three hoops on either end while three Chasers try to score using a Quaffle. Two Beaters on each team aim Bludgers at the opponents to stop them from scoring while a Seeker searches for the Golden Snitch; its capture will mean the end of the match and depending on the points, could mean victory or defeat because the capture of the Snitch will give the team 150 points.

The Slytherin team was using every dirty trick they could get away with, even ones they couldn't. Slytherin Seeker Draco Malfoy had just grabbed the back of Gryffindor Seeker Harry Potter's broom to stop him from grabbing the Snitch. Not long after, Harry Potter grabbed the Snitch, therefore earning his team the 150 points they needed to win the match and the Quidditch cup.

There was a party in the Great Hall following the match – Gryffindor and two other houses, Ravenclaw and Hufflepuff, were celebrating the downfall of Slytherin. The members of the Gryffindor Quidditch team were being treated like heroes. Head of Slytherin House Severus Snape was in his foulest mood ever.

But then the noise died down as the torches in the Great Hall began to flicker and then one by one, they went out, placing the hall in darkness. People began to panic. Lightning appeared and struck walls and tables.

"Please remain in your seats," Headmaster Albus Dumbledore shouted, "There is no need to panic."

"Look!" one student shouted, pointing to the centre of the hall. Four lines of lights had appeared – each light on each line appearing one by one and heading towards the end of the line. Suddenly, a big hole appeared in the room where the lines of light were. Only cloud could be seen in the hole. Students got up and looked at it. Then there was a flash of light and something came out and flew around the room.

"That's a white phoenix!" one student shouted.

"It can't be," another student said, "They're very rare and close to dying out."

Then there was another flash of light and Two flew out and slowed down. As it stopped, the wings folded away, legs and arms unfolded, sections moved and adjusted. A small item detached from Two's back just before it stood. It looked around contemplating things.

Dumbledore stood up and pointed his wand at Two. "I mean you no harm. I am going to cast a translator spell so we can understand you." He cast a spell, but it had no effect. A Gryffindor student stood up.

"Miss Granger – sit down," Professor Snape said.

"Please sir, I can understand this person," Hermione Granger replied.

"Impossible. If the Headmaster's translator spell won't work, then how can you understand it? Now sit down before I make you," Snape said.

"It's just a language that our translator spells won't work with," Hermione turned to Two.

"Stupefy!" Snape said, firing a stunning spell at Hermione. Two raised its wand and cast a spell. Snape's spell hit a shield. Professor McGonagall stared at Snape with a look that promised that she would deal with him later for attacking a student.

"YOU!" Two said in English.

"Do I know you?" Snape asked.



"I don't know you personally but one of your descendents ordered the murder of 5,000 children." People gasped. Two looked around then pointed at Ron Weasley.

"That person's descendant also participated in said murder." Two said in an accusing tone, "They were punished for their actions."

"You can't punish them for what may happen in the future." Dumbledore said. Two put the gun away it had just taken out. Two reached and removed a helmet. Everyone looked and saw the face of a girl who looked like she was thirteen years old. She had long red hair and had light blue skin. The adults looked at her as if they were looking at a ghost.

"Lily..." Snape whispered.

"You don't need to fear us." Dumbledore continued.

"I am not scared of humans. My mother was human." Two said.

"What is your name?" Hermione Granger asked.

"Rebecca Jameson – my parents decided to give me a human name." Rebecca said.

"I give you my word, Miss Jameson," Dumbledore said, "That no-one here will harm you."

The small moving machine came to her.

"This is 1812 – my trusted friend." Rebecca said. It started playing the 1812 Overture.

"Shall we take this discussion into my office?" Dumbledore asked. Rebecca nodded and followed the headmaster and his deputy.

They reached what looked like the statue of a gargoyle. "Acid Pops," Dumbledore said. The girl thought he was mad but the statue moved, revealing steps. The strange girl guessed it was some sort of password.

The trio entered Dumbledore's office – the Head teacher sat down behind his desk.

"Please, sit down," Dumbledore said, addressing the young girl. Rebecca complied.

"I assume you're about to ask about my father – he is a Kymellian, my mother is a human," she said.

"Is your mother a Muggle?" Dumbledore asked.

"Ah, yes. That's what you magic users call the mundane humans." Rebecca asked.

"I noticed you perform a shield charm in the Great Hall and you hold a wand. I must assume you are a magic user. Can you tell us anything more about where you come from?"

"What year is this?" Rebecca asked.

"It is May 1994." Dumbledore answered.

"So that explosion not only took me off course by light years but in time too," Rebecca said to herself. "I come from what you would call 2711. I was being hunted along with two friends by humans who killed them."

"I take it you don't like humans?" the woman asked. "I am Minerva McGonagall."

"Not really. They seem to think that they need to conquer planets and people to get their way. They forced my people – peace loving people – into a race who needed to steal weapons to survive. They've driven the Kymellians to the point of extinction. Also, my human grandfather wants to turn me against my people so I can serve the humans."

"Rest assured we are nothing like that. Tell me, have you ever heard of Hogwarts?" Dumbledore asked, then he realised that was the wrong question.

"Heard of it?" Rebecca asked, "Of course I've heard of that death camp! That's where William Snape and James Weasley planned their campaign of genocide against Kymellian children!"

"Nothing like that happens here." Dumbledore said, "You look like you have great magical potential. How would you like to stay here and learn how to embrace your magic until you find a way back home?"

"Why should I?" Rebecca asked.

"Because if you don't I can't offer you protection from the Ministry of Magic, who has passed a number of laws regarding half-breeds." Dumbledore then decided to enter into an explanation about Hogwarts.

"Hogwarts was founded over 1,000 years ago by Godric Gryffindor, Helga Hufflepuff, Rowena Ravenclaw and Salazar Slytherin. Each house is named after these people. We teach various subjects in the world of magic. Transfiguration: Professor McGonagall teaches this, deals with transformations; for example, turning animals into objects. Defence against the Dark Arts deals with fighting evil. Herbology deals with plants. Potions: that says it all. Charms deals with most everyday magic and various others."

"Very well, but I reserve the right to leave if I have the opportunity." Rebecca said.

"Alright," Dumbledore said, "can I ask you about your familiar?"

"Her name is Xantos. She bonded with me a few years ago. She has been my faithful friend ever since," Rebecca said.

"It is very rare to see a white phoenix. I myself have a golden one called Fawkes." Dumbledore pointed to a perch just near his desk. Xantos flew over to it and sat next to Dumbledore's phoenix. Both started to sing.

"That's a sign that they are going to get on just well," Dumbledore said. "Now, we need to sort you into a house. We use a hat to sort our students into houses – Gryffindor, Ravenclaw, Hufflepuff and Slytherin."

McGonagall put the hat on Rebecca's head and to her surprise, it began to talk.

"GRYFFINDOR!" the hat finally said.

"Congratulations, Miss Jameson," McGonagall said.

"One thing, Professor. I'm wearing everything I currently own. I have no money and the only possessions I have are my weapons, my armour, and this broomstick." Rebecca said. She showed a metallic broomstick which was on her back.

"Don't worry about that. We can front the costs of uniforms and books. It helps that you already have a wand. Third Years and above go to the village at weekends – the next trip is tomorrow, so if you ask someone, they might be able to help you." Dumbledore said, offering Rebecca a money bag. "You will need this first." Dumbledore said. He waved his wand and a trunk appeared. "This will keep your items safe until you can get a proper trunk of your own."

"Thank you, Professor." Rebecca said, putting most of her equipment in it. Unknown to the staff, she kept a handgun hidden.

The trio left the office and went back to the Great Hall to find the party still in process.

"I would like to welcome Rebecca Jameson as a guest from the future," he announced,

"She will be staying here until she can return home and the Sorting Hat has placed her in Gryffindor." There was a round of applause from three of the four tables. A group on the Gryffindor table made a space for Rebecca.

"Hello, my name is Harry Potter," said a boy with scruffy looking hair and a lightning bolt scar on his forehead. He shook hands with Rebecca. "These are my best friends, Nymphadora "Don't call me Nymphadora" Tonks," Harry indicated a girl with pink hair next to him, "and Hermione Granger." He indicated the bushy haired girl.

They all walked out of the hall where they saw a blond haired boy with two other boys alongside him who seemed to be like bodyguards.

"Well, well, well. Saint Potter, the blood traitor, Mudblood and a Muggle!" he said. "This place is going downhill, letting Muggles stay. My father will have a fit when I tell him. He'll have Fudge remove this filth from the school."

"Get lost, Malfoy," Harry said. "Mudblood is a filthy name for those who have Muggle parents. Draco Malfoy is so pathetic that he has to claim he's better than others simply because his parents were criminals. His father was a Death Eater – that is a murderer working for a tyrant."

"Don't you insult me!" Malfoy said.

"Malfoy?" Rebecca asked, staring at the blond boy, as if she recognised him, "Ah yes, you look like your distant relative – Colonel Axbrax Malfoy."

"The Malfoy line lives on then where you come from?" Draco asked, forgetting who he was talking to.

"Yes, I had the great pleasure of meeting Colonel Malfoy," Rebecca said.

"You have? Malfoys are such a pleasure to meet. I can arrange for you to meet my father. To know you are associated with Malfoys in your time will carry a lot of weight with him and the Ministry."

"Yeah, I had the pleasure of meeting him, because five minutes later, I killed him and I believe that was the end of the Malfoy line forever."

"What? Why?" Malfoy shouted. Everyone else was gobsmacked.

"Because he was killing innocent Kymellian children."

"Do you know who my father is?" Malfoy asked.

"I don't know who your father is ferret boy and to be completely honest, I don't care. (Draco looked like someone had slapped him in the face.) Colonel Malfoy tried the same tricks and no-one listened

to him. Now why don't you be a good boy and get lost before you get hurt."

Before Malfoy could say anything, he received a shock. Everyone looked down and saw Rebecca's small box touching his ankle with something, giving him electric shocks. It was squeaking in a threatening manner. Malfoy and his thugs walked away, Draco threatening her with his father.

"Don't be afraid, Harry. My people don't believe in violence, only in self-defence," Rebecca told them, "That is a D.R.D – diagnostic repair drones. This one, 1812 is also a loyal friend."

Please review

The DRDs and 1812 come from the Farscape series so acknowledgements to the writers and creators. No, it will not become a crossover, the 1812 DRD is a good character in itself.

I dug out this material from Harry and Fleur from an old flash drive. I'm not sure if I'm going to continue this, but here is the rest.

## HARRY AND FLEUR 2

The common room was empty as Harry stood in it, waiting for Hermione. Finally, she came down wearing a low cut periwinkle coloured dress.

"You look beautiful Hermione." Harry said, "If Fleur and Krum hadn't asked us, I would have asked you."

The two shared a hug. Harry turned around and held out his arm.

"Now, Miss. Granger, will you accompany me to the Entrance Hall to meet our dates?" he asked.

"I would be honoured Mr. Potter." Hermione said, with a giggle. She put her arm through Harry's and the two left.

"I bet Granger is in the common room crying because no-one would ask her out." Ron was saying – he was wearing his normal clothes because he was not permitted to attend the ball. Molly Weasley actually send McGonagall a Howler over it. But no-one was listening to him. They could see Harry walking down with Hermione.

"Looks like Potter snagged her." Dean Thomas said. Ron looked in shock as his former friends walked past him. They could see Fleur and Krum and walked over to them.

"Mr. Krum," Harry said, "May I present Miss. Hermione Granger." He gave Hermione a kiss on the cheek before she went over to Krum, who kissed her hand.

"Delighted. Mr. Potter, may I present Miss. Fleur Delacour?" Harry took Fleur's hand and kissed it. McGonagall came forward as the other students entered the hall.

"We're just about ready for you." She said. The quartet got in a line – Cedric and Cho Chang were in front. The doors to the entrance hall opened and the three couples walked in to applause. They went to the centre of the room. Professor Flitwick was conducting the

Hogwarts marching band. He got them playing a dancing tune and the three couples started to dance.

"So it's settled then," Bagman said, "Cho Chang is the treasure for Mr. Diggory. What about Mr. Potter?" There was a meeting with the Triwizard judges and the Hogwarts Head of Houses to decide who the Second Task treasures would be.

"I suggest Ronald Weasley." Snape said.

"I disagree there Severus," McGonagall said, "The friendship between those two has been strained that much, if Mr. Potter found him at the bottom of the Black Lake, he would probably leave him there."

"I understand he lives with Muggle relatives – what if we put one of them down there?" Bagman suggested.

"He would most certainly refuse to rescue any of them. If he could, he would tell the Mermen they could keep them." McGonagall answered, "All I will say is that they mistreat him seriously and whatever you've read in the books are untrue."

"Who would you suggest then?" Bagman asked.

"You could count the amount of friends he has on one hand," McGonagall said, "There's Hermione Granger and Ginevra Weasley. I also notice he's rather close to Fleur Delacour but we can't pick her. He's also fond of a house elf called Dobby."

Harry landed on the platform with a loud banging sound. Fleur fought her way over to him.

"You saved my sister! Veela and Merpeople are arch enemies so they would have killed her! You saved her though you didn't have to." She said. Before Harry could say anything, she was giving him a full on kiss on the lips. With the sound of hooting and catcalling in the background, he returned the kiss until Dumbledore got their attention to announce the results.

"Now that Mr. Potter and Miss. Delacour have finished holding court, it is time to announce the results. The winner of this event is Cedric Diggory, who with perfect use of the Bubble-Head charm was the



first to return with his hostage in 49 minutes. Viktor Krum was the second to return in 55 minutes. Harry Potter returned over the time limit but with two hostages. According to the Chief Merperson, Mr. Potter took time because he wanted to make sure all the hostages were saved."

The following day's copy of the Daily Prophet was full of the news about Harry and Fleur.

## BOY WHO LIVED DATING HALF-VEELA

There has been much speculation about Harry Potter's relationship with the Beauxbatons champion, half-Veela Fleur Delacour ever since the two champions were partners at the Yule Ball last Christmas.

Now, their romantic relationship can be confirmed as your reporter and many students and teachers witnessed them sharing a passionate romantic kiss following the second task.

There has been much concern over this relationship. Miss. Delacour has been accused of using her Veela charms to ensnare Mr. Potter but it is claimed that Mr. Potter is immune to the effects of her charms.

"Professor Moody put us under the Imperious curse in his class," student Neville Longbottom said, "and Harry was the only one to be able to resist it. I'm told that the Veela charms are similar to it so I think he's in this relationship of his own free will."

"I think, being the Boy-Who-Lived," said fellow student Draco Malfoy, "that his best interests should be served by dating a Pureblood female instead of this half-breed tart."

Other students have expressed similar concern. I urge Professors Dumbledore and McGonagall to do the right thing and put an end to this relationship at once.

McGonagall summoned Harry into her office after the article was released.

"Now Harry," she began, "Rita Skeeter is poking her nose in where it does not belong. I can inform you that myself and Professor

Dumbledore cannot order you to end your relationship with Miss. Delacour, but I can ask you to show a bit of discretion though."

Molly Weasley threw that issue of the Daily Prophet on to the floor. Harry was supposed to be dating her Ginny, not a half-veela tart! Desperate steps had to be taken!

She used the floo to call Dumbledore and explained the problem.

"Of course, you can come and see Ginny to get her to convince Mr. Potter to change his mind." He said.

She stepped through the floo and ended up in Dumbledore's office. Minutes later, Ginny was brought in.

"Ginny," Mrs. Weasley said, "We need you to convince Harry that his relationship with Fleur Delacour is a bad idea."

"He's happy with her!" Ginny said, "I admit I did want him but I don't want to ruin things for them."

"It's for the greater good Miss. Weasley," Dumbledore said.

"We just need to charm a few things." Mrs. Weasley said, pointing her wand at Ginny. Within seconds, her lips turned into a pout, with red lipstick on. Lots of make-up also appeared on her face. Finally, Ginny noticed that her mother had enlarged her breasts to a 44DD (UK size).

"I can't go out like this!" Ginny shouted.

"As I said, it's for the Greater Good." Dumbledore said.

"It'll never work!" she shouted again, then seemed to change her mind.

Ginny soon saw Harry and went over to him. He could tell she was fighting to resist the effects of something.

"Ginny, what's going on?" he asked.

"I need to ask you out on a date." Ginny said, half under the effects of a curse.

"Gin, what's happened to you?" Harry asked, noticing her changes for the first time.

"Mum did this to me," she struggled to say.

Harry pointed his wand at her. "Finite." He said. The make-up, pout and more importantly, the enlarged breasts vanished. Ginny also seemed to get over the curse.

"Sorry about that Harry," Ginny said, "Mum and Dumbledore are under the delusion that you should date me instead of Fleur. Mum put all these charms on me to make me able to seduce you. But I promise I had nothing to do with it."

"I believe you," Harry said, "Let's have some fun with your mother and Dumbledore." He told her part of the plan.

Later on, Harry went to visit Fleur in the Beaubaton's carriage. Now his and Fleur's relationship was out in the open, he was welcome there.

"So, you want us to 'pretend' to break up in public where you will declare your undying love for Miss. Weasley and kiss her in the Great Hall." Fleur said.

"Yes, but nothing will change between us, it's to help get one back at that meddling Dumbledork and Molly Weasley. I will 'pretend' to be with Ginny for a few days and then will come the master point of the plan. I will get Dobby the house-elf to leave a few 'incriminating' letters laying about which will make people believe I'm going to ask her to be my life-mate." He explained the rest of the plan.

Ginny was 'reporting' back to Molly and Dumbledore.

"I told you those charms wouldn't work. Harry had to remove them first before he told me I was good looking as I already am. But he told me that Fleur was just a practice girlfriend and he's going to dump her and find me later."

She left the room to 'go and find Harry'. Dumbledore turned to Mrs. Weasley.

"I knew he would come round." Dumbledore said.

Over the next few days, Harry would kiss Ginny in public (only quick kisses however). Lavender Brown found a piece of parchment on the floor of Gryffindor Tower and looked at it and gasped.

Within hours, the news that Harry was going to ask Ginny Weasley to be his life-mate over Fleur Delacour was all over the school. Ron was fuming at the news. Despite what he thought of Harry, he knew that with Fleur Delacour, he wouldn't bother the Weasley family again. He knew steps had to be taken.

On the fifth day, after everyone had entered the Great Hall for the evening meal, Fleur came up to Harry and slapped him across the face.

"I thought we had something going, now I find you dump me for that red-haired slag over there!" she shouted, sounding very convincing, the Veela temper beginning to flare, "Now I also find you plan to ask her to be your life-mate."

They could see Molly and Dumbledore enter the room. They knew Molly was there to witness this event. Harry got everyone's attention.

"You are all here tonight because you believe you're going to witness myself bond with Ginny Weasley as my life-mate who will later become the next Lady Potter."

He went over to Ginny and gave her a quick kiss, looked on with approval by Mrs. Weasley.

"Well, you're all wrong!" he shouted, causing gasps to fly across the room. He turned to Ginny, "No hard feelings Ginny, but you're more sister or best friend material, I just can't see us working, no offence."

"None taken, but would a consolation snog be out of the question?" Ginny replied, half-joking. Ron breathed a sigh of relief.

"I'm of the belief that people should be with whoever they choose, and I choose Fleur," Harry said, "I wish to announce that I intend to ask Fleur Delacour to be my life-mate and I swear on my magic, not that I should have too, that she has NOT used her Veela charms to ensnare me."

The two went over and kissed.

"But Harry, the two of you broke up and we've seen you kissing Ginny." One Gryffindor said.

"It was all an act – both Fleur and Ginny were in on the plan, just to annoy the hell out of Dumbledore and Molly Firebomb Weasley, although it looks like she's going to turn into a Howler right now." Harry answered.

Everyone looked and they could see Molly Weasley turning into a shade of purple and red. Fred and George cast silencing charms around them as they knew a major Molly Weasley temper tantrum was approaching.

Only JK Rowling owns Harry Potter and all related characters

AN: This is a story written by my daughter Annabeth during various hospital stays – she loves Fred and George and was in tears when Fred was killed in Deathly Hallows. It was that bad, she swore never to read that book again. So with the encouragement of both myself and her mother, she decided to write a complete AU where neither Weasley twin dies. It's also AU to the point where Voldemort was killed at a different time. Pairings in this chapter are: Harry/Luna

Troublemakers

Chapter 1 – Baby Sophie

"HARRY!" Luna Potter called up the stairs. Harry came down from upstairs and kissed Luna as he walked into the kitchen at Number 12 Grimmauld Place.

"What's wrong?" Harry asked as he picked up baby Sophie from her high-chair. The six-month old was the image of Luna but she had Harry's emerald green eyes and his messy black hair.

"Angelina just fire-called. She needs you for training P.D.Q.," Luna replied.

"Can we get your dad to babysit?" Harry asked.

"He's busy hunting for Nargles."

"What about the Weasleys?"

"Bill is still on honeymoon with Fleur; Charlie is with the dragons; Percy is busy as Minister while Ron is working abroad for the Aurors. Molly and Arthur are too busy"

"What about Ginny?" Harry asked.

"She's too busy at the Holyhead Harpies. Looks like we'll have to ask Fred and George."

Harry groaned. They only asked Fred and George to babysit as a last resort. As the only new generation child in the extended family, Fred and George had been trying to get babysitting jobs so they

could get her alone so they could corrupt her at an early age. But thanks to Luna overhearing their plans, their grand idea had been busted.

"Just tell them not to bring any pranks near her."

Luna made a firecall to Weasleys Wizarding Wheezes to arrange for the twins to babysit. "NO playing pranks or else," she warned. Fred and George came through the fire and took Sophie out of Harry's arms.

"And how is our favourite niece this morning?" George asked.

"She's your only niece Forge," said Harry.

"We shouldn't be longer than two or three hours." Luna told the twins.

"That's alright – we love to spend time with dear little Sophie," Fred said.

"A quick word. NO taking Sophie to WWW unless you really have to," Harry warned.

"Have we ever let you two down?" the twins asked in their mock hurt tones.

"YES!" both Harry and Luna shouted.

Harry and Luna both kissed Sophie on the head then apparated to their respective work places.

An hour later, the twins had finally been able to calm Sophie down. As soon as her parents left, she started crying. They tried feeding her, changing her nappy and then doing all sorts to calm her down. But they stopped short of playing pranks. But now she was happy, things were getting boring.

Suddenly, the fire came to life and Lee Jordan's face appeared.

"Can you come to the store please? We're packed and there's only me and Katie," he said and then vanished. Fred grabbed Sophie, and the three apparated to the store. George conjured a crib and Fred put the baby down in it then the two went out to the store.

Thirty minutes later, Fred and George came back to check on Sophie, who was very quiet.

"Gred, I have the perfect idea for a prank, and the best thing is that Harry and Luna won't know a thing about it!" George said.

"I'm all ears, Forge," Fred replied.

Ten minutes later, there were posters up around Diagon Alley with the text:

ONE TIME ONLY AT WEASLEY'S WIZARDING WHEEZES!

CUDDLE HARRY POTTER'S BABY DAUGHTER!

ONLY 10 KNUTS EACH. ALL MONEY GOES TO FUTURE PRANK RESEARCH!

There were huge lines outside WWW. Sophie had been placed on a table with a cushioning charm on it with a few toys and after the customer had paid up, they got to give her a cuddle. It seemed everyone wanted to cuddle the daughter of the Boy-Who-Destroyed-Voldemort. Some people were even rejoining the line in order to get a second cuddle.

An hour later, Fred and George had made a fortune, and there were still people waiting in line. Some people had been convinced to buy some wheezes. When it was known that Fred and George were Sophie's honorary uncles, it made them more popular and people were more inclined to buy their products.

Thirty minutes later, Harry and Luna had apparated to the Leaky Cauldron for some lunch, and then decided to go into Diagon Alley to buy a few things for Sophie. Harry opened up the entrance and they walked in. People walked up to them.

"Afternoon, Mr. Potter, Mrs. Potter. You sure have a very cute baby," one person said. He had multi-colour hair. Both Harry and Luna looked at it with a strange look.

"Thank you," Harry said, confused. Other people complimented Sophie to them. They also had multi-colour hair.



"Hello, Mr. Potter. I just got to see your daughter, and I think she is the cutest thing I ever did see. A perfect mixture of both of you," a witch said. She too had multi-colour hair.

"What do you mean?" Luna asked. "She should be at home with her babysitters."

"Didn't you know?" The witch pointed to one of the signs. She then led them to the line outside WWW. Harry and Luna cut the line. They got to the counter and saw a young witch go up and cuddle Sophie – before their eyes as Sophie got cuddled, the witches' hair changed colour. Without realising it, the witch walked away.

"Two of you. It'll be twenty knuts. George will show you the way," Fred said without looking at who was there.

"I don't pay my prankster partners in order to cuddle my own daughter," Harry said. Fred looked up and felt very green.

"So," Luna said in her best impression of Molly Weasley. "GEORGE WEASLEY – GET OVER HERE!" Harry turned to the line.

"Everyone out! This store is closed for the rest of the day," he said as he shooed everyone out and locked the door. George joined Fred at the counter and saw Harry and Luna. He looked as sick as Fred.

Harry cast a silencing charm around Sophie. He didn't want her to hear this. Luna turned herself into full Molly Weasley mode.

"WHAT DO YOU THINK YOU WERE DOING? WE TOLD YOU NO PRANKS AND NOT TO BRING HER HERE UNLESS YOU HAD TOO!" she shouted.

"We had no choice. Lee and Katie needed help," Fred protested.

"HOW DARE YOU THINK YOU CAN USE HER STATUS AS HARRY POTTER'S DAUGHTER TO MAKE MONEY? HOW COULD YOU USE HER TO PLAY PRANKS ON YOUR CUSTOMERS?"

"IT'S REASONS LIKE THIS WE DO NOT ASK YOU TO BABYSIT! JUST WHEN WE THOUGHT YOU COULD NOT STOOP ANY LOWER. IF YOU TWO THINK YOU WILL EVER BE BABYSITTING

IN THE FUTURE, YOU CAN BLOODY WELL THINK AGAIN! NEXT TIME WE ARE DESPERATE, WE'LL TAKE HER TO WORK OURSELVES! YOU TWO ARE IN SUCH BIG TROUBLE!"

The twins thought they were safe after Luna's yelling but they were wrong. She got her wand out and hit both of them with the most painful hex she could come up with. Harry then turned them into gnomes and caged them.

"How should we get our revenge on these two, my love?" Harry asked. Luna whispered in his ear.

"Good idea." With a wave of his hand, all the signs around Diagon Alley changed. They now read:

PRACTICE YOUR GNOME THROWING!

ENQUIRE AT HOGWARTS BETWEEN 3PM AND 5PM.

TEN KNUTS PER THROW.

ALL MONEY WILL BE DONATED TO ST MUNGO'S.

FIFTY GALLEON PRIZE TO THE BEST THROWER.

There was a huge line at Hogwarts (which Professor McGonagall had allowed them to use for the afternoon during the holidays for this purpose) waiting to attend this event hosted by Harry Potter. For once, Harry didn't mind using his fame to help get revenge on his treasonous partners.

The gnome Fred and George were let out of the cage and frozen. As people paid up, they got to pick up Fred and George one by one and throw them the best way they could into the Great Lake. After each throw, Harry used the summoning charm to bring them back. Colin Creevey paid up and threw the two – then the giant squid caught them and threw them in the air before catching them and throwing them out some more.

At 5 p.m., it was announced that Colin had won the prize. Harry turned the twins back to normal.

"Have you learned your lesson?" Luna asked.

"Yes," Fred said.

"And what lesson is that?" she asked.

"Not to cross our business partner and his wife," George said.

"And not to use our niece in our pranks," Fred continued.

"And that trying to corrupt her to our way of thinking is an idea which will never work," they both said.

"A lesson that will serve you well to remember, otherwise we'll be arranging an event like this for next weekend," Harry said.

"George, I believe we've been outdone here," Fred said.

True to their word, Fred and George behaved themselves around Sophie and were trusted to babysit again a few months later, and they remained at 12 Grimmauld Place, only taking her to the store if they had to. For her first Christmas, they did give her a small box of WWW pranks with the understanding they were not to be used until she attended Hogwarts. In time, Fred and George did become her favourite uncles.

Harry Potter belongs to JK Rowling, not me.

Another chapter in my daughter's Troublemakers series - this is set 11 years after the events of the first chapter. Strictly AU! To her, killing Fred, Dobby, Hedwig, Remus and Tonks was sacrilege and totally unforgivable.

## Chapter Two

### The Day Before Hogwarts

"We're in trouble, brother," Fred Weasley said to his brother in the back room of Weasley's Wizarding Wheezes, "our niece Sophie starts at Hogwarts tomorrow and we've not been able to corrupt her to our way of thinking with pranks. Hogwarts needs a new set of Marauders!"

"I've not dared think of teaching her the art of pranking since Harry and Luna caught us making money off Sophie, and using her for a prank when she was a baby." George said, remembering an incident when the twins took their eldest niece Sophie to WWW while babysitting and they decided to use her in a prank. They got caught and subjected to a very rough punishment from Harry and Luna.

"Sophie pranking at Hogwarts won't go down well with our dear partner as Charms teacher and Head of Gryffindor House, with our sister as flying teacher and Luna being Transfiguration teacher doesn't help either," George continued.

Since their last attempt to corrupt their eldest niece, Harry had retired from Quidditch and Luna left the Department of Mysteries. Both had taken up teaching at Hogwarts. Harry took up Charms after Professor Flitwick sadly died from dragon pox, Ginny Weasley took the job of Flying and Quidditch when Madam Hooch retired and when the last Transfiguration teacher resigned, Luna took on the job.

"Well, we've got no chance of doing it now. Mum's looking after the girls while Harry and Luna prepare for their classes today," Fred said with a groan. They knew trying to teach someone the art of pranking with Molly Weasley in the immediate area was like trying to teach Draco Malfoy on how to be a good boy and respect the Muggleborns!

Suddenly, the fireplace came to life, and then Harry and Luna came through.

"Just the people we need," Harry said.

"We're all ears, brother," Fred said.

"We've been summoned to appear at Ron and Pansy's divorce hearing, along with your parents and Ginny," Luna said.

"Why can't these marriages last?" Fred asked. Ron's marriage was the latest Weasley marriage to fail. A year before, Charlie and his wife divorced, while five years before, Percy got divorced from his wife. Fred and George were still unmarried while Bill was still happily married to Fleur Delacour. Ginny was happily married to Neville Longbottom - their eldest son was also starting at Hogwarts the next day.

"So can you go to Number 12 and babysit the girls, please?" Harry asked, referring to Sophie along with their younger daughters – six year old Molly and one year old twins Amy and Lily.

"Sure," George said, with a twinkle in his eye.

They all used the floo to return to 12 Grimwald Place. Harry called Sophie and Molly over and told them that Uncles Fred and George were babysitting while they help Aunt Pansy sort out their very naughty Uncle Ron.

"NO PRANKS!" Both Harry and Luna said to the twins at the same time, before leaving through the floo.

"Sophie, would you know where your dad left his school paperwork?" Fred asked.

"Sorry, I don't, Uncle Fred," she replied.

"Idiot," George said, hitting Fred on the arm, "Harry is NOT going to leave the Marauders' Map and the Prank Notes anywhere where anyone is going to find them."

"How are we going to find them, then?" Fred asked. George got his wand out.

"Like this. Accio Marauders Map and Prank Notes," George said. Seconds later, a piece of parchment flew into his hand. He unrolled it and read it, "Blast! Harry's smarter than we thought." He passed it to Fred who read it.

"Nice try, Gred and Forge. We anticipated that you would use the last few days before Sophie started Hogwarts to try to get the Map and Prank Notes so you could teach her the art of pranking so we locked them up in Gringotts. Now, please do your babysitting job properly."

Both Sophie and Molly laughed when Fred read out the note.

"Wonder if they'll think of Uncle Moony then Uncle Padfoot's copies?" Sophie whispered to Molly over ice-cream (an obvious bribe which failed). As if he read their minds, Fred stepped forward.

"Do you know if Remus is in today?" he asked.

"They're in. Mum and Dad asked him and Aunt Tonks to baby-sit, but sadly, Jessica is unwell so they have to look after her," Sophie said.

"How come you still call her Aunt Tonks?" George said.

"Have you seen her when someone calls her Nymphadora?" asked Molly, "She gave Daddy a very painful curse last time she caught him calling her Nymphadora."

Fred went to the floo and threw some powder in. "Lupin Lodge." He stuck his head in the fire.

"Afternoon, Moony," he said.

"Afternoon, Fred. I'm afraid you can't have what you wanted to ask me," Remus replied.

"You wound me. What's wrong with saying hello to our favourite DADA teacher?"

"I don't think I did a very good job, since you and George got T's in your DADA OWL. Anyhow, Harry anticipated you would ask me for

my copies of the Prank Notes and Marauder's Map. I'm sorry to say they are locked up in Gringotts."

"Thanks anyway, Moony." Fred's head vanished from the floo.

"Harry and Luna are too smart!" Fred said to George.

"What do you expect from the two people to get the highest marks on Hogwarts N.E.W.T.s since Dumbledore?" George asked.

The twins decided to join Sophie and Molly for some ice cream while they considered their options.

"What house do you think you'll be in, Sophie?" Fred asked.

"I'm hoping for Gryffindor like Mum and Dad. It'll be weird having Dad as my head of house, though," she replied.

"Just be grateful you don't have Professor McGonagall as your head of house. She can detect troublemakers a mile away," George said.

"We owe many of our detentions to her," Fred said solemnly.

"It says in Hogwarts – A History that you two broke the record of detentions received – about 6,220 in seven years," Molly said.

"The previous record was 6,218 from 1971 – 1977 and that record was held by Granddad Potter and his Marauders," Sophie said.

"Moony, Wormtail, Padfoot and Prongs – they taught us more than the teachers did at Hogwarts." Fred said with a look of awe.

"Mum said you got three O's in your OWLs and six T's and left Hogwarts before taking your N.E.W.T.s," Sophie said.

"We should have got E's for the rest of the subjects, though," George said.

"How come?" Molly asked.

"We exceed expectations just by attending the exams," Fred said.

"Grandma Molly told me you two failed the rest on purpose," Sophie commented. Molly Weasley considered Harry and Luna's children her surrogate grandchildren, treated them as such and told them to call her Grandma. Fred then looked as if he had a major inspiration.

"I've got it!" he shouted. Cries broke the silence as the twins started to cry. Sophie and Molly went up and collected them and gave them a bottle each.

"Wormtail's map and notes must have been long lost, but Padfoot's copies should still be here!" Fred said.

"Good thinking, Gred!" George replied. He got his wand out.

"Accio Padfoot's map and notes!" A piece of parchment flew into Fred's hands. He read it out loud.

"Good idea remembering Padfoot's copies, guys. But we remembered them first. They are also in Gringotts with mine and Moony's copies. Sophie, Molly – we're going to trust you with the girls for a few hours because Uncles Fred and George are about to be punished for their attempts to corrupt you. It's a good thing they failed because I would hate to give my own daughter detention for pranking."

"Punish us? How can he punish us while he is at the Ministry?" George asked. Suddenly the twins vanished. They reappeared in a locked cage next to the Potter owl Hedwig. They had been turned into owls – they began to hoot very loudly as soon as they found out they were locked in. Hedwig looked at them with disgust.

Hours later, Sophie and Molly were reading a few of the course books in order to get Sophie prepared for school. The twins had been fed and changed and were having a nap. The floo activated, and Harry and Luna stepped out.

"I can't believe Ron would cheat on Pansy with Draco Malfoy of all people," Luna said.

"I'm glad Madame Bones gave him what he deserved. I can't believe cheating on a spouse with someone of the same sex now gets you six months in Azkaban," Harry continued.



"Looks like he needs a new career now he's been sacked by the Aurors. Maybe he should try to convince your dad to give him a job writing for The Quibbler after he's released from jail."

The girls threw themselves at their parents who hugged them. Harry then saw the cage with Fred and George the owls in them. The twins took one look at Harry and Luna and hooted madly. Hedwig hooted at the twins and they soon shut up.

"Good girl, Hedwig," Sophie said, giving her an owl treat. Hedwig gave her an appreciative hoot.

"Looks like those two tried to find the Marauders' Map," Harry said. He waved his hand and the cage vanished. Fred and George began to fly away. Harry waved his hand again and the twins turned back to normal. Suddenly, they landed on the floor in the most painful way possible.

"When will you two learn that you will NEVER outsmart us?" Luna asked.

The twins were silent.

"For what you tried to do, I'm going to sentence you two to a week's punishment with Filch. He may not be allowed to chain students up in the dungeons but there's nothing in the rule book about revenge against FORMER students," Harry said. He went to the fire and threw some powder in it: "Argus Filch's Office, Hogwarts." Filch's face appeared a few seconds later.

"What is it, Potter?" he asked.

"How would you like to chain up the Weasley twins in your dungeon for a week?"

"Really? Bring them through." Filch moved out of the way. Harry took Fred to the fire (after taking his wand) and pushed him through the flames. Luna then did the same to George.

The next day at Hogwarts, Filch was standing at the Great Hall in a very good mood with a very rare smile on his face. He was looking as if Christmas had come early. Harry and Luna watched as

Professor Sprout held out the Sorting Hat and read from a roll of parchment.

"Potter, Sophie."

Sophie walked up and sat on the stool. Professor Sprout put the hat on her head and almost instantly, it shouted out "GRYFFINDOR!"

After the feast, Filch took Harry and Luna down to the dungeons where Fred and George were chained to the ceiling by their feet. The two started laughing.

"Mercy! Save us, partner," Fred pleaded.

"We give in! We promise not to try and corrupt your children!" George said.

"We'll do anything, just get us down from here!" they both shouted.

"No can do, I'm afraid. I promised Filch a week of you chained up and he is getting his wish," Harry said as he and Luna left the dungeons.

The twins were released after a week of painful suffering. They kept their promise not to get the Potter children interested in pranking, but did succeed in corrupting the son of Ginny and Neville Longbottom.

Please review, with thanks to all my betas

As usual, I don't own anything.

Harry Potter: Hermione's Daughter?

"Where's Harry?" Hermione Granger asked, frantic with worry. Her best friend had not been seen in two days.

It had been a month since the Battle of Hogwarts, which has seen the final end of the Dark Wizard Voldemort. People had overwhelmed Harry, with words of thanks and then some started making open accusations against him, because of the deaths of loved ones. The Weasley family were talking about taking legal action over the death of Fred and over Harry's refusal to marry Ginny.

Harry and Hermione were staying at Hogwarts to help make repairs to the castle, so it would be open for the students next year. It was planned that if they wanted to, the students would be able to retake the year mainly because of the standards of teaching under Voldemort and Death Eater duress.

After checking the Room of Requirement for the third time that day, Dobby the House-Elf appeared in front of her. He was slowly recovering from being stabbed by Bellatrix Lestrange a month ago.

"Miss Grangey – you must go to Dogfather's house now!" he said.

"Is Harry there? He is alright?" Hermione asked. Dobby wouldn't say anything. After informing Professor McGonagall where she would be, she ran to the edge of the Hogwarts wards and apparated to Number 12.

Going into the house, she was surprised to find it really tidy. The elf heads were no longer on the walls, the Black Family tapestry has been removed and Mrs. Black's voice couldn't be heard. In fact, her portrait couldn't be seen.

"HARRY!" Hermione shouted. Then she could hear the sounds of crying. She looked around the house and found the source of the crying in one of the bedrooms. It was a baby – Hermione looked at her. She was roughly a few days old. Looking at her, she could tell it was Harry. She could see an empty potions vial on the bed. Dobby then appeared.

"I have to give this to Harry Potter's Grangey." He said, passing a letter over to Hermione. She opened it:

Dear Hermione,

If you are reading this, then you are at Number 12 and you are looking at a baby girl. I took a de-aging and sex-change potion. Let me tell you why.

I lived the life of hell with the Dursleys. I was lucky to survive to be able to attend Hogwarts. Then when I get there, I'm in even greater risk because of what Dumbledore allowed to happen. I discovered in memories given to me by Snape and from when I saw Dumbledore in the afterlife, he arranged for the Philosopher's Stone to test me then allowed things to happen to see what would happen. Then at the end of each year, I'm sent back to the Dursleys and face death daily there. Dumbledore knew and did nothing.

To everyone in the wizarding world, I'm the Boy Who Lived or whatever the Daily Prophet portrays me as each week. I was slowly moulded into a weapon, with the hope I would die killing Voldemort.

You know the Weasleys want to sue me over Fred's death? They said they would drop the lawsuit if I agreed to marry Ginny and convince you to marry Ron. I told them it would never happen.

After everything I've been through the previous sixteen years, at Hogwarts and Privet Drive, I can never have a life. There will always be someone wanting the autograph of the Boy Who Lived, or an interview, or dreaming of some lawsuit to get some money or the worst of things, dreaming of criminal charges to have me sent to prison.

That is why I did this. If the potion is correct, then I will be a three day old girl with no memories of what happened. There is apparently a spell which will enable you to feed me the way mothers do.

You've always been there for me. The Philosopher's Stone, Chamber of Secrets, Sirius and the Dementors, the Triwizard, Umbridge, everything. If you are willing, then I want you to raise me. Remember I said during the trek that things had to change and

could I count on your support and you offered it unconditionally? This is one of those things I said had to change.

"Of course I will!" Hermione said.

I know there were betting pools around Hogwarts about how soon it would take us to get together but our love for each other were just brother & sister, but no-one was to know.

You will need to take me to Gringotts as soon as possible to fill in some paperwork.

I will have given orders for everything in the Potter/Black/Gryffindor vaults to be transferred to a new vault in your name – there will only be 2 galleons left in the Potter vaults for the greedy people to fight over and that is being generous.

You will need to sign the papers transferring me into your custody along with providing blood for a blood adoption. The potion already has my blood in it. It will make me your child in the full sense of the law. Thankfully, we slept together on the quest as neither of us wanted to die virgins so you can truthfully say we had sex. The goblins already have the paperwork saying the baby is our child. If not, the Ministry can rule that I have to return to the Dursleys despite my wishes otherwise, and this time, I may not live to see Hogwarts or any other school.

Dobby, Winky and Kreacher will help you with me and I hope you will take on this responsibility and give me the childhood I should have had. Dobby has agreed on wages of five galleons a week plus weekends off every two weeks. Winky and Kreacher don't want a thing, except to serve the family.

Please don't tell anyone about what I have done – if you do this for me, then I will be legally classed as dead. Gringotts has my will – in it, with the exception of a few bequests, I leave everything to you and our 'daughter' and the goblins will tell you that everything has been transferred. This is just for appearances' sake. My official cause of death will be a delayed reaction to Voldemort's killing curse during the final battle. I'll leave the story to be told up to you and the goblins.

While you are in Gringotts, they will give you a special necklace which will detect attempts to dose you with love potions – apparently, there is a plan to use potions to make you fall in love with Ron to get fresh blood into the Weasley clan.

As you know there are a number of people in Hogwarts and the world who will help you. Neville Longbottom, Daphne Greengrass, Blaise Zabini, George Weasley have all been confirmed as supporting our cause, they already know of the plan.

Thank you again 'Mione.

Harry James Potter

Hermione shed a few tears after reading the letter. She walked over to the infant – Dobby had dressed her and picked her up.

The Daily Prophet was delivered the next day sporting the following article:

## HARRY POTTER DEAD!

It was announced today that Harry Potter, the Boy-Who-Lived has died in his home. There has been no official cause of death but there is wild speculation that there was a delayed effect to the killing curse You-Know-You hit him with during the Final Battle.

He has already been buried in his family plot, which is under various protection charms.

His will is to be read in Gringotts tomorrow afternoon, it is expected that the main beneficiaries will be his best friends Ron Weasley and Hermione Granger along with his Muggle relatives.

"Not bloody likely." Neville Longbottom said, reading the paper. As one of two neutral witnesses to the will, he knew what was in it. He was one of a very select few who knew the exact content of the will (even Hermione didn't know the exact wording and Ron knew nothing about it) and knew that nothing had been left for the Dursleys.

The following day, people had gathered at Gringotts for Harry's will reading. Hermione and baby Samantha (she decided on the name

before going to Gringotts) – after the blood adoption potion, she now had Hermione's bushy hair and Harry's emerald green eyes, sat at one side with Neville, Daphne, Blaise and George sitting next to her with the other Weasleys plus other people at the other side of the room. She also had Andromeda Tonks with her for legal advice and support – she also knew what was happening. Krantor the goblin picked up a piece of parchment.

"Good afternoon, everyone. This is the will reading of Harry James Potter. Please remain silent as I read this."

This is the last will and testament of Harry James Potter. I am not under any undue influence or mind altering potions as I write this.

First things first, I leave the sum of 10,000 galleons and my shares in Weasleys Wizarding Wheezes to George Weasley in the hope that he will continue to develop many new pranks, despite the sad loss of his brother.

To Neville Longbottom, I leave the Sword of Gryffindor. My bloodline proves I am a descendant of Godric Gryffindor, so I have the right to give the sword away. You've earned it mate. I also leave you 50,000 galleons and this piece of advice – marry Hannah before forces try to swing you the other way. I will ask you to help Hermione as often as you can.

(Harry had found out about plans for the Weasleys to try enter Neville into a marriage contract if Harry died – just like Potter, the name Longbottom commanded more respect than the Malfoys and Weasleys put together. But Neville was dating Hannah Abbott.)

Daphne Greengrass and Blaise Zabini, the two of you have been there since the three of us started Hogwarts, working undercover to provide valuable intelligence. You have also been good friends. I leave 25,000 galleons each.

Ron and certain other Weasleys were starting to get impatient.

"What about us?" Ron shouted.

"Just wait Ronnie." Molly Weasley said, "He must be saving his best friends until last."

"Mr. Weasley!" the goblin said, "This is your only warning, interrupt me again and you will be silenced." Ron quickly shut up.

Finally, I leave everything else to my widow, Hermione Jean Potter and our daughter Samantha. To those not in the know, the two of us married while on the run after that pompous self opinionated idiot Ron walked out on us. Hermione kept her pregnancy under wraps via glamour charms.

I was told I have to include this but my Muggle relatives Vernon and Petunia Dursley are not to receive so much as a Knut from my estate. They are also not to get any access of any description with my daughter.

Krantor put the will away. Molly stood up.

"I contest the will! Harry was not in his right mind when he wrote it – he would have left something to the rest of my family!"

"As it happens, Mrs. Weasley," Krantor said, "Three of St. Mungo's best Mind Healers examined Mr. Potter as he wrote the will and determined that he was of right mind when he wrote it – if he didn't leave anything for your family, then it must have been for a good reason."

Mrs. Weasley was determined to get a victory in that day. She went over to Hermione.

"Hermione, dear. You don't want to be burdened with a baby at your age. Dumbledore said before his death that any child of Harry's would be at great risk from any free Death Eaters – she must go to the Dursleys." She said.

"No. She is not going anywhere near the Dursley family. You cannot force me to send her there." Hermione said.

"You know that when you marry Ron, he will send her to them. He won't raise any child of Harry's."

"Well good job I'm not going to marry Ron," Hermione said, "I never wanted to marry him, let alone date him. I married the person I wanted."



"Then you leave me no choice – I enter my son Ronald Billius Weasley into a marriage contract with Hermione Jean Granger." Molly said.

Krantor stepped forward. "I'm afraid that seeing Mrs. Potter is a widow, you cannot enter anyone into a marriage contract with her."

"She is just a Muggleborn – no-one will accept her." Molly countered. Neville then stepped forward.

"Then it's a good thing she is under the protection of the House of Longbottom, then, isn't it?" he asked, "I will help her find a new husband should she want to."

"She is also under the protection of the House of Greengrass," Daphne said. Blaise also confirmed she was under the protection of his house.

Mrs. Weasley stormed out of the bank followed by Ron and Ginny.

"Is there anything that can be done about this Percy?" Mrs. Weasley asked her son later that day. He was reading the will, a copy of which had been supplied to him via the Ministry.

"I'm afraid not Mother," he said, "Everything has been done legally and the Mind Healers cannot lie on a certificate of mental health. If Harry didn't leave anything to us besides George for the shop, then he must have had a good reason. Ron running out on him and Hermione during their trek probably didn't help things but are you sure you didn't do or say anything to him that would force him to do this?"

"I did threaten to file legal action against him for Fred's death and told him that I would drop it if he agreed to marry Ginny."

"You're a fool Mother. You know Fred's death was not Harry's fault. He joined the battle of his own free will." Percy said.

"What about the Dursley clause? What can be done about that?"

"Nothing. He's made his wishes quite clear on the matter. Being Muggles, they can't file any claims regarding it." Percy added, "In

fact, Dumbledore exceeded his authority by placing Harry with them in the first place, since they are both known magic haters."

"The goblins stated that now Hermione is a widow, I can't enter her into a marriage contract? Is that true?" Molly asked.

"I'm afraid so Mother." Percy answered, "I've checked up on things and it seems both Harry and Hermione had a Muggle wedding just before Christmas and confirmed it with the Ministry on May 3rd. The child's birth was registered as being on July 25th." He was consulting a parchment, also supplied by the Ministry. Little did they know that it was backdated by the goblins and slipped into the files. It helped that the person in charge of the files was discovered to be a Death Eater who was executed and so there would be no memory of it not being filed on the supposed date.

"I think the best thing to do would be to find another bride and groom for Ron and Ginny to marry." Percy added, "Not only do the Potters have the goblins on their side, they also have the Houses of Greengrass, Zabini and Longbottom behind them. My best advice is to leave Hermione and the infant alone. Let her make contact if she wants to. Now it is public that Ron deserted Harry and Hermione during their time on the run, public opinion will be against us, if it isn't already. It could get to the point where both myself and Father lose our jobs."

Molly Weasley did end up leaving Hermione and Samantha alone. The Dursleys were informed of her as required by law, but they didn't care. They told the Ministry representative to 'keep any of Potter's freakish children away from them otherwise it would not live to see their first birthday'.

Over the years, the only Weasley to have contact with the Potters was George. Hermione ignored the others, despite Ron's attempt to reconcile with her, saying he would not have Samantha sent to the Dursleys. But Hermione persisted.

Neville and Hannah Abbot ended up marrying and started their own family.

Samantha Potter started Hogwarts when she turned 11. Anticipating trouble from Molly Weasley, Hermione taught her to detect love potions that may be slipped to her. She kept up the Potter tradition

by being sorted into Gryffindor and to the shock of her mother, made the Quidditch team in her first year. She also excelled in her studies.

This is just a one-shot I had in mind, I've never seen a story where the Dursleys try to file for custody of any of Harry's children, determined to rid the world of 'future freaks' thanks to beatings and the infamous cupboard under the stairs.

## POTTERS VS DURSLEYS

"This is case number 6241, the case of Potter vs Dursley. Step forward please." A court bailiff said.

Harry and Lavender Potter walked down the court and stepped into the defendant's section while Vernon and Petunia Dursley stepped into the plaintiff's section. The bailiff swore them in as the judge came in and sat down.

The bailiff explained the brief details of the case and told the audience to sit down.

"OK, Mr & Mrs Dursley," the judge said, looking at the papers the bailiff had just passed to her, "You are here today to seek custody of your nephew's two week old baby daughter?"

"That's right," Vernon said.

"You allege that both your nephew and his wife, both age 19, are frequently intoxicated and under the influence of hard drugs?" Vernon confirmed that.

"Even though there is no proof of such events occurring. You also allege that your nephew's parents were also drunkards and drug users who got themselves killed in a car crash, following which, your nephew was left with you where he stayed until he turned 12." Again, Vernon confirmed the details.

"How did you hear of the birth of the child?" the judge asked.

"His wife's parents made an announcement in the local paper. We decided that it would be in the child's best interests that she be removed from their custody as soon as possible. They married illegally – we never consented to it. They have no money, neither of them work and my nephew spent all of his senior school years at a school for juvenile delinquents." Vernon said.

The judge turned to Harry and Lavender.

"You've heard the allegations, do you have anything to say on the matter?" Harry was sorting through papers.

"Your Honour, most of what Mr. Dursley has told you is a lie. My parents were not drunks or drug users who got killed in a car crash, they were murdered by a known terrorist and I have the police reports here."

He gave a few papers to the bailiff, prepared beforehand by the Ministry's Auror department, made up to look like Muggle police reports.

"I also have sworn statements from several of my parents' friends that they were not drunks." Harry continued.

"I'm afraid that's hearsay Mr. Potter and I can't admit those statements unless they testify here." The judge said.

"Also, the statements that I was at a school for juvenile delinquents is a lie, I attended a private school from the age of eleven to seventeen, also attended by my parents. It was at this school I met my wife Lavender." He said. He got more papers out, this time prepared by Hogwarts and made to look like Muggle school reports.

"Mr. Dursley claims that your parents, I quote 'sponged off the taxpayer' unquote. How could you go to a private school if they left you no money to attend?" the judge asked.

"Your Honour, my parents were not poor, my father's estate is worth over sixty million pounds. As for my mother, she left me a trust fund worth fifty thousand pounds, which was her share of the Evans estate when her parents died. It was suppose to help finance my future when I turned 18. Petunia also received fifty thousand pounds, plus the house in Privet Drive where they currently live. I've not long found out that when I was two years old, the trust fund left by my mother was emptied by Mr. Dursley. " Harry answered, passing papers to the judge, which showed Vernon's signature on the withdrawal forms, "As for a lack of work, I am currently training to be a paediatric nurse while my wife is on maternity leave from her job as an assistant in a shop co-owned by myself and some close family friends." He was referring to Weasley's Wizarding Wheezes.

"As for my marriage, we were legally married in a church ceremony a few days after I turned 18." Paperwork was given proving the legality of it, "They're just bitter because they never got invited and only heard about it in the papers. They wouldn't have gotten invited anyway."

"Why would Mr. Dursley, a fine respected manager of Grunnings make up these things?" the judge asked, "He must be thinking of his great-niece."

Lavender stepped up. "Your Honour, there is more to Mr. Dursley that meets the eye." She said, "Since my husband was left with the Dursleys, they have abused him physically and mentally. They treated him like a slave. After I found out about what they did to him, during the summer holidays after our first year at our school, my parents and I went to collect him and we collected numerous videotapes upon viewing made us sick to the stomach. We tried to report it but it was all swept under the rug but we still have the videotapes."

"That's a lie you slag!" Vernon roared and bashed the table. The judge banged her gavel.

"Mr. Dursley – do not make outbursts like that in my courtroom please." She said.

Lavender passed over a couple of videotapes to the bailiff who played them. The first one showed Vernon whipping Harry. Other clips showed the Dursleys beating him, Marge Dursley setting her dog Ripper on him, Harry being forced to be a slave among other things.

"I've seen enough." The judge said. The bailiff turned the tape off.

"Your Honour," Vernon began, "my nephew is seriously disturbed, we had to use extreme violence in order for him to behave."

"Mr. Dursley – I don't know what year you live in," the judge said, "But we do not force children to be slaves these days and from what I've seen in these tapes, Mr. Potter did nothing to warrant these beatings."

"Your Honour," Lavender said, "We have papers from our school nurse indicating concerns with Harry's health which should have been passed onto social services but was intercepted by our headmaster before they did. There is also a certificate from the local mental hospital proving my husband is mentally competent." She passed the papers over and the judge read them out.

"According to this Mr. Dursley, your nephew started the private school weighing only five stone and the nurse indicated malnutrition. There were several lacerations on his back, which could only have been gained by being whipped and also numerous stab marks. Mr. Potter, did you do anything to warrant any of this?"

"Only by being born Your Honour," Harry said, "Since the age of three, I cooked and cleaned for them. Until my eleventh birthday, my bedroom was a cupboard under the stairs and they only moved me because they thought people were watching them. I was barely allowed to eat, I had to hold back at school, mainly because after myself and my cousin came home after a test, I was nearly killed when the reports stated I gained much higher marks. The Dursleys told everyone in the neighbourhood that I was a delinquent and so no-one was willing to help me or even be a friend. My cousin did nothing except sit down, play computer games and eat that much food, it would have helped a Third World Country. By the age of eight, Dudley Dursley was what I now know as morbidly obese. Mr. Dursley's sister frequently set her dogs on me – if that had been done to someone else, the dogs would have been put to sleep. Self defence against their violent attacks was considered illegal and it got me worse than what they were giving. When I started getting acceptance letters to the private school in Scotland, Vernon and Petunia illegally prevented me from getting the letters – they would confiscate the letters and burn them, without letting me see them, until a representative of the school arrived to give it to me personally."

The judge started to show contempt for the Dursleys.

"Mr. Dursley – tampering with the mail is a very serious offence. You had no right to withhold those letters from Mr. Potter and destroying them is very serious. Years ago, you could be hung for doing do." She said.

Lavender stood up.

"I convinced my parents to let Harry stay with us in the summer holidays after our first year and we went to the Dursley household where we saw bars on Harry's bedroom window and around eight locks on his bedroom door, we have photographic evidence." Lavender said, passing some photographs. It had independent verification that it was Number 4 Privet Drive, "He's never been back since."

"Mr. Dursley also told the neighbourhood that Harry was attending St. Brutus' School for Incurably Criminal Boys," Lavender said, "we have been in contact with the school and have a sworn affidavit that my husband was never enrolled at that or was never a student there." More papers were given to the judge. She excused herself for a moment so she could go into her chambers to ring the school and heard the truth from St. Brutus' headmaster himself. She returned to the court room.

"Your school record impresses me Mr. Potter – high grades on everything bar chemistry. It says you were the youngest member of your house sports team in a century, becoming House Captain in your sixth year. You were House Prefect in your fifth and sixth years and you were also named Head Boy in your final year."

"Yes, Your Honour. The reason I didn't do too well on chemistry was because the teacher was a victim of my father's bullying when they went to the school and decided straight away that I was going to be just like him. I proved him wrong as I was never a bully but prevented a lot of bullying."

"Mr. Dursley," the judge said, "before I heard all this testimony and saw all the evidence, I was going to award you custody but I'm not going to. I'm also going to recommend charges be filed against you, there is enough evidence here to have you and your wife arrested."

"Your Honour," Vernon said, "I must object to this. Those papers could have been written and signed by anyone."

"Mr. Dursley – each of these papers is signed by independent witnesses and solicitors, so as I said, I'm recommending that you and your wife be arrested and charged."

Harry had passed further papers over to the judge.



"I also have a report from a social worker – she says there is no cause for concern over Mr and Mrs. Potter's daughter and she is very healthy and well looked after. I am ruling in favour of the Potter family. Bailiff, please place Mr. And Mrs. Dursley under arrest."

Harry and Lavender left the courtroom before Vernon and Petunia were brought out. The teens took their child – Zoe, from Lavender's parents, who were there for moral support.

"This isn't the end you freak!" Vernon said, "We'll get that freakish brat of yours one day and she will rue the day she was born."

"Shut up Dursley." The bailiff who was dragging Vernon out said.

Harry and Lavender had nothing to worry about. Despite numerous attempts which drained their bank accounts, the Dursleys never got their hands on any of their children and even failed in their attempts for forced visitation. The courts told them that they had no rights at all involving their nephew's children and it was up-to the children's parents if they had contact with the Dursleys.

Please review, with thanks to those who do.

This is my take on the time-travel-and-reboot idea. It incorporates ideas from my own Potter Family and The Muggle-Born Uprising which I co-wrote with witowsmp, who has allowed me to incorporate bits from the opening chapter in this.

## The Time Monster

May 1998

"Avada Kedavra!" Voldemort said, pointing his wand at Harry. The flash of green light hit the teenager and he fell to the ground.

Harry woke up in a white environment. He could see nothing for miles around but then a familiar figure appeared. It was Albus Dumbledore.

"Harry my boy," Dumbledore said, "I never expected to see you here."

"No, just in the afterlife," Harry said, "Why didn't you tell me that my scar was a Horocrux and that I would have to die for Voldemort to die?"

"I had my suspicions but I had no proof," Dumbledore said, "You are here because of the ritual Wormtail used to resurrect Tom. By using his blood, it gives you a choice."

"What do you mean, a choice?" asked Harry.

"You can return to the real world and destroy Tom once and for all, live a happy life with Miss. Weasley or you can join me in the next great adventure." Dumbledore answered.

The flap of wings could be heard and Harry could see Hedwig flying towards him. With a flash, she turned into a bigger winged creature.

"Kronos – you can't make this offer!" Dumbledore said.

"Who are you?" Harry asked.

Dumbledore answered for the creature, "That is Kronos, the Time Monster. You can't trust him under any circumstances!"

"Like I could trust you – I know the secrets you kept – how you knew what the Dursleys were like and you still sent me back there, how you killed your sister."

"Harry," Kronos said, "As Dumbledore said, you can go back or stay here. There is another choice – I will manipulate time."

"Harry," Dumbledore said, "Return to the real world, kill Tom and live a happy life."

"There is a great cost for that life Harry," Kronos said, "Your parents, Cedric, Sirius, Hedwig, Dobby, Fred Weasley, Colin Creevey, Remus, Tonks. Accept my offer and many deaths can be avoided."

"How?" asked Harry.

"I will manipulate time so certain things will never have happened. Certain deaths can be avoided. You will not grow up being moulded into a weapon and expected to die. You will not end up in a love potion induced marriage."

"What about Voldemort and his Horocruxes?" asked Harry.

"If you accept my offer Harry, I will arrange to have it dealt with." Kronos said.

Dumbledore stepped forward, "Harry, listen to me, you cannot rewrite history, not one line!"

"Very well Kronos," Harry said, "I accept your offer."

"Brilliant Harry," Kronos said to him, "When you awaken, it will be in your eleven year old body. You will maintain the memories of this world but there is something you should know."

"What is it?" asked Harry.

"Did you know your father had an older sister who has two children of her own?"

"No, why was I not told?" Harry asked.

"If you knew of them, they would take you away from the Dursleys. You had to remain there." Dumbledore said.

"Finally, Dumbledore and Molly Weasley conspired to use love potions on you so you would fall in love with Ginny Weasley instead of the girl you choose." Kronos said, "Make it work with her this time."

Harry closed his eyes and went to sleep.

October 30th, 1981

It was a dark and gloomy night. There was a big storm in the sky. Heavy rain was falling to the ground. A married couple were struggling to walk through the stormy weather. The man was tall with red hair. He showed signs of not having shaved for days. The woman was a foot smaller than he was with long blonde hair.

The woman was heavily pregnant and was holding onto her husband as they walked. They were on the way to the hospital for a check-up when they made a wrong turn and their car crashed. They found themselves in the middle of nowhere. They made their way on foot. It also didn't help that there was a huge storm.

"How much further?" she asked.

"It's hard to tell. I can barely see anything in this storm," her husband replied. Suddenly the woman tripped and fell. Her husband helped her up.

"Are you alright?" he asked.

"I'm alright. But I think we should find a bit of shelter. There should be a tree or trees nearby," she replied. A flash of lightening illuminated a nearby forest. The couple ran into it and found a big heavy tree to sit under. They could no longer feel the rain.

"That's better," the man said.

"If you say so," the woman replied. They were startled by a loud clap of thunder as a bolt of lightning hit the tree they were under. The couple ran away as the tree was destroyed.

The man sat up. "Sophie, where are you?" His wife replied and he went to help her up. Then they turned and looked where the tree was. Exposed to the world was a spiral staircase.

"Stairs," the man said unnecessarily.

"They were under the tree. I wonder where they go. Maybe we're lucky. It could be an unlooted tomb," Sophie said.

"Why should that concern us, Sophie? Our family have never been looters," the man said.

"No, but these are hard times, Edward," Sophie answered, rubbing her pregnant belly, "and maybe, there could be a reward from museums for new discoveries." She began to make her way down the stairs.

"It's wrong, but we'll see," Edward replied, as they walked down the stairs.

They made it to the bottom of the stairs and could see a door with a circular plaque on it. There was also a small glow around it.

"A door," Sophie commented, "with symbols carved in it to keep evil well away."

"We're not evil dear, just poor," Edward said as he tried to open the door. It wouldn't open. He charged the door and broke through. The seal fell to the ground and broke in two. Sophie followed him into a big chamber. It was a huge rectangular chamber with four torches at each corner, each one still lit and glowing a light blue flame. There was a bookcase on one side of the room with ancient books on it, all looking as if time was getting to them. A rotting table and chair were at another side of the room, also with rotting papers. A fireplace was in the final side of the room. In the middle of the room was a huge rock slab.

"No treasure in here but old rotting books, but this is strange. The torches are lit," Edward said.

"I don't like the feel of this place, love. Please, let's go," Sophie pleaded.

"Wait. There might be a treasure chamber under that slab. Help me," her husband replied. The two pushed the slab a little with all their strength. There was a deep hole underneath. Suddenly, a growling type sound could be heard.

"What was that?" asked Sophie.

"The wind – I hope!" replied Edward.

The growling could still be heard. The two were thrown onto the floor. The slab moved by itself until the hole was completely uncovered. Smoke came out of the hole, and then began to form a shape – a body. The couple looked terrified. It had dark skin, wore leather armour on its legs and arms. Spikes were embedded on its boots, gloves and belt. It wore armour on its shoulders. The armour was actually made of two skulls. There was long black hair flowing down the back of its head and it had yellow eyes. But its face was unusual. It looked partially like a tiger with a sabre tooth sticking out of its mouth.

"It.. it.. he has a sabre tooth!" Edward shouted.

"Sabre tooth?" Sophie replied, seeming to recognise it, "It's him! From the legends – Varga! The one who ravaged England a millennium ago!"

"We've released his ghost!" Edward shouted. He helped Sophie up. They ran out of the door followed by the ghost. The couple continued to run up the stairs. Varga smashed his way through the door and stopped, allowing the two to escape. He noticed the broken seal on the door.

"The mighty seal placed on this door by the Founders to prevent me from escaping – broken by those fools!" he said. He went up the stairs and into the forest. The storm was still raging away.

"Finally! I'm free after all these centuries. But I feel so weak," he said, walking through the forest. Then, with a flash of light, Kronos appeared.

"You have been chosen for a very important task." The Time Monster said.

"Is that so?" Varga asked, "and what is that?"

"Protect the child known as Harry Potter," Varga said, "In an alternative timeline, his parents died and he was placed with people who hated him that much, they nearly killed him, in order to mould him into becoming a weapon to deal with the second coming of the Dark wizard Voldemort."

"And what do I get in return?" asked Varga.

"I will provide you with the energy to form a new body and will provide you with all the information you need." Kronos replied.

Varga considered things for a minute. "Very well. I accept your offer."

Kronos flew towards Varga and merged with him for several minutes before flying away. Varga was now solid.

"I have also given you the information you need to prevent any revival of Voldemort in the future, but the important thing is that Harry Potter have a childhood he can enjoy without the fear of being raised to be a weapon to be killed."

Varga decided that the first task would be to deal with the Dursley family. He crept into their house at Privet Drive late in the night. Petunia Dursley was fast asleep in the main bedroom while Vernon was in another room. He was attacking a young woman who Varga could tell was magical. He took a knife out of his gauntlet and with a quick rapid motion, stabbed Vernon Dursley in the heart. He instantly fell to the ground, dead.

"Go, now!" he said to the woman, who quickly ran out of the house. He walked into the master bedroom and used the same knife on Petunia. Looking into her mind, he found out that she knew Vernon was attacking the young witch and actually encouraged it.

Satisfied, Varga left the house. From the information he had been given, Kronos had manipulated things so Dudley Dursley was never born. Kronos was not leaving any chances that Harry would be placed with any Dursleys with the excuse of blood wards.

Varga knew he had to act fast – according to intelligence, Voldemort would attack Godric's Hollow in less than 24 hours.

Hogsmeade didn't exist in his day, but thankfully Kronos had informed him where it was. He apparated there and walked to the grounds of Hogwarts. He was lucky that a staff member was making their way back. Varga disillusioned himself and followed the staff member onto the grounds. He entered the castle and made his way to the seven floor until he reached a tapestry.

Remembering what Kronos had told him, he walked in front of it a couple of times until a door appeared and opened. Varga walked into the room and was amazed. When he was at Hogwarts, he never imagined a room like this could exist. He went to look for the diadem – he had seen Ravenclaw herself wear it and knew what it looked like. After a lot of searching, he found it and took it. He managed to leave Hogwarts without being seen.

He then made his way to Little Hangton and walked to a particular shack. Fighting off the wards, he found a ring on the floor and also took it.

Next, he broke into 12 Grimwald Place and made his way to the drawing room, from which he took a particular locket. Lord and Lady Black were in bed at the time and house elf Kreacher was tidying the kitchen.

Malfoy Manor was the final stop he had to make. From Kronos' information, he knew Tom Riddle's diary and a cup belonging to Hufflepuff was here – Bellatrix Lestrange hid the cup in Gringotts after Voldemort's downfall before the Ministry could search the manor.

There was a Death Eater meeting going on, but without Voldemort there. At the time, he was meeting with a certain rat to gain information. Varga walked to the drawing room, encountering Dobby the House-elf on the way. Using a glamour charm, he turned himself into Lucius Malfoy. He passed a glove to Dobby.

"You are free. In two weeks time, you will find the home of Katherine Taylor-Potter and bond with her family." Varga ordered.

"Dobby happy to serve Potter family!" he said before vanishing.



Varga made it to the drawing room. Looking around, he found the hidden chamber under the floor and picked out the diary and Hufflepuff's cup. He then saw thousands of other dark items. He decided he was going to improvise and rid the world of numerous Death Eaters and dark items. He knew rooms like this would have the ward crystals. Looking around, he saw a portrait of a Malfoy from the sixteenth century. He walked over to it and put his arm through it. He pulled it out, holding a crystal. Before he did anything else, he lined up the five items. Varga then broke the crystal in two. The energy flowed through him and then his arms and head erupted in psychedelic colour flames. The power of the ward crystal restored his youth and as the flames died away, he disappeared.

The Death Eaters suddenly realised there was something wrong and ran to the drawing room. Lucius Malfoy saw the broken ward crystal on the floor.

"Get out!" he shouted, "Get out of here!"

But before anyone could leave, the house exploded, Voldemort's horocruxes screaming in pain as they were destroyed.

Varga went to Godric's Hollow. It would now be hours before Voldemort attacked but he had no idea where to go – even Kronos couldn't break through a Fidelus Charm.

Hours passed, then someone he knew was Voldemort came up along with a younger man. He heard the young man giving the secret to Voldemort. Suddenly, a building appeared from no-where and Voldemort walked in. Varga followed him in and witnessed Voldemort kill James Potter before going upstairs. Voldemort then killed Lily Potter and turned his attention to baby Harry. Varga knew he had to act before he put a Horocrux in Harry.

He appeared in front of Harry as Voldemort cast his curse. Varga raised the Sword of Gryffindor which caught the curse and reflected it back at Voldemort. The elder wizard grabbed the baby and disappeared just as Voldemort's reflected curse destroyed both the house and the dark wizard.

Varga went to a house on the south coast of England and knocked the door. A woman in her early 40's opened the door.

"Who are you?" Katherine Taylor-Potter asked.

"My name is Varga. Ten minutes ago, Voldemort attacked a house in Godric's Hollow. Your brother James and sister-in-law Lily were killed by Voldemort before I destroyed him with his own killing curse."

Katherine fell to the ground and cried out.

"What about Harry?" Katherine asked.

"I have him here," Varga said, passing him over, "Tomorrow, you must register your adoption of him with the Ministry before Albus Dumbledore can get his hands on the boy."

Katherine Taylor had never trusted Dumbledore. "I'll do it." She told him.

"Thank you. My job is now done – I will see you again sometime. Be warned, when he is eleven, Harry will receive memories from an alternative universe which will help him."

"What do you mean?" Katherine asked as Varga vanished.

This crossover is loosely based on Jurassic Park 3. I don't own anything, Harry Potter belongs to JK Rowling and Jurassic Park is owned by Michael Crichton's estate.

## The Hunt for Harry Potter's Daughter

Rose Potter and her friends were walking along a tropical island, just over a hundred miles from Costa Rica. The fifteen year old looked just like her father although she hadn't seen him in ten years. Their guide had vanished and they hadn't seen him since. They couldn't leave because he had their return Portkey.

A roar could be heard and the four girls screamed.

Thirty year old Dr. Harry Potter, PhD was walking through the British Museum preparing for a trip by a school in half-an-hour's time. It was his first job in England since he took paleontology at an American university twelve years ago. He avoided England because Dumbledore arranged for his marriage to be dissolved and his then five year old daughter kept away from him.

"How are you Harry?" Hermione asked.

"It's Doctor Potter to you Miss. Granger." Harry said.

"Why address me like that? We're friends." She began.

"Our friendship ended the day you, Dumbledore and the Weasleys went to Daphne to convince her that remaining with me would be dangerous to her and our daughter because Lucius Malfoy and friends bribed the new Minister into releasing them from Azkaban."

"But she didn't leave you." Hermione protested.

"No, but unwilling to let her choose, you went to her father who dissolved our marriage and made Rose a ward of the Greengrass family so she could maintain her ties to my family so she would gain access to the Potter vaults when she came of age. Tell me, what did you tell him to make him do this?" Harry asked.

"We told him what we told her." Hermione said.

"Bull. He told me everything. Because I defeated Voldemort, I'm a Dark Wizard. Because I used to speak Parsletounge, I'm a Dark Wizard. Because I refused to marry Ginny Weasley, I'm a Dark Wizard. Because I'm rich, I'm a Dark Wizard." Harry said, "He also got an order from the Wizengamot banning me from seeing or making contact with my daughter. Now, if you don't mind, I have work to do."

Harry started to leave.

"Rose is missing." Hermione said. Harry stopped.

"What can I do about it? If I go and find her, I'll be arrested. No-one's bothered to keep me informed before. Why tell me now?"

"Harry, Lord Greengrass had the restraining order rescinded nine years ago after no evidence was shown that you were a Dark Wizard. You should know that Daphne never stopped loving you." Hermione said.

"I want to hear it from him in person. You can tell him that from me. Why did you go along with Dumbledore that I had to either become an Auror or teach Defence at Hogwarts instead of studying paleontology at Muggle university?"

"I felt it was in your best interests to remain in our world." Harry said.

"I would have still been part of the magical world, being married to Daphne." Harry said, "Now, unless you get Lord Greengrass here, we have nothing else to say."

Hermione left the room and five minutes later, came in with Lord Greengrass and Daphne.

"How are you doing Mr. Potter?" Lord Greengrass asked.

"I'm fine thank you. Can you hurry please because I have a school party coming in ten minutes." Harry said.

"Miss. Granger has told me what you said," Lord Greengrass said, "I was wrong to listen to Dumbledore. As you know, our family were netural in both wars against Voldemort and I shuddered to think my daughter was married to a potential Dark Wizard. We may not have

liked you getting Daphne pregnant at 15 but we stood by the two of you. But Dumbledore and the Weasleys made a convincing case and I felt dissolving your marriage would be best."

"Dad, I told you it was not just Harry's fault I got pregnant, I'm just too blame." Daphne said, "Harry, I had nothing to do with this, I spent years trying to find you. I really missed you."

"I missed you too." Harry said.

"A year after I dissolved your marriage and got the restraining order, I realised I made a mistake. My wife, Daphne and Astoria spent that time trying to tell me I made a mistake. Even Draco Malfoy put in a good word for you." Lord Greengrass said. He passed a roll of parchment over to Harry who read it, "It cancels the restraining order involving your daughter. I also give you my blessing to remarry my daughter. She would have gone back to you but my power as head of family prevented her from doing so. I apologise. Did you remarry?"

"No, I hoped you would reconsider your decision one day and I waited." Harry said, holding out his hand to Daphne. She took it and walked over to him and they shared a big kiss.

"Now, what is this Miss. Granger tells me about Rose being missing?" Harry asked. Hermione looked at him. "You apologised for your actions Lord Greengrass, you acted in your daughter and granddaughter's best interests. Miss. Granger should have known I would never become a Dark Wizard but she still turned against me."

"Eight weeks ago, for her fifteenth birthday, she begged for a Portkey to take her and a few friends to Isla Sorna." Lord Greengrass said.

"Did you say Isla Sorna?" Harry asked, "Ingen's dinosaur development island?"

"She inherited your love for dinosaurs. She's been following your career since she could and knew that you went on a trip to that island for John Hammond and wanted to go herself," Lord Greengrass said, "I hired a magical palaeontologist and paid for her and three friends to go. They were suppose to return a week later.

They never returned. You've been there so you're the best person to find her."

"How did you find me?" Harry asked.

"We saw Hedwig flying towards the museum and knew she wouldn't come here otherwise. We went to America to find you but we couldn't find you. As soon as we heard something about you in one place, we went but you had gone. Let me check you for something." Lord Greengrass said. He waved his wand over Harry, "It seems your magical signature has been blocked and you have mail blocking charms on you. Must be Dumbledore. I'll remove them." He waved his wand and the charms.

"I'm going to get a few people who I still trust and I'm going to Isla Sorna to get my daughter." Harry said.

"I'm coming with you." Daphne said.

"I hoped you would." Harry said.

Harry kept his appointment with the school group – it had been arranged for a while and he didn't want to let them down. Afterwards, he and Daphne went to the Ministry to renew their marriage vows.

## HARRY POTTER VISITS THE PLANET OF THE APES

Harry Potter was running for his life. During the final task of the Triwizard, he had been taken by Portkey to a graveyard where he witnessed the revival of Lord Voldemort. Then the two duelled and thanks to a distraction, Harry was able to run to the Portkey.

"STOP HIM!" Voldemort shouted.

"Accio!" Harry said, pointing his wand at the Triwizard Cup. He touched it as many spells hit him and he felt his naval jerk as he was transported. In the Hogwarts Owlery, his owl Hedwig also vanished.

Harry and Hedwig reappeared in what appeared to be a desert.

"This isn't Hogwarts." Harry said to his owl who hooted. He walked around and started to notice things. He saw a familiar stand and realised that was the Hogwarts Quidditch Stadium.

"This isn't right." He said to himself and made his way the best he could to the castle and got a shock – Hogwarts was in ruins, overgrowing with roots.

"Hey, over here!" someone shouted. Harry noticed someone hiding in the ruins and went over. Hedwig flew with him. "Don't say out in the open – this is a forbidden area. If the apes see you, they'll shoot first."

"Apes?" Harry asked, "If this is forbidden, then what are you doing here?"

"I'm hiding from the apes – they rarely come here. I'm under a sentence of death for possessing a book." The man said.

"A death sentence for having a book? Why?" Harry asked.

"Where have you been? You should know that humans are forbidden to read or own books." The man said.

"Do humans live in Hogsmeade?" Harry asked.

"I don't know where you're talking about – there used to be a village here hundreds of years ago, but it's all empty and ruined now." The

man said, "The nearest settlement for humans is just over those hills," he said, pointing to some nearby hills which had grown since Harry was here last.

"Can you take me there?" Harry asked.

"I'll have to be careful but I can," the man said, "But first, I'll have to get you some clothes. Wait here."

The man left the castle leaving Harry to ponder on things with Hedwig. He returned an hour later with some local clothing which Harry changed into.

"Hedwig – wait here and I'll call for you, alright?" Harry said. Hedwig hooted and flew to what was left of the rafters.

Slowly, Harry followed the man. Every now and then, he stopped and hid behind bushes. As they went on, Harry was amazed at the transformation of the landscape. Looking around while waiting for the man to tell him to continue, he saw the very rusty railway lines which the Hogwarts Express used to travel upon.

Eventually, the man indicated to continue. They kept on for a few minutes until they could hear footsteps. The man dragged Harry behind some big bushes. They looked through a gap and Harry couldn't believe it when he saw horses gallop into the area, with humanoid gorillas riding them, carrying guns.

"Is this where your source saw the human who stole those clothes?" one of them asked.

"It is sir." The second gorilla answered.

"We dare not go any further sir," a third one answered, "Up ahead is that old castle where it is reported that strange humans inhabited who caused apes great pain."

"I don't care – humans don't live there anymore! We go!" the lead gorilla said, leading the way.

The three left the area leaving a gobsmacked Harry watching.



To those fans of Planet of the Apes, this is set during the short lived TV series of the 1970s where humans could still talk.

This is something I had in mind sometime last year.

## A COLLECTION OF MOST UNLIKELY CROSSOVERS

### Chapter 1 - Robocop

#### Hogwarts

Dumbledore was sitting in his office looking grim. Next to him, in a basket was a baby. Sitting opposite him was his deputy headmistress, Minerva McGonagall.

"I told you the Dursleys were no good Albus," she said, "There was no way they would have taken Harry in and because you forced the issue, they got the support of both the Muggles and the Ministry."

"Harry needs to live with someone who is an Evans blood relation. Lily's sacrifice ensures his safety if he can live with them." Dumbledore answered.

"Then we need to find someone. I know there are no Evans' still alive in this country."

"There is a relation in America – a Muggle police officer by the name of Alex J. Murphy. He is a cousin of Lily."

#### Detroit, Michigan, USA

#### Metro West Police Station

With their clothing transfigured to resemble Muggle clothing, Dumbledore and McGonagall walked into the police station carrying baby Harry and walked to the front desk, where a black police officer was standing. His name badge carried the name REED.

"Good afternoon," he said to the two teachers, "What can I do for you."

"We're here to see Officer Alex J. Murphy – there is an urgent family matter which requires his immediate attention." Dumbledore said.

"There might be a huge problem with that sir." Sergeant Reed said, "Judging by your accents, I assume you come from England and

don't know what has been going on here since OCP took over most of the city."

"I assure you Sergeant," Dumbledore said, noting the stripes on his arm, "we have no idea who OCP are and what is going on. I must insist that you take us to see Office Murphy at once."

"If you insist." Reed said. "LEWIS!" A female officer walked over.

"This is.." Reed began, but realised he didn't know their names.

"I am Albus Dumbledore and this is Minerva McGonagall." Dumbledore said.

"They have asked to see Murphy – you should take them to see him." Reed said.

"Yes sir. Follow me please." Lewis said, leading the way through the door. The two teachers followed her. She led the way through the police station right to the cells.

"How come you're taking us to the prison cells?" McGonagall asked.

"You asked to see Murphy." Lewis said as she entered a room with lots of mechanical equipment in.

"Marie!" Lewis said. An attractive woman wearing a white surgical coat walked through.

"This is Mr. Dumbledore and Ms. McGonagall from England. They've come here to see Murphy for some reason." Lewis said.

"How come?" Dr. Marie Lazerious asked.

"I insist you cease questioning and let us see Officer Murphy – it is a matter of family – his cousin Lily Potter-Evans." Dumbledore insisted.

"Very well," Dr. Lazerious said, opening a door, "But Murphy might not understand what you have to say. She led the way into the cell.

"Murphy – these people have come to see you about your cousin Lily Evans."

"I'm afraid I do not remember a cousin by the name of Lily Evans." A male voice said. Marie stood aside so they could see Murphy – they were astonished. Sitting in a chair in front of them was someone entirely encased in metal. The two teachers looked at him, gobsmacked. They looked around – they could see his face but the skin on it seemed to be the only human part of him left but some of it seemed to be stretched over a metal skull.

"I'm sorry you had a wasted journey." Murphy said.

"What happened to him?" McGonagall asked.

"Who is this Lily Potter-Evans?" Lewis asked.

"We discovered that Officer Murphy was a cousin of hers. She was recently murdered by a terrorist in England, along with her husband. By English law, their son has to go to a blood relation. His only blood relations in England don't want anything to do with him, even to the point where they took legal action to prevent baby Harry's placement with them. Our checks revealed that Officer Murphy was his last surviving blood relation," Dumbledore said, "So we came here. But it's obvious that we can't leave Harry here."

"What happened to Officer Murphy? Why is he dressed up like that?"

"You can tell them Lewis."

"Four years ago, Murphy and I followed some criminals to an abandoned chemical plant. We got separated and Murphy caught two of them before being caught himself. First, they shot off his hand. Then the entire group used him for target practice, firing round after round. Then finally, Clarence Boddicer shot him in the head. Another criminal thought he'd killed me but after they made a break for it, I called for backup. The doctors tried to save Murphy but they couldn't. OCP took what was left of Murphy and turned him into RoboCop, what you see now."

"What will we do Albus – there are no other Evans relations alive and we can't leave Harry with him." McGonagall said, "The blood wards won't work otherwise..." but shut up when she realised she was talking to muggles.

"You two are magical." Marie said, "I thought I recognised Dumbledore's name. I was educated at the Mount Rushmore School of Magic. I know all about blood wards – did Harry's mother sacrifice herself to save him? I know about ward magic – I studied it before I decided to take up robotics and become Murphy's carer."

"Yes, she did. Have you heard of Voldemort? (Marie nodded) He tried to kill Harry but Lily Potter-Evans sacrificed herself first. Voldemort's curse rebounded upon himself. In England, there are many people who would want to harm him. As I said, English magical law requires him to be with a blood relation unless they relinquish the responsibility but it is best if he is with one for the blood wards to work."

"I'll take him Dumbledore." Marie said, "I work with Murphy most of the day, so he'll be safe. This part of Metro West is practically home anyway. Lewis can always give me a hand – she's always had a bit of a soft spot for Murphy."

"Very well – I will arrange for the paperwork to be sent to you." Dumbledore said.

Dumbledore walked to McGonagall the following day in her office. She was reading one of a few Detroit newspapers she collected the previous day on their trip.

"Was it a wise idea leaving Harry with them?" she asked, "You should see what's been going on in that city. I did some checking - four years ago, a criminal group led by a murderer called Clarence Bodiker murdered 35 police officers, including Alex Murphy, a year later, Detroit was plagued by a drug lord called Cain whose brain was implanted in a robot by OCP which went on a killing spree and now OCP have had to employ mercenaries to clear people out of their homes in a suburb there so it can be torn down."

"It may seem an unsuitable place Minevra," Dumbledore began, "But it'll be the best place for Harry, away from us until the time is right. Dr. Lazerous will make sure he knows of magic and his family."

"But what if he doesn't want to attend Hogwarts?" McGonagall asked, "Assuming Harry lives long enough to attend magical school?"

"Then we must respect his choice." Dumbledore said, "I will visit Detroit every six months to make sure he is alright. I will also give Dr. Lazerous instructions to keep me informed."

This is a crossover between Harry Potter and the Nintendo 64 game The Legend of Zelda: The Ocarina of Time (soon to be revived for the Nintendo 3DS)

## HARRY POTTER AND THE OCARINA OF TIME

Sitting on a tree trunk in the Sacred Forest Meadow was Saria. The Kokori girl, who had the appearance of a young child, who was actually older, was playing on her ocarina. Then she began to receive a telepathic message.

Saria, my child. Come forth. I need to speak to you. The speaker was the Great Deku Tree, the guardian of the Kokori.

Saria got up from the trunk and put her ocarina in a pocket and made her way out of the Meadow. She took the short-cut out of the Lost Woods, in order to get to the Kokori Forest quickly, then she took the passage into the Deku Tree Meadow. She approached the Great Deku Tree and sat down.

Saria, my child. It is good to see you again. I have news to tell you. Remember I once told you that there was another world which was near identical to our own?

The girl nodded. A year or two ago, the Great Deku Tree described Earth to her. She was fascinated at many things about it, especially with his description of the planet hundreds of years ago, it was not unlike Hyrule.

"What's happened on that planet, Great Deku Tree?" she asked.

I have sensed a prophecy, made by a prophet who foresees the birth of a child who can defeat a dark lord terrorising their world. The child will be marked as the dark lord's equal, his parent's will have defied him thrice, and he will be born as the seventh month ends.

"Why are you telling me this?" Saria asked.

I have mapped our world onto their world and have managed to send a few agents from around Hyrule to investigate this prophecy. We may need to act on this – the dark lord mentioned could mean Ganondorf. If I can map Hyrule onto that world, he might be able to.

If it comes to it, the child might need protection. Saria – I might need to call on you to go to this world and recover the child.

"You can rely on me, Great Deku Tree." She answered.

Thank you, my child. I will keep you informed. Please do not tell others of this – I will tell Miro myself should the need arise.

Two years later.

Saria walked into the Great Deku Tree meadow and sat down in front of the tree.

Saria, remember what we discussed about events on Earth? She nodded. Well, it seems things have happened – the Dark Lord Voldemort has been vanquished by an infant by the name of Harry Potter. He is the child of the prophecy. He is being placed with his mother's non-magical relatives and I can foresee that it will not be in his best interests.

"What would you like me to do?" Saria asked.

I want you to go to Earth, collect the infant and bring him back here, where he shall be raised until it is time for him to attend the magical school known as Hogwarts. This tune will take you to Earth and back, it will take you to the infant.

Saria felt a tune being fed into her mind. She took her ocarina out of her clothing and played the tune. She turned into balls of light which fired into the sky.

Privet Drive, Earth

It was the early hours of the morning. Saria reappeared in the garden of number 10. Looking around, she saw a giant man ride away on a strange machine, then two older people vanish into thin air. She walked to the house they were at and found a boy in a basket with a letter on top. Saria lifted the infant out of the basket with the note and took her ocarina to her mouth and played the tune. Both Kokori and infant vanished to reappear in the Deku Tree Meadow.



Excellent work Saria. I trust you to help raise him. We shall keep the truth about his origins a secret, we shall rename him Link. When the time is right, I shall assign him a fairy. Also, he will have to return to Earth when he needs to learn to control his magic.

Ten Years Later

It is time. The Great Deku Tree said to a fairy who was flying near him, The time has come for the boy who is not a Kokori to receive a fairy and for him to begin to fulfil his destiny. Navi, go and find the boy and bring him to me along with Saria.

Navi the fairy flew from the Deku Tree Meadow, into the main Kokori Woods, where she flew past Kokori, whose fairies signalled to her. She turned and saw a single tree-house in a sunken area and flew to it and entered the house.

Inside, Harry Potter, otherwise known as Link to the Kokori was sleeping. He was having a dream.

He was two years older than he was now. He was standing in front of a big white castle, in the middle of a storm. The drawbridge opened and a white horse charged out. Riding it was an older woman, he was sure he had seen her before, visiting the Deku Tree and she was holding onto a young girl, about his age. Before he could react, another person turned up. It was a huge adult male on a huge black horse. He raised his hand and sent magical waves towards Harry who fell to the ground.

The vision faded away as Navi was trying to get his attention.

"About time too!" she said to him.

"Who are you? Why are you here?" Harry asked. He was dressed in the green cloth of the Kokori with a brown belt and hat, which was also green.

"I'm Navi. The Great Deku Tree has summoned you to attend him." She said.

Harry got up and followed her out of the tree-house. Little had changed since he had been brought to the Kokori Forest. He was well looked after and fed well. However, as he grew older, they

found he had problems seeing. Eye glasses didn't exist on Hyrule and problems like it never happened to people in this realm. The Great Deku Tree sent one of his agents to a magical area on Earth to obtain a potion to deal with the problem.

As he climbed down the ladder, Saria ran up to him.

"I've just heard – the Great Deku Tree wishes to see you." She said, "and you've got a fairy! That's great."

"Let's go and see what he has to say." Harry said. The two walked towards the passage towards the Deku Tree to find the Kokori leader Milo blocking the way.

"Let us through please," Harry said, "The Great Deku Tree wishes to see us."

"Why would the Great Deku Tree wish to see you?" Milo asked, "Anyhow, it's too dangerous for you."

Harry and Saria walked away. "He'll never let you through without a sword and shield. You'll have to go and find one." She said, "The store sells shields, but you'll have to find the money to buy one. A sword can be found in a passage off the training area. I cannot help you here."

Harry went off in the direction Saria indicated. He walked around fences and ended up in front of a hole in the wall. He got on his hands and knees and crawled through. He emerged in a tight passage but he could stand. He backed up as a big bolder rolled towards him, before turning. Harry then noticed jewels on the ground. He picked them up – it was money, hopefully enough to buy a shield. He went to make his way to find the sword, but the bolder rolled past again. Harry decided to follow the bolder, which he did. After the second turn, he noticed the bolder rolled left but there was a route to the right. He made a decision to go to the right and walked down a small path. There was a dead end and at the end of the path was the remains of a tree trunk. On the trunk was a chest. He went to it and opened it. There was a great flash of light and he reached in and pulled out the ancient Kokori sword – it was small in size, but strong enough.

Harry made his way back the way he came, picking up money as he went along. He crawled through the passage and rejoined Saria. Together, they walked towards the shop, with Harry picking up money from bushes as they went along.

He went into the shop and came out a few minutes later with a small wooden shield. He and Saria walked to the entrance to the Meadow.

"I told you before Link, you cannot come past... is that a sword and shield? You may have them but you'll always be a wimp. How did you gain the affections of Saria and the Great Deku Tree?" Milo said.

Harry and Saria walked past him and to the Great Deku Tree.

Link, Saria, it is good to see you. Please sit down, there is much to tell you. The Deku Tree said. The two friends sat down, Link – it is time to know the truth about yourself. Your real name is Harry Potter and you come from a world called Earth.

"Then how did I end up here?" Harry asked, wondering what was going on.

Just over ten years ago, a realm on Earth was being terrorised by a Dark Wizard. I found out a prophecy which revealed that a child would be the one to vanquish him. Two years later, you apparently killed the Dark Lord Voldemort, but the cost was your parents. I found that you were being sent to unsuitable relatives who would have mistreated you so I got Saria to go to Earth to collect you and bring you here.

Harry was unsure what to say.

"I'm sorry Link – I wanted to tell you but you were too young."

"Why are you telling me now?" Harry asked.

You are approaching your eleventh birthday. You are also a wizard but I guess you've worked that one out, being the only Kokori besides Saria who can do magic. The Tree said.

"That's cool!" Harry said.

It will be time for you to attend the school known as Hogwarts where you will learn to handle your magic and use it as a force for good. Saria will accompany you to Earth, but she must return quickly, for Kokori will die if they are out of the forest for too long. When on Earth, you must locate the wizard bank Gringotts. I have an agent working there and he will help you. I have intelligence that someone will seek you out. Be wary – not everyone is what they seem.

"I'll be careful Deku Tree." Harry promised. An ocarina appeared in his hands.

In case of emergencies, you can use this to return here. Now go.

Saria took Harry's hand and played a tune on her ocarina and the two vanished.

They reappeared in a London street. Luckily, it was empty and they made their way into an alley.

"Where do we go from here?" Harry asked.

"Find this Gringotts place." Saria said, "We should have asked the Deku Tree for a more general location, but we don't know this place well."

"How did you find me then?"

"The Deku Tree locked in your magic and I was able to use my Ocarina to transport myself there." She answered.

"Do you get the feeling someone's following us?" Harry asked.

"I get that feeling too." Saria said.

They continued to walk through the alley but reached a dead end. They turned to retrace their steps but stopped. A giant figure was standing in their way, there was a giant dog with him. Harry drew the Korori sword.

This is a crossover I've had in mind for ages. The opening scene is based on a scene in the first episode Exodus and is required to help set the scene for those who know nothing about Thundercats. Thundercat canon is followed upto the end of the Exodus scene. It must be noted that this is based on the ORIGINAL Thundercats series of the 1980's, NOT the new series reboot that is being worked on now, although I am looking forward to seeing it.

## THUNDERCATS HO!

In deep space, the Thundercat website Feliner was adrift. The Thundercats, humanoids which looked like cats were planning their next move following an attack by their enemies, the Evil Mutants which saw the rest of their fleet destroyed. The damage to their ship had meant they could not reach the planet they were reaching for but Thundercat Panthro had found a different planet, more nearby but the catch was, it was still light years away.

"Yuck!" young Wilykat said in disgust, "We'll have to make the trip in the suspension capsules."

"Suspension capsules," Snarf the cat said, moaning, "You'll never convince me those things work."

"Me neither – when in doubt, chicken out," Wilykat's twin Wilykit said, "I'm not going."

Wilykat backed her until she got to a capsule and opened it. He pushed her in and closed the hatch. She shouted many threats against him.

"Is there another choice Panthro?" Jaga, the elderly leader of the group asked.

"Sure, we last remaining Thundercats perish in space." He replied.

"It is settled then. You will all get in the suspension capsules at once. I will pilot the ship to the blue planet." Jaga said.

"No Jaga," Panthro countered, "Without suspension you'll die. We can set the course on robot pilot."

"In it's damaged condition, the ship must be piloted manually for as long as possible, or we cannot be sure of reaching our destination." Jaga countered back.

"We can't be sure anyway," Tygra said, "We'll take our chances together – you MUST join us in the capsules Jaga."

"Yes Jaga, please!" young Lion-O pleaded.

"ENOUGH!" Jaga shouted and Lion-O backed off, slightly scared, "I am by far the oldest of you. Even though the suspension capsules slow down the aging process tremendously, some aging does take place. Even in suspension, I could not live long enough to complete the journey. So let's not have any more talk – ENTER THE CAPSULES!" Everyone looked at him with sorrow.

"But Jaga," Cheetara began. Tygra put a comforting hand on her shoulder.

"Come Cheetara, what Jaga says is true. Don't make it tougher for him." He told her.

"Yeah, he's just being practical." Wilykat said, entering his capsule. Tygra and Cheetara did the same.

"Whatever you say Jaga," Wilykit said, "You were always right."

"Alright, if we're going to do it, let's do it!" Panthro said, picking Snarf up by the scruff of the neck, "In you go Snarf, no stalling."

"I'm going, I'm going, snarf, snarf. See you all later, I hope." Snarf said. Panthro put him in the capsule then went into his own.

Lion-O flung himself upon Jaga, his mentor.

"Goodbye Jaga." He said.

"You must be brave Lion-O, it is your duty." Jaga said.

"Yes, Jaga." Lion-O said, trying not to cry. Within the space of days, he had lost his homeworld, his blind father and now he was losing his mentor. He went into his capsule.

With a clink, Jaga dug a big sword into the floor.

"The Eye of Thundera, will be waiting for you, when you reach your new home." He said, raising his arm to his chest in a salute. The capsules activated and the Thundercats went to sleep. As Jaga went to the pilot's chair, the Eye of Thundera glowed.

The Feliner began it's trek through space.

"I wish I was as sure of their chances as I pretended to be," Jaga said, "still, there is a chance."

Days turned to weeks, weeks turned to months, months turned to years. Jaga maintained all the ships functions, eating very little and more importantly, making sure the suspension capsules were functional. Eventually, the Feliner approached the Sol system. Jaga was now much older, very thin, and very weak. He didn't have long to live.

"I can't go on. I prey the robot pilot can take it from here." He said, reaching with tremendous effort and pressing a button marked ROBOT. It activated then a beep got Jaga's attention. It was coming from a bracelet on his wrist. A jewel on it was glowing red. It fell to the ground followed by a mass of energy. Jaga's empty robes fell into the chair.

The robot pilot started the engines. It took the ship past Jupiter, through the asteroid belt, then past Mars and began it's final approach to Earth.

At Hogwarts, Harry Potter was pondering on recent events. The day before, he and his best friend Hermione Granger had helped his godfather Sirius Black escape from receiving the Dementor's Kiss for his non-existent crimes.

He heard a roar and looked upwards. A streak of fire could be seen in the sky with things falling from it. Within seconds, the ship exploded. Before he could do anything else, a very loud thud could be heard. He ran to the stone circle, which was nearby and in the direction of the noise. Just outside the circle, there was a large something, big enough to hold a person. It had a glass partition at the top where Harry could slightly see someone. He walked over to

it and saw a red circle with a black logo, which looked like a cat symbol.

Looking at it, he found a button on the side and pushed it. The top of the thing opened revealing an adult male who had the characteristics of a lion. The man opened his eyes and looked at Harry.

"My name is Lion-O," he said, "Where am I?"

"Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry. My name is Harry Potter." Harry said. A beep got his attention and he could see an instrument on the machine with the words: "CAPSULE CYCLE INCOMPLETE. LIFE SIGNS FAILING".

"I'm a Thundercat and it looks like I'm dying. I am to be Lord of the Thundercats and I cannot die until I name a successor." Lion-O said.

"Is there something I can do?" Harry asked.

"Being here with me. Within minutes I will join my father and my mentor Jaga. Do me a favour though," Lion-O said.

"Anything."

"On my homeworld of Thundera, we have a sacred code. Take my hand." Lion-O said. Harry took his hand and Lion-O made it so they were holding wrists in a handshake motion. "I want you to spread the code and it's meaning through your world," he said, as the handshake began, "Justice, Truth, Honour, Loyalty."

As the machine in the capsule sent out a steady beep, Harry could feel something flowing through him, then as he watched, Lion-O's body vanished, leaving behind his ripped clothing.

"What's happened?" someone asked. Harry turned and saw Headmaster Albus Dumbledore along with several other staff members. Harry told them what he had seen.

"I'm alright!" Harry said to Madam Pomfrey. Dumbledore had insisted that he go to the hospital wing for a check-up. She waved her wand over him.



"You do seem to be fine." Madam Pomfrey replied, "In fact, old injuries and other problems have seemed to have healed themselves."

Harry woke up the following morning and went into the common room to face stares.

"Alright, what's going on?" he asked.

"Harry," Colin Creevy began, "Have you seen yourself?"

"No, why should I?" Harry asked. Someone passed him a mirror. His hair had changed to red and was long, his scar had vanished and he was more muscular than he was before. He was also taller.

"What's happened to me?" Harry asked. Then, a shimmer of blue light could be seen and Thundercat Jaga appeared.

"You have been changed Harry Potter. When my ward Lion-O died, somehow, your magic forced his life force to merge with you and your body has changed as a result. You are now the Hereditary Lord of the Thundercats." He said.

"Can you explain to me what the Thundercats are?" Harry asked. No-one else could see Jaga.

"You must not have full access to Lion-O's memories yet. We are of a race known as Thundarians from the planet Thundera. A select few are anointed Thundercats, the protectors of the free world. Several years ago, Thundera's orbit changed and eventually, it was destroyed. Many Thundarians escaped but were killed by the Evil Mutants who ambushed our ships. Our ship alone escaped but was damaged. We could not make it to the planet we were heading for, so we came here. The Thundercats went into suspended animation while I piloted the ship to your planet. I died just before the end of the journey and the ship blew up during re-entry. I can't sense your fellow Thundercats but your loyal friend Snarf is nearby along with the sword. I know of your familiar Hedwig and she will still respond to you as you are now."

Jaga vanished before Harry could ask any-more questions.

"Didn't you see that ghost?" Harry asked.

"No we didn't – we didn't even understand what you were talking about." One person asked.

Harry walked into the hall to stares at his new appearance. He walked up to the staff table. Before he could say anything, Hagrid came into the hall with Snarf on his head. He was holding a small sword with his tail.

"I found this in the Forbidden Forest – anyone want to claim him?" the gentle half-giant asked.

Snarf threw the sword over to Harry/Lion-O. Despite attempts from other people to grab it, Harry grabbed it and received a massive shock. Blue lightening flared from the blade. He looked at it, then the ghost of Jaga appeared again.

"Pay heed for it is your destiny you hold in your hand – the Eye of Thundera, the source of the Thundercat's power." Jaga said before vanishing.

"What is going on here?" Professor McGonagall asked. Harry explained what was going on. He then concentrated on the sword.

"I seem to remember something – sight beyond sight." He said, the crossbars curled.

The eye sleeps until needed. Looking through those magical apertures will give you Sight Beyond Sight. The Eye will know it is needed before you do.

He brought the sword to his face and his eyes glowed along with the Eye of Thundera. Through it, he could see five capsules, containing Thundercats.

"In those capsules, they're, they're, they're Thundercats." Harry said. He turned to Dumbledore.

"I won't return to the Muggles this summer Professor," Harry said, "I'm going to find the rest of the Thundercats."

"You must go back there for your own protection," Dumbledore began.

"Professor, if I hadn't blown Marge up, then it would have escalated to violence. I'm no safer there than I am here. I'm not going. It is my duty to find the Thundercats." Harry said.

"They're nothing to do with you." Snape said.

"When the cub Lion-O merged with me, he named me his successor and I promised to find them. Would you break a vow you made?"

Snape admitted that he wouldn't. "Then you should go Potter," he said, "Your father was always one to break the rules."

"Rules are only meaningful if people agree to follow them, otherwise they're just words." Flitwick said.

"I always assumed you would be like your father Potter," Snape said, "But you're more Lily than James. I admit I never got on with him but your mother was a dear friend until I made a mistake. I swore to her before her death that I'd help you, so before you go, come to me and I'll supply you with some potions."

A group of Death Eaters started firing spells. Tonks fired a curse and stunned him. Sirius hit a second Death Eater. A third one started firing at Snarf who started running.

"Harry! Help, snarf, snarf." He said.

On Thundera, Harry was watching the space port. The sky was now crimson red. He was paying particular attention to the flagship – he could see the Thundercats moving up a lift. Panthro was holding the optocrystal. There was also a living Jaga plus a young Lion-O.

The group boarded the spaceship which took off. Suddenly, rubble was thrown about and Harry ran to avoid it. Buildings exploded as the flagship flew over it, trying to get away. The ground started to explode. Harry continued to run, not knowing how he was going to get back to Hogwarts.

Harry woke up one morning and noticed there was no-one in the dorm. He figured that he had overslept and everyone had gone down to breakfast. He went down to the Great Hall to find it empty

except for a load of food on the Gryffindor table. Snarf went up to him.

"Morning Harry, happy birthday." He said.

"But it's not my birthday Snarf." Harry said.

"It would have been Lion-O's birthday and he is part of you," Snarf said, "Eat your breakfast Harry."

Harry looked at the large pile of food on the table. "Is all that for me, alone? I'll never be able to eat it all."

"You better try – you'll need all your strength for the Anointment Trials." Snarf said.

"Anointment Trials? Tygra did say something about them leading to some ceremony."

"The ceremony comes later Harry, IF you pass the trials." Snarf said.

Outside, the Thundercats were standing, looking at Hogwarts.

"I wish there was some other way." Cheetara said.

"There is no other way Cheetara," Panthro said, "Today, Lion-O would have come of age, and since he named Harry Potter to succeed him, they have to be done."

"Every Lord of the Thundercats have gone through the trials." Tygra said.

"We know, but that was on Thundera." Wilykit said.

The code of Thundera – Justice, Truth, Honour, Loyalty, is just as important here on Earth, just as it was on Thundera." Tygra said.

"Earth needs it even more." Panthro said.

"As the protectors of Lord Harry, it was our duty to prepare him for this day. If Harry fails, we have failed." Tygra finished.

"The suns up – I expect Snarf's told Harry what's in store for him by now." Wilykit said.

"Why all the gloom – if all goes well, by the end of this week, we'll be anointing the new Lord of the Thundercats." Tygra said.

"Now you're talking." Wilykat said, "To Harry."

"To Harry!" the other Thundercats said, "THUNDERCATS HO!"

They split into four and ran in separate directions.

Inside the castle, Harry and Snarf were walking to the main doors.

"I don't get it Snarf," Harry said, "Lion-O named me Lord of the Thundercats."

"He was only the hereditary Lord and that is what he passed to you. Now you'll have to prove yourself worthy of the title, snarf." Snarf said.

"Why didn't anyone tell me?" Harry asked.

"To be Lord of the Thundercats, you be expected to deal with anything you come up against, including the unexpected." answered Snarf.

"That means, be stronger than Panthro, faster than Cheetara, more cunning than Wilykit and Kat and have the powerful intelligence of Tygra?"

"It's not that easy Harry." Snarf said.

"Easy, you call that easy?" Harry asked.

Snarf got a map out. "Here's a map of the route you'll be following. There's terrible obstacles all along the way. But the toughest will be the Thundercats themselves. You'll have to best each one of them in turn to get to the next point."

"They'll try to stop me – my friends?" Harry asked.

"It's their sworn duty."

"Alright then, whose the first?" Harry asked.

"Panthro." Snarf answered.

"Panthro!" Harry shouted.

"If you can't get past him, there's no point in carrying on. One final thing, you'll have to pass the trials unarmed. That means you'll have to give me the sword, claw and your wand." Snarf said.

Harry reluctantly handed them over. Snarf promised to keep them safe. He then ran out of the school grounds.

"Good luck Harry." Snarf said.

"Severus," Voldemort said, "What brings you here?"

"I bring important news," Snape answered, "Today, the Thundercat Lion-O that merged with Harry Potter would have come of age. He would have had to go through five days of trials to prove himself worthy of being Lord of the Thundercats."

"Does that mean Potter have to do the trials himself?" A Death Eater asked.

"Yes," Snape replied, "From what I know, he has to defeat the other Thundercats in turn and he must go through the trials unarmed – without his wand or sword. He has to work his way to specific locations where he will meet an individual Thundercat and must defeat them at their particular skill to qualify for the next trial."

"Do you know where each meeting place is or the route he is taking?" Voldemort asked.

"No. Dumbledore wanted to send someone with him but it was made clear that he must go alone." Snape continued, "All I know is, that he has to prove himself stronger than the Thundercat Panthro, faster than the Cheetara, more cunning than the young Wilykit and Wilykat and combat the mental skills of the Tygra."

"Very good Severus," Voldemort finished, "Keep me informed."

Harry soon realised he was in a familiar building. He could see a robed wizard entering a nursery. He realised that it was Voldemort and he could see his mother.

"It's happening again," Harry said, "My mother protected me so I could live." Voldemort cast the killing curse on Lily Potter and then tried to kill Harry. The curse rebounded upon Voldemort and send the older Harry flying as the Godric's Hollow house exploded.

Everything went black before Harry realised he was in space. He was heading towards a planet.

"I'm going to crash." He said. He entered the planet's atmosphere and realised he was on Thundera.

"It's Thundera – I've been taken through time and space." He saw events that he had seen before repeating themselves. "It was Jaga who saved the young Lion-O. He got him aboard that spaceship just in time to see Lion-O's beloved Thundera blown into space dust."

Harry could then see Thundera exploding.

"Tygra's accessed both mine and Lion-O's memories. It's our nightmares, it's woken the two of us in terror ever since, I've hid our fear then, as I hide it now, because..."

Tygra's voice echoed in Harry's mind, "Before this day is over, you will face your greatest fear."

"My greatest fear is that I'll be afraid again," Harry said, "but I fear it no more – you hear me Tygra, my nightmare is over!"

He ran towards the illusion of Thundera and found himself confronting Tygra. The two started a fight, but Harry grabbed Tygra and threw him to the ground.

"Enough Harry," Tygra said, "You've won."

"Not yet – I have to reach the main Snowdonia mountain before nightfall – stay here, rest. I'll come back for you." Harry said before running towards the nearby mountain.

Half an hour later, Harry and Tygra walked through the mountains.

"Now I've survived the trials of all the Thundercats, I wonder why they were so important." Harry said.

"It is a Thundercat tradition." Tygra answered.

"Tradition?" asked Harry.

Tygra started to undo his Thundercat insignia. "Yes, Harry. It gives our lives form, tells us who we are and what we must do."

He held out his insignia and Harry took it. It glew and a roar could be heard.

In the Hogwarts Great Hall, the Eye of Thundera began to glow. Everyone looked at it, knowing what it meant.

"The sword!" Ron said.

"Harry's done it!" Snarf said.

"He's survived Tygra's trial." Hermione said.

"Of course, he's survived all the Thundercats' trials." Snarf said.

"Only one more to go." Cheetara said.

"Which one is that?" a student asked.

"He must challenge and defeat his deadliest enemy." Panthro answered.

Most of the students looked very worried.

"But, that would be You-Know-Who!" one girl said.

Snarf started to worry big time. "Vo.. Vol.. Voldemort?" he asked.

Snape walked into Riddle Manor an hour later.

"Severus," Voldemort said, "What news do you bring?"



"Potter has passed all the trials against the Thundercats." Snape answered.

"I thought he had to pass five trials?" Lucius Malfoy asked.

"He does," Snape said, "His final trial is that he must challenge and defeat his deadliest enemy – the Dark Lord."

"You're protected by the Fidilius Charm." A Death Eater said, "Potter will never find you."

"I don't want to defeat him like that. The Fidilius Charm will be removed and you will all find ways of informing Potter of my location so I can defeat him once and for all." Voldemort said.

The next morning, everyone was having breakfast in the Great Hall when the Eye of Thundera started to glow. There was now a small stand in front of the sword with a crown bearing the Thundercat symbol.

"Harry?" Snarf asked, walking over.

"Is Harry here?" Cheetara asked, entering the Great Hall.

"He's not allowed to use the sword during the trials." Tygra said.

"He knows that," Hermione said, "But for some reason the sword's got itself all worked up on it's own."

"We can't blame it for getting agitated," Susan Bones said, "Today Harry must challenge and defeat his deadliest enemy."

"Voldemort." Wilykit and Wilykat said.

"Why all the voices of doom?" Cheetara asked, "He survived Panthro's trial of strength."

"He took the short cut in Cheetara's trial of speed, knowing it was the most dangerous route he could follow and he beat that trial too." Panthro said.

"He outdid Wilykit and Wilykat in their trial of cunning." Tygra said.

"There were no tricks involved when he won Tygra's trial of mind power." Snarf added.

"He came through in better shape than I did – I'm still exhausted." Tygra countered. It had taken him most of the night to return to Hogwarts.

"But still," a student said, "You-Know-Who."

"Has any Lord of the Thundercats faced a power more evil than Voldemort without the Eye of Thundera to protect him?" Panthro asked.

"Not that I know." Tygra answered.

There was an Order meeting just after breakfast.

"We have a problem," Dumbledore said, "Today, Harry Potter must defeat Voldemort – unarmed to complete the Anointment Trials."

"You must stop him," Molly Weasley said, "He shouldn't have to face him yet. You must put an end to this whole Thundercat thing and send him somewhere for his own safety."

"I'm afraid Privet Drive is out of the question – the blood protection will no longer work and the other Thundercats will just get him out of there." Dumbledore answered.

"Does he even know where You-Know-Who is?" Shacklebolt asked.

"The Dark Lord has ordered the removal of the Fidelius Charm from the Manor," Snape replied, "He's tried to send a mental probe to the Potter boy to reveal his location, so Potter can go to him but has failed. Therefore, he has sent Potter a message informing him of his location – Little Hangton."

"Greetings Harry." Voldemort said. He was sitting on his throne in the magically enlarged room.

"Evening Tom," Harry said, "I like what you've done with the place."

"Too many Muggle artifacts. I plan to get my Death Eaters to get rid of them. I don't want to use too much magic dealing with them, when

I have you to deal with. I understand you're going through the final trial to become Lord of the Thundercats." Voldemort continued.

"I am, I have to face my most deadliest enemy – you." Harry answered.

"I should feel honoured," Voldemort said, "Prepare yourself."

He raised his wand and started firing curses. Harry dodged out of the way as one spell blew up a table. He picked up a table leg and threw it at Voldemort. It hit his arm and caused his spell to misaim, hitting the wall. It brought Harry enough time to find cover behind something covered with drapes.

"How am I going to beat him with no wand and no sword?" he asked to himself, "But there is nothing about using what is at hand and the best way to defeat him is to exploit his weakness."

A hiss could be heard and Harry could see Nagani the snake slithering towards him. He knew there was something special about the snake so he grabbed her. As he did so, he noticed that the items under the drapes were mirrors. He had a plan.

"Come on Harry," Voldemort taunted, "Come out and I promise to make it quick."

Satisfied, Harry stepped out from hiding. Voldemort cast the killing curse at him. Harry retaliated by throwing Nagani at his enemy – a scream could be heard as the killing curse struck Voldemort's familiar.

"Now you've made me really angry!" Voldemort said, aiming his wand at Harry, "Nothing can defeat the power of Lord Voldemort!" He cast a killing curse with so much power, it travelled slow.

"Except, o'mighty Tom, the horror of your own reflection!" Harry said, diving to the floor, the drapes which were tied to his shoes, being pulled away from the mirrors. Voldemort looked in horror at his reflection, too shocked to do anything. The green ball of light struck the mirror which shattered into a million pieces just after the killing curse bounced back.

"NOOOOOOOOOO!" Voldemort shouted as the overcharged killing curse hit him. Waves of magical energy flowed from the Dark Lord. Harry got up and ran out of the room, taking one last look as Voldemort exploded with a final wave of magical energy.

Harry got to the nearby graveyard, where he was told Voldemort had been revived a year before. He watched as Riddle Manor exploded into a million pieces.

"You've faced your greatest enemy Harry." A voice said. Harry turned and saw Jaga appear.

"Jaga!"

"And you've defeated him. You won on your own, without help from anyone." Jaga continued.

"I'm sorry I didn't ask for your advice Jaga, but if I'm to be the true Lord of the Thundercats, I must learn to make my own decisions." Harry said to his mentor.

"You are right, by making your own decisions and making them work, you've passed the final trial." Jaga said before vanishing.

"Wait Jaga, does that mean I'll never see you again?" Harry asked.

"No Harry," Jaga's faint voice could be heard, "I'll always be here, when you need me."

Thanks to a news report by Rita Skeetar, the Hogwarts grounds were filled with spectators from the magical world, keen to see Harry. He was standing in front of the entrance door with the other Thundercats with him.

His close friends were allowed spots nearby, but everyone else had to stand their distance. Wilykit presented Harry with the sword and claw which he attached to the top of his leg. Bowing down, Cheetara put a crown with the Thundercat insignia on his head. The Eye of Thundera started to glow.

"HAIL HARRY POTTER," The Thundercats shouted, "TRUELY THE LORD OF THE THUNDERCATS! THUNDERCATS HO!"

Harry took the sword from the claw and raised it above his head.

"Thun, Thun, Thunder, THUNDERCATS HO!" he shouted. The sword enlarged with each phrase and moments later, the eye turned into the Thundercat symbol and a signal emitted from it, with it's familiar growl.

Fred and George flew toward the Beserker ship. Fred threw a pouch at the Beserkers. Straight away, instant darkness powder activated, blinding the pirates.

"Can't see through this.. this.." Top Spinner said.

Cruncher started sneezing while Ram-Bam started scratching. It was an addition to the powder.

"Can't stop itching, itching." Ram-Bam said.

"KEEP FIRING!" Hammerhand ordered.

The skull on the top of the ship fired again.

"We can't match that power!" George said.

"But if we used all of our power at once," Fred said, loading a pouch with pellets, "Put all your wheezes in your pouch George."

The twins resumed their approach to the ship as it kept firing and flew over it. George dropped his pouch on the ship. Top-Spinner decided to start spinning and activated George's wheezes which sent him out of control. Cruncher caught Fred's which exploded sending the other Beserkers flying. Ram-Bam then charged Hammerhand and then crashed into Cruncher.

Just a little something I came up with. This is slightly rewritten to change some character names. The Jameson family along with Alex Patterson and Kara Crichton are from my own book The Frontier of Warriors 2010 although in much younger form. I was aware Kara Thrace was from the new Battlestar Galatica, I just borrowed the name.

## GUARDIAN ANGEL

It all started on a sunny day in Little Whinging. Eight year old Rebecca Jameson was a student at the local primary school with her best friends Kara Crichton and Alex Patterson. It was an ordinary day, Rebecca was showing her friends some photographs of some Japanese locations which her father had photographed and brought back with him from one of his trips.

Suddenly, cries could be heard. The trio went to where the sounds were coming from and could see a small crowd watching as a small boy of seven was being beaten up by Dudley Dursley and his gang. Rebecca could see a glint of metal. The trio went over and Rebecca pulled Dudley away.

"How dare you touch me!" Dudley said and punched Rebecca in the face. She stumbled back and Kara returned the favour. Dudley's best friend Pires showed he had a knife and slashed with it.

"Break it up!" a teacher said. Everyone stopped. "Now, what's going on here?"

"Potter started to beat us up," Dudley claimed, "and those three decided to join in."

Rebecca had managed to stand up. Blood was gushing from her nose. "That's a lie," she said, "Dudley and his gang were beating up Harry there," she continued, indicating a barely conscious boy on the ground. He had a slash mark on his face, "I got Dudley off him who then punched me. Kara punched him back and Pires slashed her in the face with his knife."

"The headmistress will sort this out." The teacher said.

The following day, Rebecca, her parents, Harry, Dudley, Vernon and Petunia Dursley, Kara and her family along with Pires and his

parents were in the headmistress' office. Dudley had broken Rebecca's nose and it was all bandaged up. Kara had stitches on her face. The Deputy Headmaster and the witnessing teacher were also there.

"Whatever that bitch told you is a lie." Vernon said, "Everyone knows the brat there is a delinquent."

"I don't think so." Mr. Jameson said, "If your son and his friends were the victims, then why doesn't he have a scratch or mark on him?"

"My Dudley wouldn't hurt a fly." Petunia Dursley said.

"And what about your nephew?" Mr. Jameson asked.

"He's just a troublemaker." Vernon said.

"That is untrue," Rebecca said, "I've seen Dudley and his gang bully Harry all the time. I've seen them beat people up for talking to him. I've done my best to stop it."

While Rebecca was making her statement, Vernon discreetly pushed something towards the headmistress.

"My ruling is as follows – Harry Potter, Kara Crichton and Rebecca Jameson will be suspended until the end of term. Dudley Dursley and Piers Polykiss are exonerated." She said.

Mr. Jameson saw the bundle before the headmistress could put it away.

"Excuse me," he said, "Did Mr. Dursley just pay you to make these charges go away?"

"He was not giving me anything." The Headmistress said.

"That's a load of rubbish and you know it. I was a POW during the Second World War and I bribed many a guard to look the other way or bring in contraband so I know bribery when I see it." Mr. Jameson said. He was a man in his sixties who had spent part of World War 2 in the RAF prison camp Stalag Luft 3 and when he tried to escape

from that camp, he was sent to the infamous 'escape-proof' prison Colditz Castle.

"So what?" Dursley said, "If things like this stick, then it ruins my Dudley's future."

"Listen here," Mr. Jameson said, "If you do not punish those bullies, I will take my daughter out of this school and let the whole community know why. I will also file a report with the Department of Education along with the police. You forget, I have a lot of influence with the right people."

The Deputy decided to step in. "Forgive my colleague here Ambassador," he said to Mr. Jameson –he was an Ambassador for the British government, "Harry, Rebecca and Kara's punishments are cancelled. Harry was obviously the victim and Rebecca was protecting a friend. Dudley is suspended until the end of term while in my opinion, Piers should be expelled but I will be meeting with Janet about this later today but until then, he should consider himself suspended."

Mr. Jameson met with his wife – a social worker on his return home.

"There is something going on at the Dursley residence." He said, telling her things that Rebecca had told him based on her observations – looking very thin, wearing baggy clothing she had seen Dudley wear and Vernon's actions during the meeting.

That afternoon, Mrs. Jameson knocked on the door of 4 Privet Drive. She could hear the slam of a door and what sounded like a lock. The door opened and Petunia Dursley answered it.

"Petunia Dursley, I'm Natalie Jameson, Surrey Social Services." Mrs. Jameson said, "I've had a few things brought to my attention and would like to give your home an inspection please?"

"Very well," Petunia said, letting Mrs. Jameson in. She knew if she refused entry, the police could get involved.

Petunia showed Mrs. Jameson around the house who had to admit there was nothing wrong with it. It was spotless and tidy. There was one thing she didn't see though.



"How come you don't have photos of your nephew?" she asked.

"He's photo-shy." Petunia answered. There was nothing wrong with that – both Mr. Jameson and Rebecca hated having their photos taken. But there was no school photograph.

"Can I see Harry's bedroom please?" she asked.

"It's being decorated right now." Petunia lied. She had just brought in some tea. Then a voice could be heard.

"You'll pay for getting me suspended you freak!" it was Dudley.

Mrs. Jameson walked out into the hall way to see Dudley punching someone in a cupboard. She dragged him away to find young Harry Potter, beaten to a pulp by Dudley. She went straight to the Dursley's phone and called social services, her husband and a doctor.

Vernon got back to see everyone watching Number 4 and saw two social workers taking Dudley away while Harry was being taken away in an ambulance. Mrs. Jameson walked up to him.

"Mr. Dursley," she said, filling out a piece of paper, "This is a notice to inform you that we plan on removing the minor child Harry Potter from your custody and to give your son a full psychiatric evaluation."

Vernon and Petunia had hoped that Dudley would be returned to them as soon as possible, but it was a week until a court hearing into both Harry and Dudley's futures with the Dursleys. Dudley's case was first. Over a dozen parents reported what Dudley had done to their children, then blackmailed them to say Harry had done it. Incidents at school were recorded into evidence and then just when Petunia and Vernon didn't think things couldn't get any worse, the psychologist's testimony was last.

"Dudley freely admits to bullying people," he said, "He says it gives him a feel of power. According to him, his father frequently tells him that attacking his cousin will give him a feel of what it will be like to be in charge of the family after Mr. Dursley retires."

The judge pondered on things for a minute then made his decision.

"While I am disgusted at Dudley's behaviour, I feel removing him from his parent's custody permanently will not be in his best interests. However, I am concerned about the way he thinks, especially when he believes violence is the best tool to get on in this world. My ruling is that he be put in the foster care system for one year, during which he will receive counselling for his violent tendencies. Mr. & Mrs. Dursley will undergo parental classes, along with anger management. If they comply, and pass all tests after one year, they will be permitted to retain custody of Dudley."

Harry's case came up. It was reported that the main target for Dudley's aggression was Harry even though the boy was treated better. It was proved that Vernon and Petunia hadn't done anything violent to him although their mental abuse or forcing him to live in the cupboard under the stairs wasn't going to do Harry any favours.

Mr. Jameson stood up. "Your Honour. It is obvious that Harry's well-being is threatened by remaining in the Dursley household. I am aware that his parents were murdered but from what I've heard of the Dursley family, I am surprised that his parents wanted him to go there."

"Your Honour," Petunia Dursley stood up, "My sister and I never got along and while I knew about my nephew's birth and her marriage to some rich bloke, I never thought he would be sent to us. We found him on our doorstep the day after Halloween 1981 with a note saying we had to take him in."

"Why didn't you take him to an orphanage then?" the judge asked.

"We did but he was returned to us the following day." Vernon said.

The judge then asked why they let Dudley frequently beat him up and why they did their verbal abuse, starvation, made him live in the cupboard and giving him hand-me-down clothing.

"We have no explanation to give, no excuses your honour." Vernon said, trying to get out of more trouble.

"Your Honour," Mr. Jameson said, "If I may have a quick word with the Dursleys in private please?"

"We are adjourned for one hour." The judge said, banging his gavel.

An hour later, the hearing was back on.

"Your Honour," Mr. Jameson said, "Mr & Mrs Dursley have admitted to me that they have no paperwork concerning their guardianship of their nephew."

"This is serious," the Judge said.

"From the evidence that has been given today, it is in both Harry and the Dursley's best interests for him to be placed somewhere else. While the Dursleys aren't suffering financially, Mrs. Dursley's hatred for her late sister has transferred onto her nephew. If it pleases the court, my wife and I will take him in," Mr. Jameson said, "My daughter is adopted and she has done what she can for Harry and we will be pleased to have him."

The judge considered things for a few minutes.

"Mr. Dursley – is this alright with you, even though you don't have legal guardianship?" the judge asked.

"We have no objections Your Honour." Vernon said.

"So be it – I rule that Harry Potter be placed in the custody of the Jameson family. The previous rulings against the Dursley family stay. I cannot rule out any future charges against the family however." The Judge said.

Three years later, the door of the Jameson house was being knocked by someone. Rebecca went to the door and a middle aged woman could be seen.

"Rebecca Jameson?" the woman asked. Rebecca confirmed her name, "I am Minevra McGonagall, Deputy Headmistress of Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry. May I come in please?"

Rebecca led McGonagall to the living room and her mouth opened in shock.

"Harry Potter?" she asked, seeing Harry sitting on a chair reading a comic book.

Here's another chapter of my daughter's story about the post-Hogwarts days.

### Chapter Three

Richard Longbottom

Richard Longbottom was the eldest child of Neville and Ginny Longbottom. He was only two months younger than his best friend Sophie Potter so they started at Hogwarts together. He was sorted into Gryffindor – this made him happy since he would be with his friend. He was hoping not to be sorted into Slytherin as the twin sons of Draco Malfoy would give him hell anytime they could.

Fred and George Weasley kept trying to corrupt him to their way of thinking when it came to pranks, just like they did to their niece. But unlike Sophie, they succeeded.

Richard's first prank at Hogwarts came to light at the first Charms lesson. Everyone was sitting in their chairs, waiting for their teacher – Harry Potter to come in. Harry entered the classroom and went to his desk.

"Welcome to Charms. This is the class in which it seems you will have the most fun but I won't tolerate any troublemakers." He said, sitting down to take the register. The class were waiting for him to read out names.

"Mr. Longbottom!" Harry said, making everyone jump. Richard looked at the Professor.

"Yes sir?" he asked in an innocent voice which could deceive anyone, especially Molly Weasley, who was never fooled by the voices of her children, especially Fred and George.

"Five points from Gryffindor and a detention." Harry replied.

"How come Professor?" Richard asked.

"Pranking."

"Pranking sir?"

"Yes, pranking. Next time you write to Fred and George Weasley, tell them that the next time they encourage you to play a prank on a teacher with a register, make sure it is in their handwriting, not their predecessors, also to make sure it doesn't have Fred and George's names on it and finally, make sure it has the right date on it!" Harry held out the register and on it were the names: FRED WEASLEY, GEORGE WEASLEY along with ANGELINA JOHNSON, ALICIA SPINNET. There was also the name FILIUS FLITWICK on it and it was dated: 2nd September, 1995. Everyone started laughing.

"As you should know by now Mr. Longbottom, I own part of Weasleys Wizarding Wheezes and so know all of Fred and George's pranks." Harry said as the class continued to laugh.

"Busted." Sophie whispered to her best friend.

"Professor – please don't give me detention." pleaded Richard.

"Why is that?" asked Harry.

"Because Mum said that if I got detention for pranking, then I would be banned from flying lessons until fourth year and that I would have to spend my free time in the chambers with her and Dad. Aunt Hermione hinted that if the prank was bad enough, she might send me to the Chamber of Secrets to clean up after where you killed that giant basilisk."

The whole class laughed. Even Harry hid a chuckle. He knew how much Ginny loved flying and would have lived in the sky if she could and how her love of flying had been inherited by her son.

"The Chamber of Secrets is a myth!" one student shouted. Obviously, Hogwarts – a History hadn't been updated to include that piece of news.

"Incorrect there Miss. Jenkins. I can confirm that the Chamber of Secrets exists and the entrance is in a second floor bathroom. But before you try to get in, you need to speak Parsletounge to open the entrance and I am the only known person who can speak Parsletounge."

With that, Harry led the class to the infamous bathroom and showed them the Chamber (it had to be cleaned first). Richard got an idea

and after classes (and his detention), he wrote to a certain pair of Uncles.

The following week, there was a crowd near the girls bathroom. Sophie walked over to see what was going on. Richard was there with a friend of his and there was a sign on the wall with the words:

TOUR THE CHAMBER OF SECRETS

ONE GALLEON PER TICKET

"You're going to be in so much trouble now." Sophie said.

"There's nothing in the rule book about this." Richard said.

"Did Fred and George put you up to this?" asked Sophie.

"No comment." He replied. Sophie tutted before walking away.

Later that day, Sophie walked past the same bathroom and saw Harry and McGonagall working on sealing the bathroom off. She knew Richard was going to be in trouble when this got back to Neville and Ginny.

It seemed he was saved from trouble. The couple had an emergency which saw them leave the castle for a few days.

Harry walked past one student, wearing all black, with black gloves and wearing a strange badge.

"What's this all about?"

"Hogwarts is mother, Hogwarts is father." The student said.

"Are you a Muggleborn and have you been watching Babylon 5?" Harry asked,

"Yes Professor," the student said, "Richard Longbottom told me that there is a secret cel of the Psi-Corp which was founded here and to join, I have to wear this for a week. I always wanted to be telepathic."

"Go and get changed back into your normal robes. There is no Psi-Corp here and there never will be. There is no telepathy here. Ten points from Ravenclaw for falling for a Longbottom prank." Harry said.

Richard tried one more prank. On the fifth floor, there was a bathroom for the fifth, sixth and seventh year girls. That evening, he and a friend put a sign on the door saying: THIS WAY TO THE CHAMBER OF SECRETS.

"They'll never fall for that." His friend said.

But people did and entered the bathroom. The guys were cursed and hexed before being chased out.

That evening, he was in a lot of trouble. Harry could be heard telling him off, saying how he should not let Fred and George influence his behaviour. In the end, Richard was sentenced to three weeks detention for all the pranks with a promise that Ginny and Neville would find out.

His parents grounded him for three months and cut off his pocket money for his pranks and Ginny hexed Fred and George badly.

Apologies to those who didn't like my daughter's latest instalment in her pranking fic (see previous chapter) – she wrote it during a depressing bout of ill health and wanted it uploaded to try and raise a few laughs. She wasn't entirely satisfied with it but plans to revisit it.

Apologies for those who love Hermione, it's a very rare bashing fic. This is something I dug out that I wrote a year ago. It's post DH but Hedwig and Dobby survived but Percy died instead of Fred.

## UNTITLED FIC 2

Hermione Granger and Ron Weasley were in hiding. For the last two days, they had been hounded with Howlers and cursed mail. It was all because of an article in the Daily Prophet by Rita Skeeter, which was actually true.

## HARRY POTTER'S SEVERE HEARTBREAK

As readers of the Prophet know, Harry Potter became engaged to Hermione Granger two years ago and in a statement to this paper, said they were going to marry after the war against You-Know-Who was over.

I went to find the happy couple to see what their current wedding plans were now that the war is over and I had the unfortunate pleasure of witnessing this encounter:

'Harry and Hermione were in an empty classroom. Hermione was returning a ring to him.

"What's this?" Harry asked.

"I can't go through with this," Hermione said, "It'll destroy the Weasleys. Because Percy was killed in the battle, they are now in mourning over their loss. It'll really hurt their feelings, especially Ron if we got married."

"So, you're breaking it up just to prevent them from being hurt? We can always postpone it for a while." Harry asked.

"It'll hurt them too much. Sorry." She said, leaving the classroom.'



As we know, Percy Weasley was the Junior Assistant to the Minister. He was killed in the final battle against You-Know-Who. If Miss. Granger is to be believed, she broke up with Mr. Potter because their marriage would hurt the feelings of the Weasley family, especially Ronald Weasley.

One has to wonder why she felt she had to break it up, especially to spare the feelings of Mr. Weasley. I did some discreet testing and I do know Miss. Granger was not under any compulsion charms or love potions.

On behalf of everyone, I wish Mr. Potter the best with his future and hopes he finds a new woman who will treat him better than Miss. Granger did.

The moment the article went out, Hermione and Ron were overwhelmed with Howlers and cursed mail. There was that much of it, it was piled high in the Hogwarts Great Hall. When they fled to the Burrow, the mail followed them and nearly destroyed the house.

After Hermione broke up with him, Harry left Hogwarts after leaving a message for McGonagall to inform her that he might be back for his final year.

He went to the home of Andromeda Tonks and let himself in. She had given him permission to do so. As he came in, he heard his godson Teddy crying. He went and found the infant laying down. He picked the baby up and cuddled him and he stopped crying.

"Where's nanny?" he asked. He looked around the house and with a shock, found Andromeda laying on the floor. He checked her pulse but it was very weak. He ran to the nearby fireplace and called for Healers from St. Mungos. Because he was the Boy-Who-Won, Healers arrived instantly. They worked on Andromeda for several minutes. Then the head Healer came over.

"I'm sorry Mr. Potter but there was nothing we could do." The Healer said. That was all Harry needed. "Mr. Potter – that young baby needs you. I witnessed his mother's will. She and Mr. Lupin wanted you to raise him if anything happened to his grandmother."

September 1st

It was the start of the first day of term. The day before, Hermione and Ron announced their engagement which really cheered certain members of the family up. Ginny, Fred and George refused to acknowledge it and leaked the news to Weasley's Wizarding Wheezes customers. They in turn spread the news about and the couple were subject to another new batch of Howlers and cursed mail. Ginny put the two under another Bat Bogey Hex.

There was a surprise after the sorting. McGonagall stepped up.

"Welcome to another year at Hogwarts," she said, "You may be wondering why there isn't a Head Boy and Girl. Following controversy over recent choices, I have decided to give you students from second year to seventh, the chance to vote for the Head Boy and Girl. In front of you is a list of seventh year students and a separate piece of parchment. You will write who you want to represent the student body to the staff."

Everyone picked up the supplied quills and wrote names. McGonagall summoned the slips and used a spell to count the names. She then started to look through them. Then the doors opened. A person came in carrying a baby.

"Mr. Potter," McGonagall said, "I received your letter saying you might be a bit late. We're just about to announce the new Head Boy and Girl."

Harry took a seat and started to give Teddy a bottle. Some of the nearby girls gave him admiring looks. Hermione went over to them.

"How is he?" she asked.

"Go away Hermione," Harry said, "I have nothing to say to you."

"Leave her alone." Ron said.

"It's none of your concern Weasley," Harry said. Everyone turned to see what would happen, "It's bad enough that you broke off our engagement just to spare his feelings and I later find out you're engaged to him, but to think you wouldn't help me with Teddy just so I don't use him to convince you to give us another try is even worse. Now go away."

People started to give Hermione and Ron more evil glares. The two realised that this year at Hogwarts was not going to be a good one.

"I'm his godmother and so I have rights." Hermione countered.

"You was his godmother," Harry said, "Remus didn't have a family because of those prejudiced idiots at the Ministry and I'm the head of Tonks' family. Did you know that as the head of the Black family, I have the power to veto godparent appointments and I've ruled that you did not act as a true godmother when you turned your back on Teddy so your appointment as godmother is void. I have found him a new godmother who will do a better job than you."

"You can't do that!" Ron shouted.

Draco Malfoy stood up. "He can Weasley. My father vetoed my mother's choice of godmother. Potter also dissolved my mother's marriage and helped her and myself escape prison because by lying to the Dark Lord that he was dead, it helped end the war."

Before Hermione and Ron could be cursed, McGonagall got everyone's attention.

"For those who do not know, this is the son of former Professor Lupin and his wife – Auror Tonks, both of which sadly died in the battle. Following the death of Auror Tonks' mother, Mr. Potter has been raising little Teddy, being named his godfather." McGonagall said before continuing.

"It appears that the students have picked Mr. Harry Potter for Head Boy." McGonagall said. Hermione looked at her, hoping to be named Head Girl. "The Head Girl chosen by you is Daphne Greengrass."

There was a huge round of applause at this announcement. Most people knew Harry would be voted for. Hermione looked sick.

"I demand a recount!" Ron and Hermione shouted.

"How many people voted for Hermione Granger to be Head Girl?" Harry asked. Only Ron raised his hand. "How many people voted for Ron Weasley?" No-one raised their hands.

"The students have spoken." McGonagall said.

After the feast, McGonagall went to Harry.

"I understand you have someone to help with Teddy?" she asked.

"Yes Professor," Harry said, "I have Dobby and Winky – a pair of house-elves to look after him while I'm in classes. I also have other help at hand if I need it."

There was another scathing article in the Daily Prophet the following day:

### GRANGER ABANDONS GODSON!

This reporter found some more disturbing news last night regarding Harry Potter's former fiancée Hermione Granger. She was named godmother to former DADA teacher Remus Lupin's son Theodore. His wife was an Auror called Nymphadora Tonks. They were sadly killed during the final battle and baby Teddy as he is known, then age one month, went to Auror Tonks' mother Andromeda Tonks, of the House of Black. She sadly died of a heart attack so Mr. Potter took on the responsibilities of guardianship, being named his godfather.

He contacted Miss. Granger to arrange visitations and occasional help, but she told him that she could not help him at all, thinking he would be foolish enough to use the young baby to try to rekindle their relationship. Therefore, Mr. Potter used his powers as the Head of the Black Family to revoke her godmother appointment and plans to assign it to someone else, who it is however, is unknown.

In lighter news, Mr. Potter was seen heading towards his new Head Boy quarters with an attractive young woman. They seemed close but it looked like she was just helping him carry some stuff while Mr. Potter was carrying young Teddy. Let's hope this potential relationship goes well.

There was another barrage of Howlers and cursed mail for Ron and Hermione the following day and the trouble didn't end there.

Daphne Greengrass was walking past the traitorous duo when Hermione noticed something.

"Professor McGonagall!" she shouted. McGonagall came over. "Daphne here has stolen the Potter engagement ring."

Daphne was wearing an engagement ring.

"What makes you think that Miss. Granger?" McGonagall asked.

"Because that's the ring Harry gave me.." Hermione began.

"Which you gave back to him when you decided to abandon him for the Weasel." Daphne said, "Harry gave it to me a few weeks ago."

"He would never propose to a snake like you!" Ron shouted. He didn't notice Harry come in.

"You lost all right to voice opinions about me," Harry said startling people, "when you became a turncoat. As it happens, there is a law which states that people have to be married in order to adopt and it seems that following our break-up, people were wanting me to marry their daughters. Because the situation was desperate, Minister Shacklebolt kindly authorised a concession – Teddy gets to remain in my custody and I have six months to find a bride. After much consideration, I picked Daphne and she was kind enough to accept."

With that, Harry spun Daphne around and kissed her.

"Things are going slow at the moment but we're getting there."

"Why aren't you getting together with Ginny?" Ron asked.

"Not that it's any of your business Ron," Ginny said, "Harry and I had a long talk. We decided in a mature way that we wouldn't be right so I decided to help him find someone."

Ron walked away muttering the words 'traitor'. Hermione followed him.

"Oh, Ronnie," Harry said, "You're off the team."

"But, you need someone to help you while you raise that kid." Ron protested.

"Of course, that is why Ginny will be helping me as co-captain. She will also help train our replacements."

A few days, the Daily Prophet delivered some shocking news.

## MARRIAGE ACT APPROVED

After many controversial marriages and engagements in recent years, the Ministry has brought into law a new marriage law. All engagements, especially those involving purebloods and muggleborns or muggleborns marrying into pureblood families will now have to be approved.

All engagements from the last year have now been rendered null and void. Any engagements will now have to go through the Ministry.

"Ha!" Ron shouted, "That should put an end to Harry's engagement to that snake.

"You better read the rest." Hermione said.

Certain couples have been pre-approved. Harry Potter's engagement to pureblood Daphne Greengrass has not been affected. It is rumoured that Mr. Potter asked the Minister to help him when it came to finding a new bride. Miss. Greengrass is Minister Shacklebolt's god-daughter.

The article went on about how prospective couples had to convince the Ministry on why they should be allowed to marry. That same day, Ron and Hermione wrote to the Ministry to request permission.

There were even more shocks two days later. Hermione was in the Hospital Wing giving birth. Two hours after going in, she gave birth to a baby girl.

"Have you got the blood-adoption potion?" Ron asked Madam Pomfrey. She went into her office and collected the potion. Then the doors opened and Harry walked in with two Aurors. He passed a roll of parchment over to Madam Pomfrey, who looked at it and took the vial away.

"What's going on here?" Ron asked.

"It is a restraining order forbidding the use of that blood adoption potion on my daughter." Harry said. He turned to Hermione, "Don't think I had forgotten that you were pregnant and were hiding it with glamour charms."

"How did you know Ron was going to blood-adopt her?" Hermione asked.

"I thought you were smart," Harry said, "It's impossible to keep a secret in this castle. Dobby overheard the two of you talking about it. The restraining order prohibits the potion from being used until a hearing at the Ministry tomorrow morning. The Aurors are here to stop you from trying to use one."

He left the room.

This is a collection of segments from The Children of Time fic, which will hopefully become a full fic. I plan for the Living in Darkness fic to be next in line to be completed.

## THE CHILDREN OF TIME CONTINUED

The Weasleys, Harry, Dumbledore and McGonagall were in Dumbledore's office an hour later discussing where to send him now he couldn't return to the Dursleys.

"But Arthur, he's not Harry! He's completely different. Granted he may still have Lily's eyes but his scar is gone!"

"So you were only interested in me because of my scar? Did you only want to know me because being associated with the Boy-Who-Lived will increase your social profile?" Harry asked with hurt in his voice, "I've put up with people treating me like a freak for years thanks to the Dursleys and now when I do have some friends or find people who care, I find they are only interested in me because of some pathetic scar or just to increase their social status! My appearance may have changed, I may have lost the scar, but I'm still Harry Potter. I was Harry Potter before I received the scar and I still am Harry Potter."

That got Dumbledore's attention – he remembered hearing a faint scream when Harry changed. He waved his wand over Harry's head. "It is gone. It appears that there is something that can get rid of a curse scar. That must explain the dark magic I felt just now along with that faint scream."

"How are we going to explain this to the students and to the Ministry?" McGonagall asked.

"I have no idea. The Ministry will not accept the idea of sudden appearance changes. We could say there was either a potions accident or adjust the truth."

"Adjust the truth?" McGonagall asked.

"Harry was bitten by the basilisk in his attempt to save the school and Miss. Weasley, however, due to the haste to get an antidote; several wrong potions were drunk, forcing the change. That can be



believed – I think something like it happened before." Dumbledore answered.

"Is there any way he can change back to the boy we know?" Arthur asked.

"I'm afraid not," Dumbledore said, "The best we can do is a glamour charm. Either that or a form of Polyjuice potion. Anyhow, let's listen to how Ginny was saved."

Harry told the story of how he suspected Draco Malfoy of being the heir because of his comments and how he felt as he was shunned by the whole school because he was the chief suspect. He told of how he heard hissing sounds before each attack but couldn't find the source, and then he told of how Hermione found the answer but was petrified. Harry then told of how they tried to tell Lockhart about it and the effects of the teacher trying to use Ron's broken wand to cast a memory charm. At the mention of Lockhart still being in the Chamber, Dumbledore whispered to Fawkes who disappeared in a flash then almost instantly, reappeared with the very groggy Defence teacher.

"Well, it seems Harry has managed to save the day again. Tom Riddle is dangerous – not many people these days know that he went on to be Voldemort. Ironical really that he campaigns for purebloods when he himself is a half-blood."

Everyone looked at him in shock. "Yes, his mother was a pureblood who fell in love with a Muggle man. Brought shame on her entire family. She died when Tom was born, leaving him to be raised by a Muggle orphanage. Tom Riddle Sr. left her when he found out she was a witch – he never knew his son."

Everyone listened on with awe – this much about Voldemort was not known by the general public.

The next day, Dumbledore decided to take Harry to Gringotts. For security reasons, Dumbledore had Fawkes flame travel them there. Once in the lobby, Dumbledore and Harry walked to one of the tellers.

"Morning. Can I see Lord Krantor please?" Dumbledore asked. Moments later, they were brought into Krantor's office.

"Good morning Professor." Lord Krantor said, "What can I do for you today?"

"I have brought Harry Potter here to visit his family vault on a matter of vast importance."

"You know the law, Professor – unless emancipated, an underage heir cannot take money from his or her family vault, only a trust fund vault, even if a guardian authorises it."

"I am aware of the law, Lord Krantor. We are not here for money. We are here to see if Lily Potter left paperwork in the vault regarding her heritage, which we need to find out about to answer some questions."

"Very well, Professor. I will have someone take you to the vault."

Minutes later, Dumbledore, Harry and a goblin were on a cart heading towards the vault.

"What did you mean by 'family vault'?" Harry asked.

"Each pureblood family has a family vault plus a trust fund vault for their children. Parents open these vaults with a set number of galleons – I believe your parents set it up with 20,000 galleons. On the child's birthday each year, the trust fund is replenished from the main vault. Hogwarts fees are deducted automatically once a year, unless told otherwise. I believe your parents paid your fees a few days after you were born. There is a limit to how much that can be taken out from a trust fund although there is no limit in the case of emergencies."

"How come the Weasleys don't have a lot of money? I saw their vault last year and they had less than ten galleons in it yet Mr. Weasley got fined 50 galleons for the flying car. I offered to pay it, it was partially my fault but they refused. They don't even have vaults for their children."

"Well Harry, it is not normally my place to tell you this but I will say that due to circumstances beyond their control, Arthur Weasley's parents lost their fortune when someone cheated them out of it via false lawsuits although the Weasley family were in the right."

Hogwarts has a fund which helps families who don't have much money get their children through Hogwarts."

After a few moments, the cart stopped. "Vault 5," the goblin said, "Mr. Potter, you have to place your hand on the door so it will recognise you as a Potter."

Harry put his hand on the vault door. After a few minutes, the door opened. Harry and Dumbledore walked in. Harry looked in shock at what was in the vault – swords, jewels, money, boxes, practically everything. Harry was drawn to a small box. He picked it up and opened it. Inside were three unusual looking items and a letter. He took it and called out to Dumbledore.

"I found this letter," Harry said, opening it. He read it out loud.

My dear Harry,

If you are reading this letter, then you have found yourself drawn to this box which I stored in the Potter vault.

Also, if you are reading this letter, then your father and I are dead and cannot tell you this.

My grandfather was not a pure-human. He was the last of a race known as the Time Lords. He hid himself on Earth for a number of years but returned to his travels. The Time Lords travel in time and space using machines known as a TARDIS – known as Time And Relative Dimensions in Space. Before he left, grandfather gave me this piece of coral from his TARDIS along with a circuit which will make it work. If you place this piece of coral in a room, and activate it using the sonic device also found in this box, it will grow and convert the room into a TARDIS. It will take a year to grow. TARDIS' are bigger on the inside than the outside, it's a bit like a magical expansion charm – I believe there are spells that simulate these effects.

Another thing you should know – when Time Lords are mortally wounded, they heal themselves but then regenerate, taking on an entirely new appearance. It is not possible to heal and not change but it is possible not to heal and change. Your great-grandfather is no stranger to this – the last time I saw him, he had gone through the process nine times. They can do it twelve times.

All of the Evans have some sort of Time Lord genes in them, but your great-grandfather locked them when he was in hiding so there is a very slim chance of them awakening. He unlocked his Time Lord biology before leaving. I tell you, it broke your great-grandmother's heart but in his words, he had to leave to right the wrongs in the universe.

In the event that you have had to go through a change, and your current guardians have thrown you out, then it will be best to find a former friend of your great-grandfather. Her name is Sarah Jane Smith and she lives at 13 Bannerman Road, Ealing, London although she might not live there now. Tell her that you are descended from the Doctor and she will help you – she travelled with him for three years. If you have any trouble convincing her, show her these papers and photographs.

Harry saw several photographs of a young woman with a man with white hair and clothing just as eccentric as Dumbledore's, along with photos of her with a man with curly hair and a very long scarf. There was also an army charge sheet, telling him that Sarah Jane Smith had been arrested during a state of emergency in 1973 for looting, with the older man, who was called the Doctor. Harry continued reading.

Another contact you should make is with a Captain Jack Harkness who works for an organisation called Torchwood, based in Cardiff, in Wales. Be careful of anyone you take near him – to him, saying 'Hello' is flirting.

"We'll do that just before term ends, Harry," Dumbledore said, "I'll have to make sure she still lives there. I've heard of this Torchwood."

I also have a cousin called Verity Newman, who you should locate. She knows about you and so should be willing to help, that's assuming you weren't placed with her, which is in our will. There is a book in this vault which will explain all about the Time Lords in case you have any other questions about them.

Your loving mother, Lily.

Harry was in tears when he read the letter. It was the first thing from his mother he had ever read.

"I never thought your mother had any other living relatives bar Petunia. The Ministry will be more likely to award custody to her than anyone else, unless a will states otherwise. It is not known if your parents left a will however. If they haven't, as the last Potter, you inherit all Potter monies and properties." Dumbledore said.

Meanwhile, Molly and Arthur Weasley were having a conversation with Professor McGonagall.

"Harry's gone through a big change – he has no-one," began McGonagall, "The Dursleys never liked him – Hagrid told me of their actions two years ago when he gave Harry his letter. I had watched them the same day Dumbledore took him to them. He needs a family who will love him for what he is, not what he represents."

"But he's different from the Harry that spent two weeks with us last year." Molly said.

"Do you realise how hurt he was after your comments, especially about the scar?" McGonagall asked, "Did you hear him in Albus' office saying the Dursleys never accepted him anyway?"

"We did hear that. Ron and the twins claim there were bars on his window and Hedwig was locked in her cage." Arthur said.

"It was most likely true. I don't think the twins would lie about something like that." McGonagall said.

"After what we said to Harry, he'll never want to stay with us again." Molly spoke fearfully.

"What you will have to do then Molly," began McGonagall, "is to gain his forgiveness. Tell him what you said was out of shock more than anything. That regeneration was something I never thought possible."

"We'll do that." Arthur said, "We won the Annual Daily Prophet Prize Draw and were going to spend the gold on a holiday this summer to Egypt to visit Bill. We'll ask Harry if he would like to come with us."

"So you've been renewed?" Hannah asked.

"It must be useful, this renewal business." Susan said.

"Must be fun," Hannah said, then by the look of Harry's face, realised she had said the wrong thing.

Harry turned on her. "It can be agonizing!" he shouted. Everyone turned to look at the Hufflepuff table, "No-one would submit to a process like that voluntarily!"

"But, you said..." Hannah began.

"I fought it!" Harry said, "I couldn't stop myself, I couldn't resist."

"Would this have happened to you after You-Know-Who tried to kill you as a baby?" Susan asked.

"No." Harry answered, now calmed down, "You have to be on the brink of death to change. You can change twelve times, before you have to face death. My great-grandfather has been through the process nine times. Anything can trigger a change from extreme old age, radiation, poison, all sorts."

Harry then got up. "I want to show you something." He said. Hannah and Susan got up and left the Great Hall with him. Ron and Hermione followed. He went to Dumbledore's office.

"I would like to see the Headmaster please." He said to the gargoyle on guard. After a minute, it turned around to reveal the staircase. Harry walked up it and knocked on Dumbledore's door.

"Come in." The Headmaster said. Harry opened the door and went in. "Ah, Harry. What can I do for you?"

"Papers in my family vault reveal I own the Shrieking Shack. I also know there is a secret passage from the Whomping Willow to the shack. I want permission to go there now. It involves that thing from the vault."

"Permission granted." Dumbledore said, "To stop the Willow, you have to touch a particular branch."

Harry led the group to the Willow. He picked up a branch and as the Willow tried to attack him, he managed to touch the branch. Harry then managed to get into the passage underneath followed by Hannah. The willow reactivated – the other three couldn't go anywhere.

"I'm not going to try and touch that branch." Ron said.

Inside the Shack, Harry took the piece of coral out of his pocket and placed it on a table. He also took out what looked like a silver wand and pressed a button on it. Hannah looked scared as a groaning and wheezing sound could be heard.

"What's going on?" she asked as it appeared the walls were changing.

"Something special. You're the first human to witness this sort of transformation. We'll have to leave now." Harry said. The two left and found their friends.

"What's happening?" Hermione asked, hearing the sound, the volume of which died down.

"You'll find out in one year's time," Harry said, "That's how long it will take for the process to be complete."

Harry led the way through the passage, holding onto Hannah's hand. Hermione held onto hers while Susan held onto Hermione's.

"This doesn't look like the Shrieking Shack." Hermione said as they reached a small door at the end of the passage. It slid open and Harry led the three girls into a very dark room. Barely anything could be seen bar a few very faint lights. Harry held out his wand.

"Lumos." He said. A small orb of light came on at the end of it and he led the way to what appeared to be some stairs.

"Here we are." He said eventually. The sound of something being touched could be heard and then the lights came on. The three girls looked in amazement. Instead of the inside of a small house, they were in a room which was twice the size of the Hogwarts Great Hall. Silver roundels decorated the walls, stairs led to further rooms and in the middle of this room was a big six sided machine that looked

like it was made of Muggle items. In the centre of this thing was a column with something inside.

"What is this thing?" Susan asked.

"This is a TARDIS – Time and Relative Dimensions in Space." Harry answered, "One of only two left in the universe. My great-grandfather is flying one now. With this, I can take you to any point in time, to any place in the universe."

"This is unbelievable." Hannah said.

"This is a Type 40 TT capsule. According to my family records, these were decommissioned years ago and when the Time Lords died out, the Type 90 were in use."

"Then how come, it says on this plaque, built in 1963?" Hermione asked with scorn in her voice.

Harry and the others looked at the plaque which read:

TARDIS – TIME AND RELATIVE DIMENSION IN SPACE

BUILD SITE: GALLIFREY BLACK HOLE SHIPYARD

BUILD DATE: 1963

AUTHORISED FOR USE BY QUALIFIED TIME LORDS ONLY BY THE SHADOW PROCLAMATION. MISUSE OR THEFT OF ANY TARDIS WILL RESULT IN EXTREME PENALTIES AND POSSIBLE EXILE.

"Ah that. It means 1963 in Gallifrey years, not Earth years." Harry said.

"Are we going to get into trouble for using this?" Hermione asked, keen to stick to the rules.

"No. As I said, the Time Lords have all died out except for my great-grandfather. He did steal his and was punished for it but they forgave him." Harry said.

"It's Ron!" Hermione said, looking at a chair on a higher level.



Sirius was sent flying. With a crash, he landed on the console. A chuddering sound could be heard as one lever was pressed against it and as he slid off the machine, he pulled another lever. With a loud whooshing sound, the centre column began to rise and fall.

"What's going on Potter?" Snape asked.

"Sirius activated the take off controls," Harry said, "I've not even used this yet so have not been able to make up the co-ordinate database. We could be heading anywhere at any time."

"I don't believe you Potter," Snape said, "There is nothing that can do what you describe."

"Trust me Snape," Harry said, "I would not want you on the maiden voyage of my TARDIS, but before you exercise disbelief, consider this, how could I have used magic to change the Shrieking Shack into this?"

Five minutes later, the whooshing sound could be heard again and the centre column stopped moving. Harry checked the instruments before pressing a button. On a big roundel on the wall, an image appeared. It had the appearance of a jungle.

Harry went and opened the door and stepped out into a jungle. The others joined him.

"Where are we?" Susan asked.

"I have no idea." Harry said.

"Can you hear that?" Sirius asked, "Over there."

They walked in a particular direction until Snape stepped into something and bounced back. The group looked at it and noticed a shape in the ground.

"Do you know of any paint charms?" Harry asked. Remus and Snape pointed their wands and cast spells. Slowly, an object appeared. Bumps were on a skirt type thing at the bottom. A sink plunger was attached to a middle section as was a tube. A grill

covered part of the top area and there was a dome with something that looked like an eye and there were two lights on the top.

"What is it?" Hannah asked.

"I don't know," Harry said, "But it looks very dangerous." Another sound could be heard and they saw the jungle moving.

"Quick, take cover!" Remus said. They all hid behind some bushes and saw another two machines like the uncovered one move into the area. This time, they were all chrome coloured.

"This is the patrol member unaccounted for." The first machine said, it's lights flashing in sync with the voice, "Report discovery to Central Control."

"Dalek Patrol 2 to Central Control. Reporting discovery of missing patrol member. It had been discovered by human party. Preliminary analysis of Dalek Drone indicates that Drone died from light wave poisoning."

A voice could be heard that was not of the two Daleks. "Continue patrol for the two humans. They must be found and exterminated. Our plans for the Galactic Council must not be relayed to Earth!"

"We obey!" the two Daleks said and continued their patrol.

"That was close." Hermione said, "But what are they? What Galactic Council are they talking about."

"I think we'd better get out of here." Harry said, "Let's go."

They walked through the jungle, not having a clue where they were going. A voice could be heard. They ducked down behind bushes and saw a pair of humans wearing space suits. One was going for a gun.

"Kill. Kill. Kill." The first man was saying. The second man got his gun out and shot the first man. He then turned to an instrument he was holding.

"This is Marc Cory, Special Security Agent on the planet Kembel.

Four Daleks rolled into the area. Marc Cory looked at them, he knew he had failed in his mission. The Daleks pointed their secondary tubes at him.

"Can't we save him?" Hannah asked.

"FIRE!" one of the Daleks ordered. Harry and Hermione burst out of hiding and with their strength, pushed one of the Daleks into another. The third Dalek fired but in the confusion, it hit the first Dalek, blowing up his dome. Remus came out and grabbed the human and pulled him away. The fourth Dalek opened fire on the group but they were too well hidden.

"Thanks," Marc Cory said, "Who are you?"

"It's a bit of a long story. What year is this?" Harry asked.

"It's the year 4000 AD." Cory said.

"It worked." Harry said, "I have a machine which can take me anywhere in time and space. It was activated by accident and somehow, we ended up here."

"Can you get me back to Earth?" Cory asked, "The Daleks are planning the invasion and destruction of the solar system."

"We can try."

A voice could be heard. "Seek locate, exterminate!"

"Quickly!" Remus said. The group went back the way they came. They stopped when they saw the Dalek that Remus and Snape had uncovered. They looked around until they saw the Shrieking Shack. They all ran over to it where Harry opened the door. Daleks were approaching. As soon as everyone was in, he burst in and closed the door as the Daleks opened fire.

Harry went to the console where he entered the name of the planet and the year. The computer began to compute the location.

"Anywhere in particular you wish to go on Earth Mr. Cory?" Harry asked.

"New Washington." Cory said. Harry entered the location on the console and activated it. With the whooshing sound, the column started moving

"Right Potter," Voldemort said, "You will take this machine to October 30th, 1981 where my past self will be warned NOT to attack your home."

"Do you know what damage that will do to the timeline?" Harry asked, "It will cause all sorts of disruption – two people being alive after that date who weren't suppose to be alive. The Time Lords are no longer around to eliminate any consequences."

"You will do it otherwise I will have your friends killed." Voldemort said.

"I suppose you leave me no choice." Harry said. He went to the computer and typed in some commands.

"What are you doing Potter?" asked Voldemort.

"You are a magical construct – I have to tune the TARDIS in on your biology otherwise you would become a dust pile," Harry said. He looked around. There were six Death Eaters along with Voldemort. Wormtail was standing next to the doors which were still open.

He remembered reading an entry in the Doctor's diary which described something that happened when the doors were opened during take-off. It was a huge risk but it had to be taken.

"I'm losing patience here Potter." Voldemort said.

"It's ready Tom." Harry said. He pulled a lever and a chuddering sound could be heard. "Don't worry – that's the power build up." He then pulled another lever. A groaning sound could be heard. The lights started to flicker then the console room started to shake.

"What's happening?" a Death Eater asked.

"Look!" Lucius Malfoy said. Everyone looked. Through the open doors, the Hogwarts hall vanished only to be replaced by a vortex, then suddenly, Wormtail was sucked out screaming followed by Bellatrix Lestrange. Suddenly, the rest of the Death Eaters were

caught by the time winds and were also sucked out. Harry and the girls held onto the railings.

Malfoy and Voldemort also grabbed onto a railing.

"What happened Potter?" Voldemort demanded.

"You never take off with the doors open!" Harry said. The winds became stronger and within moments, Malfoy and Voldemort were also sucked into the vortex. Harry let go of the railing and grabbed the console and pressed the emergency door close button. Within seconds, the door closed and the machine stabilised.

"If they're in the vortex, won't they end up somewhere?" Susan asked.

"No, their atoms will break apart. To successfully traverse the time/space vortex, you need to be in a capsule, especially one which has been primed for time travel. Otherwise, you'll become.. well, I won't ruin your dinner by telling you." Harry said. He adjusted the controls and minutes later, they were back in the Hogwarts Great Hall.

"You can't leave!" Ron said, "The Ministry wants to honour us, First Class Order of Merlins, he's also promised to restore the Weasley's good name and most important of all, we can play for any Quidditch team we want!" It was a few hours later. Ron was in the TARDIS with Harry and the others. They had told their story and the Death Eaters surrendered. Harry told the wizarding world that he was planning on travelling, to take a well earned holiday.

"That's why I have to leave Ron," Harry said, "I never wanted any of the glory. When I regenerated, I could have been officially classed as dead but the details were leaked. You four can come with me if you want. Hermione, not only can you learn about other races, you can learn about their magic, Susan, you can learn about laws. I hear the city of Millenus on Marinus have some very interesting laws and Hannah, you can learn about anything. Ron, maybe some alien race has their own version of Quidditch."

"I can't come with you Harry," Ron said, "Mum would do her nut if any of us came with you and the Chudley Cannons will want to sign me."

And with that, Ron walked out of the TARDIS. Harry looked at Hermione, Susan and Hannah.

"What about you?" he asked.

"I guess this is goodbye." Hermione said.

"I believe so." Susan said.

"Same here." Hannah replied.

The telephone rang. Harry picked it up.

"Hello?" he asked, "Ah, Professor Travers. I've heard about you. You've heard about me, now what can I do for you? Yeti in the Underground in 1975?"

Hermione stuck her head out of the TARDIS door. "Goodbye!" she shouted into the Great Hall. Before anyone could stop her, Daphne Greengrass ran towards the box and entered. Everyone watched Hermione as she went back into the TARDIS and closed the door.

"Don't worry about a thing Professor," Harry said, finishing his call, "We're on our way."

The four girls joined Harry around the console as he pushed the power lever. The usual chuddering sound activated.

"Goodbye Hogwarts, hello, everything!" Harry said as he pulled the dematerialisation lever. The familiar whooshing sound could be heard and the centre column began to rise and fall.

In the Hogwarts Great Hall, everyone looked as the box dematerialised.

"Do you think he'll come back?" Neville asked Ron.

"He will, sometime." Ron said.

The TARDIS entered the space/time vortex and began its course of avoiding the vortex lightning as Harry and the girls flew into new adventures.

While I was unable to continue the story, I had written the ending. I know it's probably crap, but there are a few people who would like to know how it continued or ended.

## THE GIRL FROM TOMORROW CONTINUATION

The battle was going badly. Hogwarts was destroyed. Students and Death Eaters had both suffered, although in low numbers.

Voldemort fired a curse at Harry who managed to dodge it.

"Your little friend isn't here to save you now." He said, "Looks like my Death Eaters will ravage her people in the future after all."

"Don't speak too soon Tommy boy," Harry said, "She'll be here."

As Harry dodged another curse, the female Carrow fired curses at Ron and Hermione. Thankfully, Dumbledore managed to conjure some rubble to protect them.

"INCOMING!" a female voice shouted. Everyone looked up and saw an out of control plane with smoke coming out of it's engines.

"She's here." Harry said.

"Why should we fear a pathetic Muggle machine?" Voldemort asked.

"That's more than a mere Muggle machine." Harry said.

As he spoke, the plane transformed into a humanoid. Most of the students had seen it before many years before.

"Stick the landing!" Rebecca Jameson shouted as she landed and rolled across the ground before standing back up and taking a sword from her side, the weapon looking like it was charged full of energy. Witnesses would later swear they saw the name GODRIC GRYFFINDOR on it.

She walked up to Carrow and with a single slice of the sword, cut her into two. "This is how to deliver pain where I come from!" she shouted.

She saw Voldemort and walked over to him, killing Death Eaters who tried to prevent her. The Hogwarts platoon saw their chance and continued attacking. Voldemort opened fire with killing curses, but Rebecca's armour absorbed it. But it didn't last for long. The armour was already badly cracked and damaged and on the fifth curse, it fell off completely. Everyone looked and saw that she was totally different. All her previous war wounds could now be seen (that weren't being covered by clothing), the loss of her shape-shifting abilities thanks to Umbridge's potion two years before preventing her from hiding her wounds. She knew that with the destruction of her armour, she would never transform again.

Suddenly, Harry, Hannah Abbot, Luna Lovegood and Voldemort all fired raised their wands at her. Beams of light fired from them, resembling animals. A lion fired from Harry's wand, an eagle from Luna's, a badger from Hannah's and a snake from Voldemort's. They all hit a crystal Rebecca was wearing around her neck. Specks of light fired from the crystal and went over to the destroyed castle.

Everyone stopped fighting and watched. The light went all over the ruins and before their eyes, Hogwarts started to rebuild itself. Within minutes, the castle was whole again. Another bright light got everyone's attention and they turned to face Rebecca. She was now glowing and as everyone watched, she crumbled into dust. Before anyone could do anything with the remains, they burnt up.

Voldemort raised his hand in a gesture, and his Death Eaters lowered their wands.

"We have seen a miracle here," he said, "that girl was brave. She had been through so much, she dared challenge me and she died helping people she had no business helping. I offer a prayer to her, may her death bring her the peace she never had in life."

Everyone muttered an amen to the prayer.

"We will withdraw for now," Voldemort said, "Give both sides to deal with our dead and wounded but this peace will not last forever. We will be back to continue this war."

"NO YOU WON'T." A female voice could be heard. Everyone looked in the direction of the voice and saw a ghost form of Rebecca standing. People couldn't help but admire her beauty – it looked like



she had been completely healed. There was not a single wound on her body. "Through the power of the Twilight Crystal, Hogwarts has been revived and I have become one with Hogwarts."

"What rubbish," Delores Umbridge, fighting on the side of the Death Eaters said.

"Shut up Toad-Face. It's partially your fault I'm like this." Rebecca said.

"How?" McGonagall asked.

"She force-fed me a potion which destroyed my shape-shifting abilities. I fled to Kymell to see if anything could be done but then Voldemort decided on open combat." Rebecca answered.

"How did this happen?" Harry asked.

"The Twilight Crystal is a relic of the Founders, used in the original founding of Hogwarts. This was given to me by my mother before her death. She told me about Hogwarts and how we were heirs of Godric Gryffindor. I couldn't care less as in my time, Hogwarts was used as a death camp."

"But," Harry said, "I'm the heir of Godric Gryffindor. That must mean..."

"Yes Harry. I'm your many times great-granddaughter," Rebecca said, "One of your descendants got rid of the Potter name and created a new family. He took your father's name and added the fact he had a son – James and Son to form Jameson."

"In certain conditions, the Twilight Crystal can take power from the wands being used by heirs of the Founders and it was used to restore Hogwarts. I didn't have long to live so I added my life energy to the restoration process."

"What was wrong?" Hermione asked.

"Umbridge. Her potion also poisoned me. Poppy Pomfrey did what she could but she was only able to slow down the process of the poison. I hoped Kymellian science could deal with it but no go."

"All lies!" Umbridge shouted. She was killed by Voldemort moments later.

"Tom Riddle," Rebecca said, "You have defied the world of magic by trying to destroy the future. The Founders sentence you to death."

"You cannot kill me," Voldemort said, "I am immortal, if you kill me and I shall rise up and become more powerful than anyone can ever believe."

"You are tiny," Rebecca said, "I can see every molecule of your existence and I divide them, everything will turn to dust." She raised her hand and Voldemort wasted away. Suddenly, his Death Eaters started screaming as the Dark Mark was removed from their arms.

"I could kill you all for following that pathetic half-blood but I have seen enough blood spilt to last several lifetimes. You will stand trial but you will not be able to plead Imperious Curse. You will face whatever punishment justice wishes to dispense." Rebecca continued.

She turned to Harry. "I am about to go now but I offer this word of advice – find her. Tell her how you feel. Don't fall into a loveless marriage with Ginny Weasley. History has been changed with me being here. I will make sure Hogwarts is never used as a death camp. You know who she is and she knows who you are."

She then turned to Ginny. "No offence Ginny, but the two of you aren't right together. Let Harry find his own path and you find yours."

Harry went through the crowd, looking. A girl ran through the crowd – it was Slytherin girl Daphne Greengrass. They ran up to each other.

"Good luck with your future together," Rebecca said, "I must go now but you'll see me again and with luck, your children will see me." She then addressed the crowd, "In the future, Death Eaters were raised on what happened here with Voldemort but instead of Muggleborns and Muggles, they picked on my people and nearly wiped them out. You must educate the next generation who will teach their next generation and so on. The Death Eaters must not be allowed to continue past this day."

Rebecca vanished and a beam of light went to the castle.

Later that day, Harry opened up the main Potter vaults and walked in. He was carrying the remains of Rebecca's armour. He put it on a table, noticing a Twilight crystal next to it, the one that had been in the vault since the time of the Founders. He knew if it was true, some descendant of his would pass it on to some future child.

Be warned, this is a dark and gloomy story.

## BURNED

November 5th, 1981

The woman at number 6 Privet Drive was a single mother to the dismay of certain neighbours, particularly those at number 4. Tonight was Bonfire Night and her seven year old son was going to a bonfire display with some friends. Ms. Carey had no interest in bonfires or fireworks herself but saw no reason to deprive her son of enjoying himself.

She went upstairs to close windows as people started to start their fires. As she closed the hallway windows, she saw who she knew to be Vernon Dursley carrying a baby basket and dump it on the pile. It was then she saw that it had a toddler in there, slightly moving. As Vernon pored kerosene over the wood pile (and the baby), she ran down the stairs to the telephone and dialled 999 (UK Emergency Services).

"What is the nature of your emergency?" the operator asked.

"I want the fire brigade and fast. My neighbour is just about to set a bonfire alight." She said.

"Madam, today is Bonfire Night. Everyone is having bonfires tonight.." the operator interrupted but Ms. Carey interrupted back.

"But no-one else is going to burn a baby alive! I saw my neighbour Vernon Dursley pour kerosene over this toddler and the wood pile deliberately!"

That got the operator's attention, Ms. Carey gave the address and the operator not only informed the fire brigade, but the ambulance service and the police.

Ten minutes later, a fire engine, ambulance and several police cars skidded to a halt just outside 4 Privet Drive. The firemen grabbed the hose (it had been prepared beforehand) and charged through the back gate and to the shock of the Dursleys, activated the hose and extinguished the fire.

Two firemen went to investigate the pile. A screaming sound could be heard from it.

"What is the meaning of this?" Vernon Dursley asked but before anyone could say anything, the first fireman spoke up.

"I've found the infant – the tip-off was right." He shouted. He and his colleague carefully carried out the remains of a basket which contained a toddler. "Better take some photos before we take him to hospital."

A police photographic specialist got his camera out and took several photographs. There were the remains of rope tied tightly around the basket to prevent the child from crawling out and there were even the remains of duct tape over his face.

The firemen carried the bundle to the ambulance and lifted him in. Within seconds, the ambulance was on it's way to the hospital.

"Are you Vernon Dursley?" one of the policemen asked. Vernon confirmed his name and the officers grabbed him and put handcuffs on him. "Vernon Dursley, you're under arrest for attempted murder. You don't have to say anything but anything you do say will be taken down and used in a court of law."

Vernon was dragged into a police car which drove away. One of the firemen turned to Petunia Dursley.

"You better get your husband a good lawyer lady." He said.

Vernon was in court that night. Due to the nature of the crime, a judge had been dragged away from his granddaughter's bonfire party.

"What's this we have here?" the judge asked, looking at the papers. Because of the eye-witnesses, it was decided to charge Vernon straight away and get him into court and jail before he could try to harm the child again. "According to this Mr. Dursley, you tied and gagged an infant, strapped him into a basket, put him on a bonfire, put flammable liquids on him and set it alight. What is your plea?"

"Not guilty Your Honour," Vernon said, "I was mealy burning unwanted property."

"Do we know who the infant is?" the judge said.

A police officer stepped forward. "Excuse the interruption Your Honour, but I've got some information from Petunia Dursley, wife of the defendant. She says the infant is named Harry Potter, the son of her sister Lily and brother-in-law James Potter. Both were murdered six days ago and young Harry was dumped on their doorstep without so much as a word."

"If you didn't want the burden of that child Mr. Dursley," the judge began, "Why did you not take him to an orphanage?"

Vernon began to consider things to try and get a lighter sentence. "There was a letter with him, which told us we could consider the boy property and we could do what we wanted to him."

"I've heard enough." The judge said, "The request of the Crown Prosecution Service is granted. Vernon Dursley is to be held on remand pending trial. As per the other request, Petunia Dursley and Marge Dursley will be subjected to a restraining order. They are not permitted to make contact with the infant Harry Potter. I am appointing a guardian to look after his interests." He turned to the police. "Take him away."

Vernon was taken into the main hall of the prison. Surrounding him was dozens of cells. Some prisoners were looking at him.

"This is Vernon Dursley," one of the guards said, "Last night, he put a baby on a bonfire and set him alight." He then turned to Vernon. "Good luck, you'll need it."

The two guards went away and some of the prisoners started to look at Vernon.

"How is he?" one of the police officers asked the doctors a few days later.

"Normally, I can't tell you, but I will because you're an officer investigating the case," the lead doctor said, "We've managed to stabilise him. For a while, he will have to have a machine help him with his breathing, his internal organs were badly damaged. He suffered second degree burns. When he is old enough, he'll have to

have a series of skin grafts. As he grows older, he will rely less on the breathing machines and have an inhaler."

July 1991

"Address Harry Potter." Professor McGonagall said. She watched as an envelope was addressed.

Mr. Harry Potter

Room 22

Hillview Children's Medical Rehabilitation Centre

Portsmouth

Hampshire

"That's not right." McGonagall said and asked for a new envelope to be addressed. She took both envelopes and went up to Professor Dumbledore's office.

"Albus – I was just about to send Mr. Potter's letter to him and this address came up." She said, showing him the envelopes.

"I cannot explain it." Dumbledore said, "Arabella Figg never said anything. We'll have to check up on this."

The first stop was Privet Drive. Dumbledore and McGonagall went to Number 4 and knocked on the door. It looked as if it hadn't been touched for years, weeds were overgrowing.

"I wouldn't bother if I were you." A neighbour said.

"How come?" McGonagall asked.

"No-one's lived there for ten years since Vernon Dursley was sent to prison for trying to burn his baby nephew to death on Bonfire Night." The neighbour answered.

"What happened to Mrs. Dursley?" Dumbledore asked.

"We chased her away. We don't want people like her here." The neighbour said.

An hour later, Dumbledore and McGonagall arrived at the children's home and walked in. They could see children with many medical problems, a couple were in wheelchairs, some on crutches. The two walked to the receptionist.

"Can we speak to someone in charge please?" Dumbledore asked. The receptionist led them to Mrs. Paterson, the woman in charge.

"What is this all about?" Mrs. Paterson asked.

"We're here to see Harry Potter," Dumbledore said, "My name is Albus Dumbledore and this is Minvera McGonagall. We represent a top boarding school in Scotland which Harry's parents attended. His name was put down the day he was born."

"I see," Mrs. Paterson asked, "I think you should know some things about Harry before offering him this placement. From what I understand, his parents were murdered at the end of October 1981 and he was dumped at the Dursley residence, Petunia Dursley apparently being his maternal aunt. The reports state that Vernon Dursley was witnessed dumping Harry on a bonfire before coating him with flammable materials before setting it alight. The emergency services only just saved him."

"How long as he been with you?" McGonagall asked.

"Seven years. He spent two years in intensive care. He was frequently on oxygen for most of that time. When he was five, he had the first of many skin grafts." Mrs. Paterson said.

"How is he treated here?" McGonagall continued.

"Our staff treat our residents very well. Each and every one is subject to a criminal record check and they undergo bi-monthly checks. As for Harry, he has few friends. We tried school for him, but unfortunately, by coincidence, his cousin Dudley Dursley attended the same school. He and his mother moved down to Portsmouth after being chased away from where they lived. He turned everyone against Harry under the threat of violence. Then one day, he and his gang just chucked a load of paraffin over Harry



while the teacher was out of the classroom and set him alight. When the staff refused to expel Dudley, we withdrew Harry from the school. He had to have another two months of oxygen treatment and another course of skin grafts. Dudley repeatedly violates restraining orders to keep away from both Harry and these premises but he just gets a slap on the wrist, told not to do it again but he does it anyway."

"Can we see him please?" Dumbledore asked.

"Very well." Mrs. Paterson replied. She led them to a small room. It was filled with books and a young man was sitting at a small desk writing.

"Harry, there are some people here to see you." Mrs. Paterson said.

Harry Potter got up from his chair and walked over.

"I am Albus Dumbledore and this is Minerva McGonagall." Dumbledore said.

"Pleased to meet you." Harry said in a croaky voice before coughing. He took an inhaler out of his pocket and took several puffs on it.

"There are some things we have to discuss." Dumbledore said, "We are here to offer you a placement at our school – Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry."

"Magic doesn't exist." Harry said in his croaky voice.

Dumbledore took out his wand and turned a pillow on the bed into a cat before turning it back. McGonagall levitated the same pillow.

"Why me?" Harry asked.

"You're a wizard Harry," Dumbledore answered, "Your parents attended Hogwarts too when they were your age."

"You knew my parents?" Harry asked (then took a couple of puffs).

"We did," Dumbledore said, "James and Lily were a fine pair of people. Although James with his friends were a bunch of troublemakers, they were brilliant students."

"If you like Harry," McGonagall said, "at Hogwarts, I can show you a few photographs."

"Thank you," Harry said before coughing again. He took a couple more puffs on the inhaler, "But, how can I go to another school the way I am?"

"We can have a complete set of equipment like this set up at Hogwarts in our Heads of Houses' offices, the Headmaster's office and the Hospital Wing," McGonagall offered, "Why not give Hogwarts a chance Harry," she continued, "and if you don't get on well there, you can leave and no-one will force you to return."

"I accept thank you," Harry said.

Dumbledore and McGonagall left the room and went back to Mrs. Paterson's office.

"Harry has accepted a placement at the school for a trial period," Dumbledore said, "If you could arrange with his doctors a list of medications and equipment, we can arrange to have it all sorted out by September 1st. In a couple of days, a member of my staff will come to take Harry to collect his school supplies."

"Forgive me for asking Mr. Dumbledore," Mrs. Paterson began, "but how can Harry afford this? Petunia Dursley has refused to pay any money towards his upbringing. Harry was lucky to have a benefactor who has supported him throughout the last ten years, although Harry feels bad at not being able to pay him back."

"It so happens that Harry comes from a rich family. I don't know the exact numbers – their bank employs a strict policy of confidentiality. However, just after Harry was born, his school fees were paid in full." Dumbledore said, "As I understand, he can't touch the main money until he turns 18 but there is a trust fund to help him through his school years."

"Thank you for clearing that up." Mrs. Paterson said, "How well did you know his parents?"

"They were two of my best students," McGonagall said, "It was a real sorrow to hear about their deaths at such a young age – they were only 21."

"Whoever left Harry at those Dursleys deserves what Vernon Dursley got. I heard a rumour that not long after his trial, he was murdered by several prisoners who proudly claimed credit for doing so." Mrs. Paterson said.

Dumbledore and McGonagall realised it would not be a good idea to tell her that it was them who left Harry there. They made their goodbyes and departed.

"We'll have to make a few changes at the school," McGonagall said, "Severus will have to move his classroom to a well ventilated area."

"I'll have a word with the Weasley children and ask them to help keep an eye on things. I understand young Percy was named Prefect. He can make sure no-one pesters Harry with unwanted questions." Dumbledore added.

"What about his residency?" McGonagall asked, "Do we have him left in that home or find a new home for him?"

"Leave him there for now." Dumbledore said.

This is a little something I came up with based on a certain game and an episode or two of TV shows. There is scope for it to continue however.

### Harry's Awakening

Two people, Marin and Tarin (daughter and father) were walking along the beach one sunny day following a raging thunderstorm the previous night. Tarin was sure he had seen a ship destroyed in the storm.

They walked towards the water and saw a young man laying half on the sand, half in the water. They checked him and found he was still alive, but unconscious.

Together, they managed to get him back to their home and into a bed. They kept watch over him for several hours, then he started shaking as he began to wake up.

"Harry, Harry." Marin said, "It's alright."

The young man finally woke up and sat up. He looked around to find himself in a small room with a young girl who looked like she was his age and an older man – her father.

"Easy – you've been asleep for many hours Harry." Tarin said.

"How do you know my name?" the boy asked.

"When we found you, you were holding this piece of wood – it has your name on it." Tarin said, passing it over – it had the words HARRY JAMES POTTER inscribed on it. Harry took it and felt a flow of power passing through him.

"Where am I – is this Hogwarts?" he asked.

"Hogwarts? Never heard of it," Marin said, "You're in our home in Mabe Village on Koholint Island."

Harry looked at Marin and thought she looked like Ginny Weasley while Tarin looked like Arthur Weasley.

Meanwhile, at Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry, the doors to the hospital wing burst open and Professors Dumbledore and McGonagall carried in a young man and put him down on a bed. Poppy Pomfrey came through.

"What happened?" Madam Pomfrey asked.

"We think he's been poisoned. He was found in the corridors." Dumbledore said.

Pomfrey rushed around, giving the person poison antidotes. Within ten minutes, she had finished.

"That should do it." She said.

"Why isn't he recovering?" McGonagall asked.

"I don't know why –he seems to be in a deep sleep. We'll have to wait and see if he chooses to wake up – he has to want to wake up."

"We need to find some way to cover this up – Delores will have a field day when Mr. Potter misses her next lesson and detention." McGonagall said.

"We'll have to send him back to the Dursleys and make up some excuse." Dumbledore said.

"We send him there Albus," McGonagall said, "and we won't be waiting for him to wake up, we'll be waiting to arrange his funeral."

"Albus," Poppy said, "He can stay in my office. As you know, staff members – Ministry or teaching are not permitted in the boundary of a medical professional's private office."

"Good idea." McGonagall said.

"I'll have his belongings and owl brought here." Dumbledore said, "Hedwig won't go anywhere without Mr. Potter and if he finds out something has happened to her, it'll destroy him."

"What do we do about Delores?" McGonagall said, "She'll turn the castle inside out to find him when he misses her next lesson."

"What we need is a discreet memory charm," Dumbledore said, "Thanks to Cornelius, she now has the power to expel students. We'll make her think that following an outburst about Voldemort in her last class, she expelled him."

Within half-an-hour, Harry's trunk along with Hedwig were in Madam Pomfrey's office. Harry had also been set up in there. The staff members in the know took an oath not to say a thing. It was decided not to tell Ron or Hermione anything in case someone attempted to use Veritaserum on them or Occlumency. They were just told that Umbridge had expelled him and that he was in an unmentionable place with a certain dog and wolf while he was making arrangements to move overseas to continue his education. Said dog and wolf were informed of what was happening and was told that if Harry didn't wake up within two weeks, he would be brought to Grimmwald Place.

"When he awakes," Poppy said, "You can convince him to give a statement about the blood quill that was used on him."

"I told him to keep quiet about that," McGonagall said, "You never know what the Ministry will do."

During the evening meal, Dumbledore managed to alter Umbridge's memories to make her think she had expelled Harry the previous day. She made a major song and dance about it. The news made The Daily Prophet the following day.

Meanwhile, Harry was walking around Mabe Village. It was nothing like he had ever seen before. There weren't too many houses, in fact, he only counted half a dozen. One house had a smaller building connected to it and chained to a post outside was a moving canon ball.

One of my nieces has just joined a junior football league and I thought of what if there was a junior Quidditch league and Harry was given the chance to join.

## JUNIOR QUIDDITCH LEAGUE

A man walked up to Harry Potter as he was about to walk into the changing rooms. It was his third year at Hogwarts and Gryffindor had just won the Inter House Quidditch Cup.

"Mr. Potter?" the man asked, "I'm Peter Ryan, chief scout of the Tornhill Tornados."

"I'm sorry, I don't know anything about Quidditch teams." Harry said.

"You don't? But you're so good." Mr. Ryan said.

"I've only known about magic for nearly three years and each year after Hogwarts, I'm placed with magic hating Muggles with no contact with our world. People try to keep things about this world from me except for what they think I should know." Harry answered with scorn in his voice

"I'm sorry to hear that," Mr. Ryan said, "Anyhow, the Tornados in conjunction with a few other teams including the Chudley Canons, have come together with the idea of a Junior Quidditch League to be held over the summer holidays and the Tornados, upon seeing you play have decided to offer you a spot in the Tornhill Tornados Junior squad."

"I don't know what to say." Harry said, "What would it entail?"

"You would be required to attend team practice three times a week with attendance at a game on Saturdays." Mr. Ryan told him.

"I won't be able to go." Harry said, "As I said, my relatives hate all things magic and they would prevent me from going. Also, the Headmaster doesn't like me leaving my relatives house for any reason."

"So Matthew Greengrass dumped you with Muggles?" Mr. Ryan asked with interest.

"Daphne Greengrass' father? No, it was Dumbledore who dumped me with the Muggles. Why?"

"Your father was one of my friends. After finishing at Hogwarts, we both played for the Tornados. I witnessed his will which stated that family friend Matthew Greengrass was to get custody of you." Mr. Ryan told him.

"Can you arrange a meeting with him please?" Harry asked, "I would like to accept your offer thank you."

"He doesn't want to accept your offer," a voice said, it was Dumbledore, "He doesn't know what he's saying. Harry – I keep telling you that you are not allowed to leave your relative's home during the summer holidays. When your mother sacrificed herself to save you, it created a bond in which if you could call your relative's house home, it would protect you from harm. If you take up this offer, then you will have to miss eight weeks of Hogwarts to recharge the wards."

"That is a load of bull Dumbledore," Harry said, "Number 4 Privet Drive was never my home, but a prison. By what right do you have to have children imprisoned in abusive homes where violence is the order of the day? I've just heard that Mr. Matthew Greengrass was supposed to be my guardian after my parent's death." Harry said before walking away.

Mr. Ryan also left the grounds.

He appeared at the Greengrass residence. He asked for Matthew Greengrass and told him everything he had just learnt. Mr. Greengrass went to the Ministry and had the Potter wills activated. At once, he was confirmed as Harry's legal guardian and at Hogwarts, a glow appeared around Harry and Daphne Greengrass.

Mr. Greengrass then went to Privet Drive and just walked through the supposed wards. He knocked on Number 4 and a very skinny woman answered.

"Mrs. Dursley, can I have a word with you please?" he asked.

She led him in, impressed by his business suit.



"Now, I'm here about your nephew Harry Potter," Mr. Greengrass said. Petunia Dursley was about to say something but Mr. Greengrass interrupted her, "I know you don't like magic, I know he was not suppose to be placed with you, I know you are not his legal guardians and you did not file papers and his Muggle school placements were based on bribes and fraudulent paperwork. What I am here to say is that Harry will not be coming back to you. I know how little you've spent on him so do not attempt to chase his parent's estate for the money. He is now legally under my custody so the two of you will never see each other again."

Mr. Greengrass then left the house.

The following day during breakfast, Daphne went over to the Gryffindor table and sat next to Harry.

"Hello Daphne." Harry said, being polite, "How are you today?"

"I'm fine thanks," she said. Before Harry could answer her, Hedwig flew into the Hall and dropped a letter in front of him. He took it and opened it.

Dear Harry,

My name is Matthew Greengrass. Peter Ryan mentioned that you had no idea on things that should be happening involving you and I am going to come to Hogwarts to see you and my daughter this evening.

Yes, I've checked your parent's wills and yes, I'm supposed to be your legal guardian. I had no idea however, I was told the reading was blocked after their deaths and you were dumped with the Muggles.

Talking of those creatures, I've been to see them and told them that you will not be returning to them this summer.

As promised, Mr. Greengrass came to the school. McGonagall allowed him the use of her office and Harry and Daphne were called.

"I'm sorry Harry," Mr. Greengrass said, "If I had known what your parent's custody preferences were, then I would have fought tooth and nail to have you."

"Thank you." Harry said.

"The reason I asked to see the two of you is simple," Mr. Greengrass continued, "When the two of you were babies, you were inseparable. Therefore, James Potter and myself wrote out a marriage contract for the two of you."

"WHAT?" the two teens shouted.

"We only wrote one out, but didn't activate it. We hoped that things would get better and the two of you would continue to grow up together. It appears that your parent's will was not read upon their deaths but the reading was blocked. I had it read by Amelia Bones of the Department of Magical Law Enforcement and it said that the contract was to be activated to prevent any wrong doing. It was interesting to find out that a contract had been established between yourself and Ginny Weasley, signed by Dumbledore."

"That swine!" Harry shouted.

"Calm yourself," Mr. Greengrass said, "Now yours and Daphne's contract has been activated, all other contracts have been rendered null and void, because your father signed the contract and a blood relative takes precedence."

It was the first game of the Junior League. Tornhill Tornados vs Chudley Cannons. Ron was unsure who to cheer for. He felt slightly jealous but it was explained to him that the teams were looking at good school players and he hadn't played school matches. A lot of people had paid to attend the match, just to see how good Harry Potter really was.

Most of the team members were using Nimbus 2001 or Cleansweep Sevens but Harry was using his Firebolt. They were informed that the final would be held before the final of the Quidditch World Cup.

Harry also found out that Lucius Malfoy tried to buy Draco's place in the league but the teams decided against it because of his attempts at cheating during the final along with his dressing up as a Dementor in order to sabotage the Gryffindor Seeker.

While going through my mother's attic, I found an old board game I used to play in my youth entitled Hero Quest which is set in the world of magic and thought it could be modified by magic like chess. Hero Quest is owned by MB Games (don't know if they still exist).

## HERO QUEST

Cedric Diggory walked into the Great Hall to find a crowd standing over the Gryffindor table. He went to a fellow Hufflepuff and asked what was going on.

"Harry Potter brought in an enchanted Muggle board game and has challenged a member of each house to join him in a game." She said.

Cedric went over to the table and saw Harry sitting at the Gryffindor table with a piece of parchment in his hand. With him was Ernie McMillian of Hufflepuff, Daphne Greengrass of Slytherin and Cho Chang of Ravenclaw. Professor Flitwick was also there, also holding a piece of parchment. There was a board game on the table, with four figures at specific points.

"What's this about?" Cedric asked.

"Apparently," Ginny Weasley said, "It's a board game called Hero Quest set in the world of magic. There are four characters and they have to make their way to the exit, which is those steps. There is a barbarian, wizard, elf and dwarf. From what I can make out, they roll the dice and use the parchment to move their figures. After they all have a go, Professor Flitwick, who is an evil wizard has a go."

"Dice roll!" Ernie said. A pair of dice rolled and then stopped, indicating that he had three moves. Pressing his wand against the parchment, he moved his character (elf) forward a step. It was now next to a door.

"Open door." He said. The door opened and after pressing his wand against the parchment, the elf entered the room and moved two steps. It was empty, no other way out.

"Search for treasure." He said. Suddenly, a monster appeared and attacked.

"The enemy attacked missed." A voice said.

"End go." Ernie said.

It was now Daphne's go. "Dice roll." She said. Six moves. She moved her character (wizard) towards another door and opened it then entered the room. "Search for doors." She said. A door appeared in a wall. "End go."

Professor Flitwick studied the board. Both Harry Potter (barbarian) and Ernie had monsters in their rooms but he could only attack one. Harry had three life points left (having lost one thanks to a rock fall and two thanks to attacks) while Ernie had four.

"Attack barbarian." He said. A different set of dice rolled and landed on a sword and a shield.

"Your attack was blocked."

"Dice roll." Harry said. Twelve moves! But there was no way out of the room and he couldn't search for doors while Flitwick's monster was in there.

"Attack orc." He said. The battle dice rolled again and showed two swords. The barbarian swung his sword and decapitated the orc.

"End go." Harry said.

The teaching staff were now watching and were very interested. Some students from Beaubatons and Durmstrang were also watching.

"Can you help each other on here?" one student asked.

"Not on this level, but in others, you can if you're in the same room." Harry answered.

Cho's dice roll gave her nine moves. She also ended up in an empty room.

"Search for treasure." She said.

"Big mistake," a Ravenclaw said, "Look what happened to McMillian after he searched!"

"You have found 200 gold coins."

It was the first time most of them noticed money bags in front of them and the noise of coins could be heard in Cho's.

"They playing for real galleons?" someone asked.

"I heard Potter's giving out price money."

"End go." Cho said.

"Dice roll." Ernie said. Four moves. He took his elf out of the room and went further down the border passage.

"Search for traps." He said.

"Your search has revealed nothing."

"End go."

It was now Daphne's go again. "Dice roll." She said. Ten moves. She took the wizard out of the door she had discovered in her previous go and found a passage which led to several blocks of rubble and a door being guarded by an orc. Looking at both her map and the board, she noticed she was out of reach of the orc but he could come to attack her. She noticed she was near the centre of the maze. She moved towards the orc.

"Attack with magic." She said. A list of spells appeared. "Cast fire spell on orc."

Her wizard cast a spell on the orc which burst into flames.

"End go."

Flitwick studied the map but realised there was nothing he could do.

"Roll dice." Harry said. Five moves. That was better he thought to himself. "Search for doors." A door appeared in the wall and he

moved the barbarian through it. Looking at where he was, he noticed that Daphne's wizard was nearby.

"End go." Harry said.

It was at this point Professor Snape came in and went over to see what all the fuss is about. He didn't notice Professors Spout, McGonagall and Dumbledore watching and Flitwick participating.

"I should have thought you were behind this Potter!" he said, "Thirty points.."

A Slytherin student hushed Snape – it was Draco Malfoy.

"Professor – not now – Greengrass is about to thrash Potter at this!" he said. Both Ernie and Cho had finished their turns with only a couple of moves each. Daphne had moved her wizard to the door being guarded by an orc, opened it and entered. There was a staircase in the centre of the room. She studied her map and it showed she had just about enough moves to make it. As everyone watched, the wizard walked the final ten steps and stepped onto the staircase.

"Congratulations wizard, you are the first to exit the maze. You are rewarded with 100 gold coins."

Daphne's money bag was filled with one hundred galleons. Ten minutes later, the barbarian, elf and dwarf had also exited the maze, but with no reward.

Harry consulted his parchment. "The final tally is, Daphne has won 220 galleons, Cho has won 200 galleons and Ernie has only won fifty."

There was a round of applause from the Slytherins.

"Are there any more levels to this?" Daphne asked, "I found this very fun."

"There are another eleven levels to this," Harry said, "Plus a set of expansion packs with even more."

"Same time next week?" Ernie asked.

"Sure." Harry said, "The next level is called The Rescue of Sir Ragnar."

"POTTER!" Snape said, "Thirty points for bringing in Muggle rubbish!"

"Severus!" Dumbledore said, "I don't think a loss of points is required here. The points deduction is revoked. I believe thirty points to all houses who participated plus an additional twenty points for Mr. Potter for promoting inter-house unity. I see no reason why these games shouldn't be allowed to continue."

"I'd be happy to carry on playing this game once a week with Mr. Potter, Miss. Chang, Miss. Greengrass and Mr. McMillan."

The students left the room talking among themselves, mostly about the fact that Slytherin had beaten Gryffindor at something since Harry Potter started attending Hogwarts and without the need for cheating.

Harry took Daphne's hand and led her out of the hall. Everyone knew that she and Harry were dating since second year but didn't do anything, even though it was a Gryffindor/Slytherin pairing.

"Did you let me win?" she asked.

"No!" Harry said, "Although the pre-defined maps determine where monsters and traps appear, you won on pure luck and talent."

"HARRY JAMES POTTER!" a voice shouted. It was Hermione Granger. The couple stopped.

"Don't you realise how many laws you've broken?" she asked.

"It's perfectly legal," Harry said, "I consulted Mr. Weasley this summer and because this is the only copy of the board game to be enhanced by magic, it's legal. The only thing 'illegal' about it was that I used magic during the summer to enchant it."

"Then why didn't you get expelled for using magic in a muggle household?" Hermione asked referring to the Dursleys, Harry's magic hating relatives.

"Because my dear 'Mione," Harry said, using the nickname she hated, "I only spent one hour at Privet Drive before going to the Greengrass Manor."

Hermione was about to start again but Harry held up his hand.

"Hermione, I don't want another lecture – I've already had one from Dumbledore over the matter but I am not returning to Privet Drive and that is final."

What Harry didn't tell her that only Vernon lived at the Privet Drive house following Petunia and Dudley's deaths by a hit and run driver and Vernon had chucked him out.



One of my nieces has just joined a junior football league and I thought of what if there was a junior Quidditch league and Harry was given the chance to join. I've done a slight rewrite of this to take into account some suggestions.

## THE JUNIOR QUIDDITCH LEAGUE

A man walked up to Harry Potter as he was about to walk into the changing rooms. It was his third year at Hogwarts and Gryffindor had just won the Inter House Quidditch Cup.

"Mr. Potter?" the man asked, "I'm Peter Ryan, chief scout of the Tutshill Tornados."

"I'm sorry, I don't know anything about Quidditch teams." Harry said.

"You don't? But you're so good." Mr. Ryan said.

"I've only known about magic for nearly three years and each year after Hogwarts, I'm placed with Muggles with no contact with our world. People try to keep things about this world from me except for what they think I should know." Harry answered with scorn in his voice

"I'm sorry to hear that," Mr. Ryan said, "Anyhow, the Tornados in conjunction with a few other teams including the Chudley Canons, have come together with the idea of a Junior Quidditch League to be held over the summer holidays and the Tornados, upon seeing you play have decided to offer you a spot in the Tutshill Tornados Junior squad."

"I don't know what to say." Harry said, "What would it entail?"

"You would be required to attend team practice three times a week with attendance at a game on Saturdays. The players would be aged between 13 and 16." Mr. Ryan told him.

"I won't be able to go." Harry said, "My relatives are Muggles and don't understand our world, so they won't let me go. Also, the Headmaster doesn't like me leaving my relatives house for any reason."

"So Matthew Greengrass dumped you with Muggles?" Mr. Ryan asked with interest.

"Daphne Greengrass' father? No, it was Dumbledore who dumped me with the Muggles. Why?"

"Your father was one of my friends. After finishing at Hogwarts, we both played for the Tornados. I witnessed his will which stated that family friend Matthew Greengrass was to get custody of you." Mr. Ryan told him.

"Can you arrange a meeting with him please?" Harry asked, "I would like to accept your offer thank you."

"He doesn't want to accept your offer," a voice said, it was Dumbledore, "He doesn't know what he's saying. Harry – I keep telling you that you are not allowed to leave your relative's home during the summer holidays. When your mother sacrificed herself to save you, it created a bond in which if you could call your relative's house home, it would protect you from harm. If you take up this offer, then you will have to miss eight weeks of Hogwarts to recharge the wards."

"That is a load of bull Dumbledore," Harry said, "Number 4 Privet Drive was never my home, but a prison. You're just a headmaster – by what right do you have to do that? I've just heard that Mr. Matthew Greengrass was supposed to be my guardian after my parent's death." Harry said before walking away.

Mr. Ryan also left the grounds.

He appeared at the Greengrass residence. He asked for Matthew Greengrass and told him everything he had just learnt. Mr. Greengrass went to the Ministry and had the Potter wills activated. At once, he was confirmed as Harry's legal guardian.

Mr. Greengrass then went to Privet Drive and just walked through the supposed wards. He knocked on Number 4 and a very skinny woman answered.

"Mrs. Dursley, can I have a word with you please?" he asked.

She led him in, impressed by his business suit.

"Now, I'm here about your nephew Harry Potter," Mr. Greengrass said. Petunia Dursley was about to say something but Mr. Greengrass interrupted her, "I know you don't like magic, I know he was not suppose to be placed with you, I know you are not his legal guardians and you did not file papers and his Muggle school placements were based on bribes and fraudulent paperwork. What I am here to say is that Harry will not be coming back to you. I know how little you've spent on him so do not attempt to chase his parent's estate for the money. He is now legally under my custody so the two of you will never see each other again."

Mr. Greengrass then left the house (In Dumbledore's office, the instruments indicating the status of the blood wards died).

The following day during breakfast, Daphne went over to the Gryffindor table and sat next to Harry.

"Hello Daphne." Harry said, being polite, "How are you today?"

"I'm fine thanks," she said. Before Harry could answer her, Hedwig flew into the Hall and dropped a letter in front of him. He took it and opened it.

Dear Harry,

My name is Matthew Greengrass. Peter Ryan mentioned that you had no idea on things that should be happening involving you and I am going to come to Hogwarts to see you and my daughter this evening.

Yes, I've checked your parent's wills and yes, I'm supposed to be your legal guardian. I had no idea however, I was told the reading was blocked after their deaths and you were dumped with the Muggles.

Talking of those creatures, I've been to see them and told them that you will not be returning to them this summer.

"That's great, isn't it Harry?" asked Hermione.

Daphne decided to speak up. "My father is going to come and see us later."

As promised, Mr. Greengrass came to the school. McGonagall allowed him the use of her office and Harry and Daphne were called.

"I'm sorry Harry," Mr. Greengrass said, "If I had known what your parent's custody preferences were, then I would have fought tooth and nail to have you."

"Thank you." Harry said.

Mr. Ryan met up with Harry and Mr. Greengrass a few days later. He explained that players for the Junior League were made up from students from Shamrock in Northern Ireland, and a handful of small magical schools in England and Wales. He also said that a couple of players from various houses had also been invited.

Harry learnt that besides the Tutshill Tornados, the Chudley Cannons were involved along with the Holyhead Harpies (which had signed the three Gryffindor Chasers), Appleby Arrows, Wimborne Wasps and Falmouth Falcons had signed up for the league.

It was the first game of the Junior League. Tutshill Tornados vs Chudley Cannons. Ron was unsure who to cheer for. He felt slightly jealous but it was explained to him that the teams were looking at good school players and he hadn't played school matches. Harry told him that there was a chance of him to be discovered the following year – Oliver Wood had left and was now a reserve player for Puddlemere United so Ron could try out for Keeper. A lot of people had paid to attend the match, just to see how good Harry Potter really was.

(To make it up to Ron, Harry had arranged for him to receive a book about the Cannons signed by the entire adult team.)

Most of the team members were using Nimbus 2001 or Cleansweep Sevens but Harry was using his Firebolt. They were informed that the final would be held the same day as the final of the Quidditch World Cup but just before that game on the same pitch.

Harry also found out that Lucius Malfoy tried to buy Draco's place in the league but the teams decided against it because of his attempts at cheating during the final along with his dressing up as a Dementor in order to sabotage the Gryffindor Seeker. It was also decided that

considering Mr. Malfoy brought Draco's place on the Slytherin team and that Draco had never been able to catch the Snitch worked against him. It didn't stop Draco being at the match to watch though.

After an hour long game, Harry caught the Snitch, ending the game with the Tornados winning, 170 – 20. Even Ron applauded, although his team lost.

"I've got something to tell you," Mr. Greengrass said to Harry and Daphne a few days later, "Hogwarts is hosting the Triwizard Tournament this year." He explained about the Tournament and how it had been disbanded a few hundred years before.

"Can you get me a rule book please?" Harry asked.

"How come?" Daphne asked.

"I'm always at the centre of things at Hogwarts," Harry said, "Philosopher's Stone, Chamber of Secrets, Sirius Black and the Dementors. I bet you anything that somehow, I'll get selected. I need to find a quick opt-out clause."

As promised, Mr. Greengrass came up with the goods.

"According to this, there is a Yule Ball which the champions will open." Harry said.

"Hump." Daphne said.

"What's wrong?" asked Harry.

"Lucius Malfoy will no doubt try to force the fourth year Slytherins to go with Draco and cater to his every whim." She answered with horror.

"Is there any rules about being asked in advance?"

"No, but..."

"Will you come to the ball with me?" Harry asked, "As friends though."

"I will." Daphne said, "Contrary to what it may seem, not every Slytherin goes along with what Malfoy says."

"I noticed you and Tracey Davies don't hang out with Draco's bunch." Harry said.

"Please – I had enough of the Malfoys at pureblood functions when I was growing up," Daphne said, "Dear Draco is just as bad at school."

Draco made his traditional visit to the compartment flanked by Crabbe and Goyle.

"So Potter," he said, "Your Quidditch skills are more than just talk from Gryffindors."

"Thank you." Harry said, "If I may offer a word of advice, if you stopped trying to cheat at the game and tried to rely on skill, maybe you'll be part of the League next year."

"I see you've decided to dump the blood traitors and associate yourself with a proper pureblood." Draco added, "There's hope for you yet."

"I've not exactly dumped the Weasleys and Hermione. She's been away all holidays while the Weasleys didn't like it that I didn't spend any of the holidays at their home." Harry said.

Draco and his thugs left.

"That got me thinking – I've not heard anything from Hermione since school finished last year," Harry said, "Ron's not heard from her either."

"We'll ask Professor Dumbledore or McGonagall when we arrive." Daphne promised, "In the meantime, why don't you send her a letter with Hedwig?"

Harry hadn't thought about it, not wanting to send Hedwig on long journey but things were getting desperate. He wrote out a quick letter and sent Hedwig on her way.

"No, we've not heard anything about Miss. Granger at all." McGonagall said. Harry had gone up to her after not seeing Hermione during the feast. "Sometimes, some students may miss the first night back because of some emergency and some Muggleborns are unable to inform us, especially if Muggle transportation is unreliable. If we don't hear anything from her within the next few days, I'll go to her home and see what I can find out."

"I sent Hedwig with a letter while on the train," Harry said, "I'll let you know what happens."

Hedwig returned the following morning with the letter Harry had sent. He went to Professor McGonagall who left the grounds that morning. She returned a few hours later and went to Dumbledore's office to explain her suspicions. The two left the grounds and returned an hour later. He had Harry and Ron called to his office.

"We have found out where Miss. Granger is," Dumbledore said, "It appears that her memory has been modified, magic bound and a ward placed on her home to prevent owl post."

"Who did that?" Harry asked.

"I'm unsure right now," Dumbledore said, "as soon as I know something, I will let you know."

In the Great Hall for the evening meal, Harry went to the Slytherin table. He hoped to use Draco's newfound respect for him to answer a question or two.

"Malfoy – what do you know of Hermione being expelled, magic bound and obliviated?" Harry asked.

There was genuine surprise. "Nothing and I swear to that," Draco said, "Father has enough influence in the Ministry to force it through. If he knew about her punching me last year, it would have enraged him enough to do it, but I never told him and I told Crabbe and Goyle not to say anything. It's a pity to see her go, she was a challenge to beat with grades. If you like, I'll ask my father and see if he knows anything."

"Thank you." Harry said before going back to the Gryffindor table.

"Professor," Harry said to McGonagall after the following day's Transfiguration lesson, "Would it be possible for myself and members of the Junior Quidditch League to book the Quidditch pitch a couple of times a week so we can practice please?"

"I will discuss it with Madam Hooch and Professor Dumbledore and see what I can do."

Dumbledore grabbed the fourth piece of parchment and read out the name: "Harry Potter".

Harry stood up. "I did not put my name in that Goblet, for a start, I swear on my magic and my life that I did not and under Tournament Rule 412, I hereby challenge the person who really put my name in to step forward and compete in my place or they will be forfeit their magic."

No one stood up. The parchment in Dumbledore's hand crumbled into dust. He then made an announcement. "The person who did put Mr. Potter's name in will have until the first task to come forward, otherwise at the end of the task, he or she will lose their magic forever."

He went into a side room with Crouch, Bagman, Karkhaoff and Madam Maxime.

To everyone's surprise, Draco walked up to the Gryffindor table and to Harry.

"Potter – I've heard back from father. According to him, someone complained about Granger getting higher marks than her and so her father convinced Fudge to hold a secret hearing with Delores Umbridge and a few others and had Granger expelled," he said, "I had nothing to do with it, I swear on my magic. Our world needs new brains and Granger was one of those. She just let herself down by trying to show off in class all the time (Harry had to admit to himself that Draco was right there). Father tells me that it has happened to someone else before now."

To say Harry was outraged was an understatement but then something else clicked in his mind.

"Why are you being so nice?" Harry asked.



"A lot of people dream of carrying favour with the Boy-Who-Lived," Draco said, "I figure, if I help you, you will owe me a favour or two when I need it."

"I will not help you bully Muggleborns.." Harry began.

"I won't expect you to do so, but maybe a word here or there at the right time, or even a bit of help," Draco said.

"Like what?"

"Everyone tells me I need to improve my Quidditch playing. They say if I improve, maybe the Junior Quidditch League scouts will notice me."

Please note, Harry and Draco will not be friends, just a mutual respect between fellow Quidditch players.

This is part of the rewrite of The Traitors. I've removed the excessive bashing, but the Daily Prophet will remain as stupid as normal and Draco (who was and always will be an idiot) and his thugs will still act as if they own the world. As for the stories from this preview fic, Living in Darkness, Burned, Junior Quidditch League, The Girl I Took Under My Wing, Thundercats Ho and Harry Potter-Croft are being developed into full scale stories, the last one mainly because Ginnylover pesters me for it.

## THE GIRL I TOOK UNDER MY WING

Harry Potter stood in the Ministry of Magic Atrium. Behind him, Minister Fudge, some of Harry's friends and Albus Dumbledore were watching as Harry fought back against Voldemort's attempts to possess him.

"Now!" Harry shouted. Dumbledore aimed his wand and fired at Voldemort. Sirius Black did the same. The Dark Lord stumbled as he was hit by the force of the curses. Then Ginny Weasley, Hermione Granger and Neville Longbottom fired curses at the Dark Lord.

"Now Tom," Harry said, "It's time we finished this – together!" Ron Weasley took a small box out of his pocket and enlarged it before throwing it at Voldemort. He could see inside the box and saw a familiar ring, locket and cup. Mad-Eye Moody then fired a Firefinder curse at it. As the items burnt to a crisp, a faint scream could be heard.

Despite the confusion, Voldemort was able to aim his wand at Harry and fired a curse. Harry followed suit and the beams of magic joined with each other again. He then took a second wand out of his pocket – belonging to Bellatrix LeStrange and fired curses at Voldemort. He took the wand after she dropped it before falling into the Veil of Death.

Each blasting curse found their mark and within seconds, Voldemort was dead. Everyone lowered their wands and Harry turned to face Fudge.

"So I'm a delusional, attention seeking liar now?" Harry asked, "You've seen him with your own eyes. I'm now through dealing with your problems." He then joined his friends and left via the Floo network.

"The answer is NO, Headmaster," Harry said an hour later in Dumbledore's office, "I am NOT going to the Dursleys."

"But Harry," Dumbledore pleaded, "with Death Eaters on the loose, the blood protection will protect you."

"No," Harry countered, "I don't care what happens to them. They are nothing to me. Number 4 Privet Drive was no home to me, but a prison. I have better things to do this summer than be held prisoner."

With that, Harry left the Headmaster's office. Outside, his girlfriend of four years Daphne Greengrass was waiting for him. They had met on the train journey to Hogwarts during their first year and became an 'unofficial' couple at the end of that year, becoming a couple during the second year. Following the first year, he just went home with her instead of the Dursleys and her parents managed to 'convince' them to sign custody over to the Greengrass family.

"Are you ready?" she asked.

"Yes I am," he said, "I've earned this holiday. Are you sure we won't be breaking any laws though?"

"The law states that students don't have to return to Hogwarts after passing their OWLs." Daphne told him.

"Do we tell anyone?" Harry asked.

"My parents know we're going. Astoria doesn't." Daphne replied.

"I have no-one to tell," Harry said, "Sirius is too busy pranking Snape to care, the Weasleys would just try to force me to stay at the Burrow while Remus has other things on his mind."

McGonagall summoned Harry to her office on the second to last day of term.

"Assuming you still want to be a Healer Mr Potter," she said, "You will need a Healer's wand." She was filling out a piece of parchment. "Present this to Mr. Ollivander when you go to Diagon Alley next and he will arrange one for you."

"Thank you Professor." Harry said. She then passed him a broomstick – his Firebolt which was confiscated by Delores Umbridge months ago.

"We retrieved this from where Delores Umbridge locked it up. Professor Flitwick and Madam Hooch have checked it and it is clean from hexes and jinxes." Harry thanked her again.

After term finished, the students took the Hogwarts Express back to London. Harry and Daphne met up with their friends in the usual carriage.

"We're going to Diagon Alley tomorrow," Daphne said, "If anyone wants to come with us, join us at the Leaky Cauldron at ten tomorrow morning."

After the train pulled up at King's Cross and everyone went through the barrier, Harry and Daphne went up to the Leaky Cauldron.

"Could we have two rooms please Tom?" asked Harry, "Plus some discession."

"I never saw you." Tom said.

The following morning, after collecting money from their vaults, the duo met with Hermione, Ginny and Ron. They spent some time talking about things. Afterwards, Harry went to Ollivander's.

"Morning, Mr. Potter. Eleven inches, holly, phoenix feather. Still in good condition I trust?" Ollivander asked.

"Very good, thank you. I'm here for a Healer's wand." Harry said, passing the permit to the wand maker. He looked at it.

"This is in order. Let's see." He went to a section of the shop he didn't go to last time.

"What is the difference between a Healer's wand and a regular wand?" asked Harry.

"Well, Mr. Potter, a Healers wand is bathed in Phoenix tears for a month after being made normally using regular cores and woods. I understand you've had quite a number of injuries healed by Poppy

Pomfrey." Harry nodded. "Very good wand. 9 inches, yew wood, dragon-heart core. Well, if your normal wand was used to heal someone, it would either mess things up or just not heal the injuries properly."

"So that's why when Lockhart tried to repair a break in my bones in second year, I ended up losing the bones?"

"Gilderoy Lockhart? I'm surprised he was hired to teach, especially Defence Against the Dark Arts. None of my wands worked for him, I heard he went to a maker in Knockturn Alley and he was lucky to get one that worked. I'm even more surprised he was able to cast memory charms with it. But your look at things is almost correct. It was a combination of his status as almost a Squib and a regular wand."

Ollivander started to get wands out for Harry to try.

"The wand will pick you like your regular wand would," he explained.

Harry tried out a dozen wands before Ollivander passed him a holly and oak wand with a phoenix feather in.

"If that combination will work for your regular wand, then it might be an idea to try one for your Healer's wand."

Harry waved it and sparks came from it.

"Excellent Mr. Potter, excellent!" he said. Harry paid for his wand but then noise could be heard from outside. The two looked through the window. Green light could then be seen flying past the window. Harry went outside and looked. He moved back as another beam of green light fired past him. He could see Draco Malfoy, Crabbe, Goyle, Pansy Parkinson and a few other Slytherins.

"Hermione! Ginny!" Harry shouted, firing hexes at the Slytherins.

"Over here!" Hermione shouted. She was hiding under a table firing some hexes too. Harry ran over to join her. But curses from Draco Malfoy stopped him. Harry cast a shield charm which stopped one of his curses.

"STUPEFY!" Harry shouted. Draco was unable to get clear in time and he fell to the ground stunned. A Death Eater revived him and he started firing curses again. Other people joined in the fight. Crabbe and Goyle fell next – they were hit by body-bind hexes fired by Fred and George, who left their shop to help.

Looking around, Harry saw two familiar teen girls lying on the ground. He ran over to them, firing hexes at the Slytherins. He looked down and saw Susan Bones and Hannah Abbot. He checked them with his new Healer's wand and found they were seriously hurt. Using the wand, he healed what he could. Enraged, Harry started to walk over to a few of the enemy. Curses were fired at him and he blocked or deflected them without a moment's thought. Pansy Parkinson aimed her wand at Harry and began to fire the killing curse, but Daphne stunned her first. Knowing he was beaten, Draco made a run for it down Knockturn Alley along with several other Death Eaters.

With their ringleaders down or deciding to make a run for it, and with the appearance of the Aurors, the remaining thugs surrendered. Kingsley Shacklebolt, leading the Aurors, arrested them all and took them in while Healers from St. Mungos began to assess the dead and wounded.

Harry and the others looked around. They found out that Mr. Flourish from the bookshop had been killed along with fellow student Terry Boot (Ravenclaw). Ernie McMillan (the pompous self-opinionated Hufflepuff) and Cho Chang, like Susan and Hannah were seriously hurt along with other students. Harry joined the Healers and helped them, learning as they went along.

Molly Weasley ran up to him. She was visiting the alley with Ginny to collect the school books (Ron's grounding included the visit to Diagon Alley). Ginny was more her usual self.

"Oh, Harry. What are we going to do with you? You're always getting yourself in trouble young man. You are coming to the Burrow with us for a few days – you need a change of scenery for a while." she said.

"We can't Molly." said Harry. "We appreciate the offer though."

"We'd better get going." Daphne said.

One of the Healers went over to Harry.

"Mr. Potter? I'm Healer Foster, head of the critical care unit at St. Mungo's. I've had a chance to see you at work today and think you did a really good job. I'm going to put in a recommendation that you be hired straight out of Hogwarts. I'm also going to file a report with Poppy at Hogwarts and with the exam board and hopefully your actions today will count towards getting your N.E.W.T. We could do with someone like you." he said.

"Thank you Healer." Harry said.

Kingsley Shacklebolt walked over to Harry and told him he would have to testify in court.

The Wizengamot was in full emergency session later that day. Pansy Parkinson's solicitor tried to claim that his clients were under the Imperius Curse. But tests on the defendants proved that there was no enchantment (except for a few younger students, they were cleared at once).

The solicitor tried to discredit Harry but failed. The solicitor then tried to have Harry expelled from Hogwarts for use of underage magic. Those charges were thrown out as it was clearly established that Harry's magic use was for self defence along with healer training. The court then said that if Pansy's solicitor wanted to go into the matter of underage magic, then most of his clients (besides the of-age students and the ones under Imperious) were hereby expelled for excessive use of underage magic.

Pansy and the captured thugs were found guilty of all charges and sentenced to life imprisonment. Harry was recommended for an Order of Merlin, First Class, which along with his friends, he turned down.

In the meantime, Draco and the other thugs managed to get away with it. Harry later confided in his friends that he thinks the Malfoy name and un-investigated claims of being under Imperious along with money changing hands allowed this to happen.

Due to the attack, Harry and Daphne's departure was delayed. Because of this, they received a copy of the Daily Prophet.

## HARRY POTTER LEADS DEATH EATER RAID ON DIAGON ALLEY

Yesterday, free Death Eaters led a raid on Diagon Alley. The leader was identified as Harry Potter, who used various unforgivable curses and personally murdered ten children and torturing many others using the Cruciatus Curse.

Former friend Ron Weasley had this to say: "I personally saw Potter using the killing curse on children."

Ex-girlfriend Cho Chang said: "He cast the Cruciatus at me and killed Terry Boot, a fellow Ravenclaw."

Harry was physically sick as he read all the details. Daphne went up to him.

"Let's go." She said. The two left the Leaky Cauldron. They called a Muggle taxi and went to the airport.

At the Lovegood residence, Xenophilius Lovegood worked around the clock to have an edition of The Quibbler printed which told the truth.

## HARRY POTTER A HERO, NOT A KILLER

It was reported in the Daily Prophet that Harry Potter, Boy-Who-Lived lead a Death Eater assault on Diagon Alley yesterday. THIS IS A LIE. These facts will prove such fabrications printed in the Prophet are lies:

The so-called witnesses have confirmed that they did not say anything that was printed in the Prophet.

Harry Potter saved the lives of many when he attacked the Death Eaters and used his trainee Healer skills to heal wounds.

It has been confirmed by Ollivander that Mr. Potter spent a large amount of time in his shop trying out Healer wands before the attack began.

Because of this, Mr. Potter has now left the country.



"That's all we know Minister," Dumbledore was saying to the Minister, "Harry was hurt so much by the report in yesterday's Prophet, he decided to just leave."

"How much of that article was true?" Scrimgeour asked.

"Only that Death Eaters attacked Diagon Alley and a few deaths were involved. Everything about Mr. Potter leading them and killing and torturing innocent children were lies. Ronald Weasley has confirmed that he didn't say a thing, Aurors and Healers confirmed that Mr. Potter saved lives and Ollivander has sworn an oath over Mr. Potter's whereabouts at times specified in the article. The students named in the article have also given oaths that they did not say anything to the papers."

"So he must think we're going to arrest him?"

"Considering Barty Crouch sent his godfather to Azkaban without so much as a trial OR a hearing, that Fudge put him on trial for defending himself from the Dementors last summer, and for what the Ministry tells the Prophet what to print about him, it's not surprising that he has little faith in our world."

"Any idea where he might have gone?" Scrimgeour asked.

"No idea at all Minister," Dumbledore said, "If he felt he had to leave to protect his friends, he had to and will return when he feels ready to do so. I will tell you this, if he returns and decides to take legal action against the Prophet, then I will help him."

Soon, it was time for another term to begin at Hogwarts. After the Sorting, a third year student stood up.

"Headmaster, do you know where Harry Potter is? I want to thank him for saving my life in Diagon Alley." The student asked.

"I'm afraid to say Mr. Hoyle, is that Harry Potter has left England." Dumbledore said, "What the Daily Prophet wrote about him, aided by certain people made him feel he was no longer welcome here and decided to leave."

"Good riddance." Draco Malfoy said and got slapped across the head by Astoria Greengrass. Someone on the Slytherin table took a

note of it. It seemed Draco getting slapped by Astoria was a regular occurrence and there were even betting pools on how many slaps he would get in a year.

"I cannot punish students who aided the Prophet with these lies, especially to the students who didn't even know what was going on when they made the stuff up. But I can tell you that I am deeply ashamed of those students who acted in this malicious fashion. I am sure there will be repercussions for these actions. Mr. Potter has done nothing to deserve this behaviour. If he returns to England, he will be welcome to resume his Hogwarts education."

"That's assuming he's not finishing it somewhere else!" someone said.

"If Mr. Potter was carrying on his education elsewhere, as his former Headmaster, I would be told about it as a courtesy. But I've received no such news, so it's safe to assume he's not at another school." Dumbledore said, "Now, this is the end of the matter."

As time went by, life at Hogwarts went back to normal. Draco continued tormenting Muggleborns, but without Snape there to protect him, he got punished for his actions.

Ginny Weasley carried on as Seeker of the Gryffindor Quidditch team. One day, a group of owls flew in carrying a package and dropped it in front of her, followed by a note.

Dear Ginny,

Since I'm not there, you are free to continue your Seeker career in our House team. Here is a present for you to help realise your dreams.

Harry

Ginny opened the package to reveal a brand new Firebolt. Ron looked on in mild jealousy. Draco looked in madness.

"Better get that locked away quickly." Neville Longbottom said. Ginny took the broom and left the hall before Malfoy could take it.

Ginny arranged to see Dumbledore later that day. She gave him the letter and he waved his wand over it.

"Yes, Harry did send this letter but I can't pinpoint his location from it." He said.

"Thank you – I thought it might help find him." Ginny answered.

"Harry has either blocked his magical signature, meaning we can't trace it or is in a location where he can't be traced. The same with Miss. Greengrass." Dumbledore said, "You did the right thing, if you should hear anything else, just let me know."

Ginny promised to let Dumbledore know if she knew anything before leaving. Dumbledore was really showing his age – he was worried sick about Harry.

Hermione came back from the kitchens that evening.

"Did you find out what you wanted to know?" Blaise asked, holding Hermione's hand. All the Gryffindors knew about their relationship but was showing enough discretion not to comment, considering Blaise was a Slytherin.

"Partly," Hermione said, "Dobby and Winky are not there."

"So that means," Blaise began.

"Yes," Hermione continued, "Dobby and Winky are where Harry is. We know how loyal Dobby is to Harry and would go anywhere for him and he is rather attached to Winky."

July 1997

An owl flew into the kitchen and dropped a letter. It was an official Gringotts communication. It was picked up and read by a young man. A young purple-head woman came in.

"It's time to go back." He told her.

Dumbledore sat in his office, pondering on the previous year's events. There was still no sign of Harry or Daphne Greengrass. He had given the House Cup to Gryffindor that year and they had also

won the Quidditch Cup. Ginny Weasley proved to be just as good as Harry.

McGonagall was there going over a few things with him, including the Prefect placements for the following year and who to pick as Head Boy and Girl, but his head was in the clouds. Their attention was grabbed by the very familiar snowy white owl that flew through the window and dropped a letter in front of Dumbledore. He picked it up and read it and he brightened up straight away.

"Is that from Mr. Potter?" McGonagall asked.

"It is," Dumbledore said, "It says that because of the events of last year, which ended with the accusations in the paper about him leading the Death Eater attack on Diagon Alley, he had to leave for a while, mainly to get a change of scenery. Miss. Greengrass is also with him. Apparently, they were already planning a holiday but would have returned in time for school. Circumstances mean they have to return to England and wish to begin their sixth year of Hogwarts education this September."

"That's great, although I'm going to have a word with him about worrying everyone like this." McGonagall said.

"It also solves the problem of the Prefects for Gryffindor. You said yourself that no males from the Gryffindor sixth years are suitable for the Prefect badge."

"Are you sure? They did miss a year of school." McGonagall asked.

"I'm sure. They should have been Prefects for fifth year but the Ministry prevented it. It will show them we have faith in them and never brought into those lies printed in the paper." He got a piece of parchment out and wrote a quick letter telling Harry and Daphne that they were welcome to return to Hogwarts and to let him know when they were back so he could send out the book lists. He gave it to Hedwig who flew away.

"After a year away, I wish to announce that Mr. Harry Potter has decided to return to Hogwarts." Dumbledore said as Harry and Daphne came into the Great Hall and walked towards the Gryffindor table.

"What is that murderer doing here" one student asked.

"Mr. Potter was proven not guilty of any crimes in the Diagon Alley attack of last year. It was people like you, Mr. Nott that scared him away." Dumbledore said.

"How could the two of you leave like that?" Hermione asked. She was wearing a Head Girl badge on her robes. Suddenly, there was a squeal.

"Is that an engagement ring?" Lavender Brown asked, looking at Daphne's hand. There was a big gold ring with purple stones on it.

"Is that also a wedding ring?" Pavrati Patil asked. She saw a gold band next to it. Pavrati and Lavender never brought into the lies spread by the Ministry or the paper.

McGonagall then walked over to the Gryffindor table.

"I offer my congratulations to you," she said, "After the feast, I will escort you to your new quarters."

"Thank you Professor McGonagall." Harry said. McGonagall went back to the staff table.

Years ago, I wrote Leaving Hogwarts in which it turned out Tom Riddle was not the villain. I thought I'd revisit the idea for this story. There are no Horocruxes in this story so the villain remains dead.

## LORD SLYTHERIN

Harry Potter, age 10, answered the front door of 4 Privet Drive. Standing on the doorstep was a tall, old man. He had a neat beard and he was wearing a business suit. What stood out about him was that he was wearing a green jacket and tie.

"Good morning Harry," the man said, "I've not seen you since you were a baby. Can I come in and talk to your aunt and uncle."

"How do you know me sir?" Harry asked.

"All in good time my boy." The man said. Harry led the man into the kitchen.

"Mr & Mrs Dursley?" the man said, "My name is Riddle, or as I prefer to be addressed by people like you, Lord Slytherin."

Both Dursley adults seemed to recognise the name.

"You're a freak!" Vernon shouted, "Get out of here! Boy (he referred to Harry) – lose yourself somewhere!"

"No," Riddle said, "Harry will stay here."

"I forbid you to talk to him!" Vernon said.

Riddle took a long stick out of his inside pocket and pointed it at them.

"Be quiet," he said, "You, Dursley, are already skating on thin ice. Intercepting, stealing and destruction of other people's mail is a serious offence, even to us but it looks like you've been committing other crimes."

Riddle turned to Dudley Dursley. "Tell me young man, when was your cousin fed last?"

Dudley opened his mouth before thinking. "Three weeks ago."

"DURSLEY!" Riddle shouted, "You do not go around starving children."

"Lord Slytherin," Harry said, "Why are you here?"

"To give you this." Riddle said, passing an envelope to Harry who opened it. Vernon made to snatch it but Riddle put him under a body bind. Petunia and Dudley stepped back.

"My Lord," Harry said, "This has to be wrong. Magic only exists in the minds of freaks, men like Tolkien and Lewis."

"Ah yes, CS Lewis and JRR Tolkien, old friends of mine," Riddle said, "Tell me Harry, have you done things you can't explain?"

"Well, there is the case of the vanishing glass, the time I appeared on the school roof." Harry began, "How did you know me as a baby?"

Riddle looked at Petunia and realised she had not said anything about Lily Potter except that she was a whore who got killed in a car crash.

"It's a long story," Riddle said, "I taught at Hogwarts years ago. Your mother Lily was one of my students as was your father James. He loved her the moment he saw her but it took her a while to warm to him. They married to serious opposition after finishing at Hogwarts."

"Why was that?" Harry asked.

"There are three factions in magic – Pureblood, Half-Blood and Muggle-born. The two of us are half-bloods. Lily was a Muggle-born and James was a Pureblood," Riddle said, "A group of Purebloods got it within their thick heads that only Purebloods should study magic and under the leadership of one called Sidious, they began a campaign of terror. After spending years spying on potential targets, they started. Your parents were top of their list and they went into hiding. I offered to hide them in my home, but they decided to stay in a Potter home in Godric's Hollow."

"Sir," Harry said, "Uncle Vernon told me that my parents were worthless drunks who got killed in a car crash."

"That Harry," Riddle said, "was a lie. Sidious and a couple of his followers – Bellatrix Lestrange and Barty Crouch Jr - somehow found out where you and your parents were hiding, and killed them. Somehow, Sidious' magic rebounded and killed him, Lestrange and Crouch. You were left with that scar on your head. After those events, Albus Dumbledore took it upon himself to put you here against my objections and put wards on the house which would prevent anyone magical from approaching the house until towards your eleventh birthday."

"Your objections?" Harry asked.

"Yes, my objections. I was raised in a Muggle orphanage after my mother – a witch - died. My father – a muggle - left her and I didn't know about him until just before I started Hogwarts. I babysat you many times and would have taken you in."

"Muggle?"

"That is what we magical people call non-magicals," Riddle said, "I objected to your placement here but Dumbledore said that it was best you were here, away from the magical world and his wards would protect Sidious' followers from finding you. My wards would have protected you better. But the then Minister of Magic, Bagnold, sided with Dumbledore and normally, the Minister's word is law. She never liked me – I had supporters to become Minister myself but I turned down the job."

Harry took a look at his letter. "They await my owl? Does this have something to do with the owls flying about the area?"

Riddle went to the back door and whistled. An owl flew onto his arm. "Just write that you accept on the letter." He said. Harry wrote on the parchment and passed it to Riddle, who tied it to the owl and let it go.

"There is a problem sir," Harry said, "How will I pay for this? The Dursleys never spend money on me unless they have to."

"Don't worry Harry!" Riddle said, "You are heir to the Potter fortune. Your father named me the executor of the Potter estate and I have been keeping things in order ready for when you come of age."



He turned to Dudley and Petunia. He took a chocolate frog out of his pocket and showed it to Dudley.

"Do you want to earn a couple of these?" Riddle asked. Dudley nodded, "Tell me, what your parents have done to Harry since he came here?"?"

"Given him my old clothing, starved him for being a freak, kept him in the cupboard under the stairs!" Dudley said. Riddle gave him one of the frogs – the boy ate it straight away.

"What about his education?" Riddle asked, waving a second frog.

"He's better than me!" Dudley said, "Dad thought he cheated until the school proved otherwise."

"Thank you Dudley." Riddle said. He gave Dudley a couple more frogs before giving one to Harry who ate it.

"I don't want to give you anymore," Riddle said, looking at his watch, "It's not long until dinner. We'd better get your school supplies and set you up at my home."

"You mean that, sir?" Harry said, "I can stay with you?"

"Enough of this sir nonsense Harry," Riddle said, "Call me Tom. Yes, you can stay with me. It is clear that those creatures are not suitable guardians. I have a granddaughter who is a year younger who will be starting at Hogwarts next year. Come on."

Riddle took Harry's hand and the two vanished into thin air. Vernon quickly recovered.

Harry and Riddle appeared on the steps of a marble building.

"This, Harry, is Gringotts bank." Riddle said, "This is where your money is kept."

They went into the building and walked to a goblin teller.

"These are goblins." Riddle said, "Morning, Master Griphook. Mr. Harry Potter would like to withdraw money from his trust fund." He took a key out of his pocket and handed it over.

"This is in order. Please come with me." Griphook said. He led the way into caves and they got into a cart. As they went down, Tom Riddle explained the wizarding currency system. They stopped and got off. Griphook opened the vault door – it was piled full of money. Harry took a bag and put money in it.

"Master Griphook – have the security arrangements for the Potter vaults remained secure?" Riddle asked.

"Yes, Lord Slytherin," Griphook said, "No-one has been permitted access to any of the Potter vaults since the death of James Potter."

"Very good," Riddle said, "Here you go." He passed a small money bag over to the goblin who pocketed it.

Back in Diagon Alley, Riddle took Harry through the shops, buying his school supplies. They were in the apothotory when Riddle brought up something.

"Your mother was very talented at Potions," he said, "Her best friend Severus is now teaching Potions at Hogwarts. He runs a tight ship and insists on perfection."

Following the purchase of his books, Riddle had something else to say.

"It's time to get you a birthday present," he said.

"You don't have to," Harry began.

"Nonsense," Riddle said. Five minutes later, he bought Harry a young snowy white owl. He stammered his thanks.

"Don't worry about it, Harry," Riddle said, "I know you've not got anything from those miserable excuse for Muggles. Your magic wand now."

Riddle lead Harry into Ollivanders. A man, who looked older than Riddle came out.

"I was wondering when I'd see you, Mr. Potter." Ollivander said. He then saw Riddle, "Tom Riddle – yew, thirteen inches, phoenix feather."

"You remember well," Riddle said.

It took an hour to find Harry's wand. "What a co-incidence!" Ollivander said.

"What is sir?" Harry asked.

"The phoenix that gave the feather for your wand also gave another – that feather is in Lord Slytherin's wand. He has done great things and we can expect great things from you."

After leaving the wand shop, Riddle turned to Harry. With a wave of his wand, the purchases vanished.

"They've been delivered to my home. We have to make a detour first to collect my granddaughter who has been visiting her father."

"Does she live with you?" Harry asked.

"Since her mother died," Riddle said, "Her father has, how the Muggles say, 'lost the plot' so I gained custody of Luna."

"Her mother was your daughter was she?" Harry asked.

"My only child." Riddle said.

I've deliberately left Hermione out of here until I can determine how to deal with her. I've decided Ron will be OK for a while. There will be mild Dumbledore/Snape bashing, but in this universe, Snape doesn't have Voldemort or Death Eaters to worry about. The Potters were under Fidelus in this universe and were still betrayed, but by who?

## LORD SLYTHERIN CONTINUED

Later that day, Slytherin made a floo call to Albus Dumbledore at Hogwarts.

"Come on in Tom," Dumbledore said. Lord Slytherin stepped through. "How did your meeting with young Harry go?"

"Not good considering the circumstances," Slytherin said, "The Dursleys starved him, gave him second hand clothing and made him sleep in a cupboard."

"Staying with them was for his own good," Dumbledore said, "Surly, you of all people would understand the need to protect him from Sidious' free followers."

"I understand that perfectly Albus," Slytherin said, "You know what I've been trying to do over the years, making sure magical children who are with Muggle relatives are cared for and not abused. I told you and Bagnold at the time what the Dursleys were like and how much they hated magic. I could create better wards. But neither of you would listen."

"I had hoped they would raise him like their own son." Dumbledore said.

"Then it's a good thing they didn't," Slytherin said, "Their son is what the Muggles would call morbidly obese and will suffer major health problems when he grows up. I'm telling you this Albus, I've taken Harry away from them and he will not be returning to them, assuming they don't receive prison sentences for what they've done. James and Lily wanted me to raise Harry. You stopped me once, don't attempt to stop me again. As you know, as I'm heir to one of the Founders, I can have you removed from this position."

"Why haven't you until now?" Dumbledore asked with curiosity.

"Because Dumbledore," Slytherin answered, "You've introduced good reforms to this school. Dippet would never have let Remus Lupin attend school here, let alone teach Defence."

"You never told me, why you retired and nominated Remus to succeed you." Dumbledore said.

"I needed a break Albus," Slytherin said, "I told you when I took my place as Lord Slytherin, as his last descendent that I intended to adjust the reputation of Slytherin House."

"And you did a good job Tom," Dumbledore countered, "but what will Severus do regarding the children of Sidious' followers? Most of them start at Hogwarts this year and Severus has expressed concern that Lucius Malfoy's son is also starting – Lucius has apparently brainwashed him into thinking that Muggleborns and half-bloods are scum."

"What would you have me do? I have no legal grounds to prevent young Draco from attending Hogwarts." Slytherin asked.

"Start teaching Defence again and resume your duties as Head of Slytherin House. You can help prevent trouble before it starts." Dumbledore suggested.

"What about Remus Lupin?" Slytherin asked.

"Remus has expressed a desire to campaign to have Sirius Black freed from that American prison," Dumbledore said, "But he has not wanted to leave me in the lurch."

"I always believed Sirius was innocent," Slytherin said, "He would never have murdered those Muggles – it was a case of being in the wrong place at the wrong time. Very well Albus, I accept, but like before, I want the right to impose whatever punishments I desire. I will not tolerate Muggleborn slurs or any of the children of Sidious' followers to strut about as if they own the school."

"Those terms are acceptable. What will you do with young Luna while not in class?" Dumbledore asked.

"I will either ask Molly Weasley to help or ask a house-elf to help. I will not leave her alone with Xenophilius for that amount of time. Molly is busy enough with Ginvera to supervise Xenophilius with her."

"I find Xeno's magazine very funny." Dumbledore said.

"That's my point – he's lost his mind. That's why I fought for custody after Seline died – who knows what would have happened to Luna otherwise." Slytherin said, "I'm going to have to go now. I left Harry with Molly Weasley and when I left, young Ginny was going bright red at the presence of Harry Potter in her home. I'd better go and spare her any further embarrassment."

The following day, Slytherin was sitting at his desk with Harry sitting in front when the door opened and Dobby the house-elf came in.

"Excuse me sir," Dobby said, "But Remus Lupin is here to see you."

"Bring him in please." Slytherin said.

Dobby left the room and returned moments later with a middle aged man who looked very worse for wear.

"Harry," Slytherin said, "This is Remus Lupin, an old friend of your parents."

"Pleased to meet you sir." Harry said, extending his hand out for a handshake. Remus was unsure what to say.

"Harry, if you'll excuse us for a few minutes, Mr. Lupin and I have a few things to discuss."

Harry got out of his chair and left the room. Remus took the empty seat.

"I tried to visit him at the Dursleys but the wards seemed to keep me away." Remus said.

"Dumbledore and Bagnold put wards to prevent magical people approaching until the months approaching his eleventh birthday," Slytherin said, "They didn't treat him well. It's a good job I added the violence inhibitor ward otherwise we might not have had a Harry to

collect." Slytherin said, "Anyhow, I understand you're going to America to try and get Sirius pardoned."

"That's right. I've heard a rumour that the Ministry in the state of Texas has changed Sirius' sentence from life without parole to the death sentence. It's set for eight weeks time." Remus said, "Does Harry know about Sirius?"

"No," Slytherin said, "I've not told him yet. I wanted to see how you did first. Either way, he will know about his godfather. I will not say anything to him unless he asks or you tell me what's happening. The Slytherin funds are at your disposal to help free Sirius. You can also use my name and influence to help."

"Thank you my Lord." Remus said.

"Good luck." Slytherin said.

Harry was sitting in the compartment of the Hogwarts Express. The door opened and Ron Weasley stepped in.

"Do you mind?" he asked, "Everywhere is full."

"Go ahead." Harry said. Ron came in and sat down.

"We didn't really get the chance to meet when you came over during the summer." Ron said.

"Uncle Tom had to get us home for dinner." Harry explained.

"You're Lord Slytherin's nephew?" Ron asked with mild disbelief.

"No, he's an honorary uncle." Harry said, "Is your father a Lord?"

"Sadly no," Ron said, "My father says the Weasleys were cheated out of our titles years ago. My brother Bill tells me that he thinks followers of Sidious were the cause of that."

"Why?" Harry asked, "Uncle Tom told me that the Weasleys were as pureblood as they could get."

"Because we associate ourselves with Muggle-borns and Dad is obsessed with Muggles, we're classed as blood-traitors." Ron explained.

"So, I saw you, your sister and two brothers at your home. I know Ginny will begin Hogwarts next year with Luna and I'm sure I saw a Prefect with red hair."

"That's my older brother Percy. He starts his fifth year. Charlie is older than him – he studies dragons in Romania and I just mentioned Bill – he's the eldest, works as a curse breaker for Gringotts." Ron said, "Older than me but younger than Percy is Fred and George. You'll have to watch out for them, they like causing trouble. I lost count of the number of letters Mum got from Professor McGonagall about them. She said they need a taste of the time Lord Slytherin was teaching and they would soon behave."

"Don't tell anyone I told you this," Harry said, "But Uncle Tom is resuming his duties as head of Slytherin and Defence Against the Dark Arts teacher, mostly to keep an eye on the offspring of Sidious' followers."

"Wicked!" Ron said, "I'm hoping the Hogwarts gamekeeper never becomes Care of Magical Creatures teacher."

"How come?" Harry asked.

"Charlie took those lessons," Ron answered, "He had regular interaction with the gamekeeper Hagrid. The book *Fantastic Beasts and Where to Find Them* is unofficially known as Hagrid's list of potential pets."

The door opened again and a blond haired boy flanked by two bigger boys appeared.

"I hear that Harry Potter is in this compartment." The boy said, "That is you isn't it?"

"What if I am?" Harry asked, "And you would be Draco Malfoy, son of Lucius Malfoy, nephew of the coward Bellatrix Lestrange who thought she could get away with casting the Cruciatus curse on a baby."



"My aunt was no coward Potter!" Malfoy shouted.

"I beg to differ," Harry said, "I remember every moment of that night. I'm just glad she got what was coming to her when even more cowardly Sidious' curse backfired and killed him, Lestrangle and that equally cowardly Crouch."

"This isn't the end Potter!" Malfoy threatened, "You'll get what's coming to you."

He and his two thugs left. Harry went to close the compartment door.

"Harry Potter." McGonagall said. Harry walked up to the stool with nerves. Slytherin winked at him as he sat down and McGonagall put the hat on his head. Like Malfoy, it was barely on his head a second before announcing his house – GRYFFINDOR!

With a massive round of applause, Harry sat down at the Gryffindor table.

"Mr. Potter – our new celebrity," Snape said, "Tell me Mr. Potter, what would I get if I added powdered root of asphodel to an infusion of wormwood?"

"A sleeping potion known as the Draught of Living Death."

"Where would you look if I told you to find me a beazor?"

"The stomach of a goat, sir. It can protect you from most poisons." Snape observed with curiosity.

"What is the difference between monkshood and wolfsbane?" he asked

"They're the same plant and it's also called aconite," Harry replied.

"Very good Mr. Potter. It's comforting to know that someone has been reading ahead. Maybe you won't be a dunderhead after all but in order to avoid that, you all need to pay attention! Anyone messing around in my classroom will be told to leave and never return – do I make myself clear?"

"Yes Professor Snape." The class said. Snape waved his wand at the board. A recipe appeared.

"A simple potion. You have one hour."

The class went to the store cupboard and got the ingredients. Half an hour later, Snape stopped Ron.

"What were you about to do Mr. Weasley?" Snape asked.

"Put in the quills sir." Ron said.

"What was the last step and what did I put to do next?" Snape asked.

"Put in the fluxweed and then let it simmer."

"Where on those instructions did it say 'put in the quills before simmering?'"

"Nowhere sir," Ron said, "But my brother George said you always mix it up to make sure we're paying attention."

"Mr. Weasley – I would have thought that having three older brothers who frequently got O's in my class would have taught you better than those dunderhead twins. For your information, despite the good work they are capable of, they delight in exploding potions at least once every two weeks. Five points from Gryffindor for disregarding written instructions and another five points for questioning a teacher's credentials."

"I told you to let it simmer first you dingbat, but you wouldn't listen." Harry said.

"One point to Gryffindor to attempting to prevent a disaster, Mr. Potter," Snape said, "Maybe if Mr. Weasley has any doubts about Potions, he should ask his Prefect brother, or if he has a question, it might do him good to ASK THE TEACHER. Get back to your work. Mr. Weasley – maybe you can salvage something of your potion in the time remaining."

It was the end of the week and Dumbledore had called the usual staff meeting.

"So Severus, did Mr. Potter surprise you this week?" Dumbledore asked.

"He did," Snape said, "He got the questions right and he also brewed a perfect potion. He also attempted to prevent a disaster when Mr. Ronald Weasley decided to believe something his brother told him over the written instructions. It surprised me as I knew Petunia Dursley hated magic and would not have allowed any such thing to be practiced, read or talked about under her roof."

"I'm to blame there Severus," Slytherin said, "A person in Mr. Potter's position needs to know the basics before attending Hogwarts and so since I took him in, I took the liberty to teach him a few things. You can't expect the Potter heir to come to Hogwarts unprepared. Severus, imagine what it would be like if Draco Malfoy came unprepared."

"I see," Snape said, "If he continues the good work, then I can see him going far."

"Never heard of a duel Potter?" Malfoy asked, "Crabbe will be my second. Trophy Room, Midnight."

"Accept that challenge Mr. Potter," a voice began. Harry, Malfoy, Crabbe, Goyle and Ron turned and saw Lord Slytherin approaching, "and you'll be serving detention with Mr. Malfoy here. Duels between children are forbidden for a reason. Mr. Malfoy – before curfew tonight, I want a foot long essay on why it is foolish to challenge magically powerful people to duels. If Mr. Potter can defeat a Dark Lord and two of his followers without casting a spell, think of what he could do to YOU if he did. Oh, Mr. Malfoy, you've also lost thirty house-points along with a secondary detention for stealing and attempting to destroy Mr. Longbottom's Remembrall. I will inform you when this detention has been arranged."

Slytherin walked away. Defeated, Draco, Goyle and Crabbe walked towards their next class.

This is something I came up with as a 'what-if' regarding Sirius Black breaking into Gryffindor Tower. It proved the Dementors were hopeless.

## EXILE

"IT WASN'T A NIGHTMARE!" Ron yelled. "PROFESSOR, I WOKE UP, AND SIRIUS BLACK WAS STANDING OVER ME, HOLDING A KNIFE!"

Professor McGonagall stared at him.

"Don't be ridiculous, Weasley, how could he possibly have gotten through the portrait hole?"

"Ask him!" said Ron, pointing a shaking finger at the back of Sir Cadogan's picture. "Ask him if

he saw —"

Glaring suspiciously at Ron, Professor McGonagall pushed the portrait back open and went outside. The whole common room listened with bated breath. "Sir Cadogan, did you just let a man enter Gryffindor Tower?"

"Certainly, good lady!" cried Sir Cadogan.

There was a stunned silence, both inside and outside the common room.

"You — you did?" said Professor McGonagall. "But — but the password!"

"He had 'em!" said Sir Cadogan proudly. "Had the whole week's, my lady! Read 'em off a little

piece of paper!"

Sirius Black managing to get into Gryffindor Tower had serious repercussions for Harry Potter. The following morning, Dumbledore and McGonagall were in a conference with Cornelius Fudge, the Minister of Magic and his Undersecretary Delores Umbridge. Both Ministry officials had ruled that Hogwarts was no longer safe for

Harry Potter and against the protests of both Dumbledore and McGonagall, they had decided to expel him thanks to an educational decree Fudge passed allowing him to do so.

Fred and George Weasley had overheard the conversation (how, they weren't saying) and warned Harry and Gryffindor Tower. Oliver Wood ran up to the third years boy's dorm with a seventh year Gryffindor female who promptly packed Harry's trunk and shrunk it (along with putting a featherweight charm on it). Ron ran to the owlery to tell Hedwig to fly away and to meet Harry where he was going.

"Buy us some time," Fred said, "We're going to get Harry out of here before they send him to those Muggles."

The Weasley twins led Harry out of Gryffindor Tower and took him to a nearby passage which was not on the Marauder's Map. It took them to the third floor, from there, they went to the statue of the one eyed witch, which took them to Honeydukes in Hogsmeade.

"Do you know what you're doing?" Harry asked.

"Just making it up as we go along. It's either this or let them expel you because of Sirius Black." George said.

The trio crept into the Three Broomsticks and floored to Diagon Alley where they went to Gringotts. They then walked to a teller.

"Mr. Potter would like to know about his complete holdings please." Fred said. Harry gave his key to a goblin.

"Very well," the goblin said. He left the stand to get something.

"When you find out about your houses overseas," Fred said, "Go to one in either America, Portugal, Italy or Hong Kong."

"Why those places?" asked Harry.

"Dumbledore is not liked there." George answered, "So getting you back will be hard."

"How do you know all this?" asked Harry.

"Harry my boy!" Fred said, "Never underestimate a prankster. It's not very easy to keep things a secret at the Burrow. A little known secret which Bill told us – with all the magic holding up the house with wards, certain magic won't work, including privacy wards."

The teller came back holding a book.

"Your vaults contain 20 million gallons," the goblin said, "You cannot enter any of them until you come of age or are emancipated. Your trust fund vault contains 50,000 galleons."

"What about overseas housing?" Harry asked.

"The Potters have homes in Rio, Brazil, Venice, Italy, Chicago, USA, Hong Kong and Toronto, Canada." The goblin replied.

"Can you get him a Portkey to the house in Brazil?" Fred asked.

"May I ask what the rush is?" the goblin asked.

"Sirius Black broke into Gryffindor Tower last night and now the Ministry want to expel Harry for no reason and send him back to the Muggles." Fred answered, "We're helping our honorary brother escape."

"A Portkey can be arranged, if you will excuse me." The teller left again.

"Good luck Harry," Fred said, shaking his hand. George did the same.

"Thanks," Harry said, "But won't you get into trouble over this?"

"We live for trouble," George said, "But officially, we never left the castle."

Back at Hogwarts, trouble was brewing. No-one could get into Gryffindor Tower. Sir Cadogan had already been sacked but the Fat Lady's portrait hadn't been replaced. It meant only a Gryffindor student or McGonagall could get in without a password and McGonagall was refusing to open the entrance.

Fudge had ordered one of his bodyguard Aurors to return to the Ministry to bring reinforcements.

"You will turn Harry Potter over to us now," Fudge said, "Or you will all be expelled."

"Cornelius!" Dumbledore said, "I will not allow you to intimidate my students." He turned to the portrait, "The Ministry has decided that Hogwarts is not safe for Mr. Potter and want to place him in hiding for his protection."

"Bull!" someone shouted, "We know you want to send him back to violent Muggles!"

"What do you mean by that?" McGonagall asked.

"We know what goes on," the same person said, "We were told by the Weasley twins how they had to break Harry out of the prison cell his relatives put him in. We know they beat and starve him. We would rather be expelled than let you send one of our fellow lions to his doom."

"Please see reason," Dumbledore said, "The Ministry will send Harry back to the Muggles, even if they have to use force to do so."

"Then they will have to use force." The voice said.

"Break it down." Fudge ordered. Reluctantly, the Aurors blasted the empty portrait and they all burst in. Everyone was sitting down in the common room – all five Weasleys were together.

'George' ran to the window and shouted: "Get away from here Harry!" he shouted.

"We paid two Ravenclaws to use polyjuice to impersonate us." The real George said.

The goblin came back with the portkey and gave it to Harry.

"We'll see you again," Fred said as Harry vanished.

The twins returned to Hogwarts to find the occupants of Gryffindor Tower being marched to the Great Hall. Without anyone noticing,

they switched places with their fakes who quickly made their way back to Ravenclaw Tower.



I've been asked how I come up with the ideas for my stories. My favourite author is British writer Roald Dahl and favourite book is one of his last books – Matilda. It is because of him that I started writing in the first place and I had the honour of meeting him a year or two before his death at my school. Most of my fan-fics are based on the premises of 'What If'. Other stories strive from a desire to do something new, something never done before and something unusual.

This is a crossover between Harry Potter and a comic strip from UK comic 'The Eagle' entitled Computer Warrior in which the hero played computer games for real.

## HARRY THE COMPUTER WARRIOR

It was the end of a typical day at school for nine year old Harry Potter at Little Whinging. He was in the headmistress' office waiting for his aunt and uncle to arrive. Five minutes later, said relatives arrived.

"What's he done this time?" Vernon asked.

"It's nothing bad Mr. Dursley," the headmistress said, "We had a guest today – a major computer programmer to give a talk to the students. He had a look around our computer room. At the time, Harry's class was using the room. Our guest saw Harry hard at work on the computer – it seems Harry here is a prodigy at computers."

"How so? He's never used one in our home?" Vernon asked.

"He must have learnt here – in the class, we saw him use programs like Word, Excel, Powerpoint, Access among others with extreme ease." The headmistress answered.

"Is that a good thing?" Petunia asked, not knowing much about computers.

"Petunia, one of those programs is to help with accounting, the others are for presentations, databases and writing." Vernon said, curious to learn the possibilities.

"I can see he might have a good career involving computers when he leaves school. It might be an idea to get him a computer of his own." The headmistress answered.

"We'll see what can be done." Vernon said.

Harry Potter had been left with his relatives following the deaths of his parents. They didn't like the idea of him being thrust upon them just by leaving him on a doorstep with a note. They would have preferred to have someone come to them first.

They put him in the spare bedroom and fed him, although not as much as their son Dudley. While not particularly nice, they weren't that nasty (compared to canon or some other fics). They made sure he was clothed, clean and good mannered. He did ask one day about his parents but Petunia snapped at him. He realised that it was not a good topic and never asked again, hoping they would tell him at some point.

The Dursley's son Dudley bullied Harry as much as he could get away with. He also bullied a lot of children in the neighbourhood. All that changed one day two years earlier. All of Dudley's victims soon ganged up. With the help of older siblings, forged letters were sent to Dudley's gang's parents telling them there was a day off. During morning break, the victim's gang pounced. Harry saw them and tried to fight them off. Despite what Dudley had done to him, he wouldn't tolerate bullies. Unable to get them off him, Harry went to get a teacher who with help managed to stop the violence.

After everything came out, the students involved were suspended for fighting and causing serious harm – they had broken one of Dudley's arms and his legs. Vernon was going to blame Harry for it when Dudley and several witnesses said that he had tried to stop it and had even gone for help.

Their opinion of Harry changed after that. He still had his chores to do but not as many as he had too which he did without complaint. Dudley even changed – the two became friends, Dudley even did some chores.

Harry was given a membership of an after school computer club which he attended that afternoon.

Upon his return home, Vernon and Petunia had something for him.

"We've decided Harry," Vernon said, deciding to use his name (he didn't use it often), "You should have Dudley's old computer. We've set it up in your bedroom. If you can show how good you really are with computers by next year, you can pick one for your next birthday."

"Thank you Uncle Vernon, Aunt Petunia." Harry said.

After familiarising himself with the computer, Vernon gave him a month old Grunnings account paper. He told Harry that he suspected some worker was allowing money to go somewhere but there was no proof – the accounts looked normal.

Over the weekend, Harry put the figures into the computer spreadsheet, used the inbuilt calculator to help with the heavy mathematics. He was a genius with numbers. He did ask Vernon for a list of Grunnings departments to help and later the accounts for the last year and that current month.

On Sunday evening, he borrowed Dudley's printer and printed off the results.

"It appears," Harry said, reading the results in the living room that evening after the evening meal, "Someone has been siphoning money into a phony department along with taxes that do not exist for the past seven months. According to my calculations, this person has stolen over £250,000."

Vernon was going purple. Harry showed him the results plus the original papers, with relevant entries highlighted. It mentioned things like DRILL TAX, a tax for the number of people in the company and even one for how many people Vernon was allowed in his office at a time, none of which existed.

"I can't tell where the money has gone, the best idea is to check with the accounting department." Harry said. Vernon was close to blowing a fuse.

"Did I do something wrong Uncle?" Harry asked. Even Dudley was getting scared.

Vernon quickly calmed down and got Petunia to get him a small brandy. "No, you didn't do anything wrong Harry," he said, "It's just the thought of someone you trust stealing your money. My grandfather started Grunnings over fifty years ago and it's been a family tradition ever since – when I retire, I hope Dudley will take over."

After school the next day, Vernon had some news.

"Well, the culprit has been caught," he said, "It was a bloke in the accounting department. He issued checks with my signature on – forged of course, and authorised bank transfers into a different account. He blackmailed the person who was in charge of the accounts on computer to cover it up."

"What's going to happen to him now?" Dudley asked, "is he going to jail?"

"You bet he is and when it's over, we'll have the money back with interest. It appears that he was going to try and steal a million pounds from the accounts and if your cousin hadn't managed to discover it, he would have gotten away with it too."

Two years later, following his first year at Hogwarts, Harry discovered programs to let him run old computer games which wouldn't cost him a penny. Comparing some of these old games to modern games, he found some of the old stuff was better. Despite Vernon and Petunia offering to get him a new computer, he choose to stick with his original machine, liking it.

He loaded a game entitled Magic Land Dizzy into the program and seven minutes later, it loaded (the program emulated an old computer which used cassette tapes and loaded it as if it was run from tape). He started the game – the first room was set in a location called Weirdhenge, which looked like the monument Stonehenge. He held down a few keys on the keyboard – he had heard about this code which would unlock the programming code so he could study it.

The computer screen started to glow and Harry felt himself go to bits. He was sucked into the computer. Harry reassembled to find himself standing in the Weirdhenge location.

"What's going on here?" Harry asked. An image appeared above him – it was a man wearing a horned helmet.

"Harry Potter – you have offered yourself to the computer realm. The evil wizard Zaks has escaped from the Nightmare Zone where your predecessor sent him. He has imprisoned several of your friends and you must rescue them otherwise they will spend the rest of their lives in the Nightmare Zone.

"Be warned however, my game is different to how you know it."

The man's face vanished.

As I said before, the writer Roald Dahl is my favourite writer, even more so than JK Rowling. One of his rules to a good story was that if you had a nasty character, you had to make him/her even nastier.

## GINNY'S DIALEMMA

Harry Potter was standing outside 4 Privet Drive on the first day of the holidays. He was standing outside Vernon Dursley's car, ready to get his trunk indoors before he began another eight weeks of slavery.

Voldemort mentioned that Lily Potter's sacrifice protected him and so he looked up information on protection bonds and read that he was meant to be protected from dark forces if he could call somewhere Evans' blood flowed home. That's a load of rubbish. Harry thought to himself. If these wards protected me from evil, then they would protect me from the violence that ruled number 4. He also noticed that the information stated that if they failed, they could not be reactivated.

"Number 4 Privet Drive is NOT my home." Harry said and both house and boy glowed. He reached into his pocket and took out a piece of paper that he had received from Sirius on the train.

If those Muggles are too much, then get the Knight Bus to the Black Ancestral Home – it is at 12 Grimmwald Place, London. There was also a key with it.

He would go there - now that the so-called wards at Number 4 were no more, he could go where he wanted. Harry went to a secluded area and held out his wand hand. The familiar purple bus he had got on two years before appeared from out of nowhere, but to his surprise, Ginny Weasley climbed out.

Spotting Harry, she flung herself upon him in tears. Stan Shunpike looked at the two – Harry mouthed to him to wait a moment.

"What are you doing here Ginny?" Harry asked.

"I ran away from home – it's terrible." She said.

"You'll have to tell me in a bit," Harry said, "I'm leaving here myself."

The two got onto the bus. Harry gave him the address they were going too. Not long later, the bus arrived outside and the two teens got outside. Harry walked up to Number 12 and tried the key Sirius had given him. The door opened and they walked in. They made their way to the kitchen to find Hedwig waiting for him. Harry petted her quickly and she gave an appreciative hoot.

"Now, what's going on?" Harry asked.

"Something happened at school," Ginny said, "I was feeling sick a few days ago and I went to Madam Pomfrey. She found out I was pregnant!"

"What!" Harry shouted.

"She promised to keep it quiet until I could tell my parents, but someone overheard and sent them a letter and they now know all about it." She said.

"What did they do?" asked Harry, not liking what he was hearing.

"Mum jumped to the wrong conclusions, accusing me of being a scarlet woman!" Ginny said, "I tried to tell her that I wasn't and I couldn't remember doing anything to get pregnant but she wouldn't have it. She told me I was not going anywhere until I admitted to having sex and with whom and if it meant leaving Hogwarts, then so be it."

"Can she do that?" Harry asked.

At Hogwarts, Dumbledore was holding a meeting in his office. In attendance was Sirius Black, Remus Lupin, McGonagall along with a few other people.

"We need a meeting place," Dumbledore said, "Hogwarts is not secure enough. Sirius," he said turning to Sirius, "I believe your father put all sorts of protections on your family home?"

"Short of the Fidelius Charm, he put every sort of protection on the house." Sirius said.

"Splendid," Dumbledore said, "Would you have any objections to us using it and maybe have a few visitors stay?"

"I will have to check it out first," Sirius said, "My mother's been dead for ten years and it's been maintained by a crazy house-elf." What he wasn't saying was that he suspected Harry was at the house.

"Keep me informed." Dumbledore said.

Sirius walked into the house to find a lot of it clean. He took a wand out and walked towards the kitchen, hearing voices.

"Harry?" he said, entering the kitchen, "I never expected you to be here now."

"I decided I wasn't spending any time with the Dursleys," Harry said, "You did say I could come over anytime."

"That I did," Sirius said, "Who is this young lady?" He had noticed Ginny.

"This is Ginny. There's been a few problems at home and she came to Privet Drive as I was about to leave."

"You're Arthur Weasley's youngest?" Sirius said. Ginny hadn't flinched as Harry had told her about Sirius and his innocence. "Has Kreacher been keeping this place clean?"

"Kreacher?" Harry asked, "No, I've got a house elf called Dobby who started to clean the house. He's been keen to work for me since I tricked Lucius Malfoy into freeing him."

"You tricked Lucius Malfoy into freeing his house elf – I'd love to hear the story behind that." Sirius said.

"We have a problem," Harry said, "Someone at school got Ginny pregnant and used a memory charm on her. Mrs. Weasley was going to lock her away, even withdrawing her from Hogwarts. Before you say anything, the child is nothing to do with me."

"I believe you," Sirius said, "But you won't be able to protect her forever. As soon as Molly Weasley finds out she's missing, she'll hunt for her and as you said, she'll lock her away."

"Is there anything we can do?" Harry asked.



"I can't help her, I'm still on the run. There should be some way you can help her without involving the word marriage."

How would you have this continue?

## HARRY AND HIS GRANDMOTHER

October 31st, 1981

Dorea Potter took a look at an instrument next to her bed before getting in. It was linked to her son and daughter-in-law's home which was protected by the Fidelius charm. She quickly fell asleep.

A couple of hours later, an alarm sounded. Dorea woke up with a start – the instrument next to her bed was informing her that her son's home was being attacked. She quickly put a dressing gown on, took a folder and put it in her handbag and disappeared.

She reappeared outside the Potter home in Godric's Hollow and she was stunned. The house was in ruins. Nervously, she walked in and was almost sick. On the stairs was her son James. She braved the rest of the house and walked up the stairs. She heard a crying sound coming from the nursery and walked towards it. In front of her was her daughter-in-law Lily along with a familiar set of robes. In a cot in front of her was her grandson Harry. She picked him up and soothed him and he quickly calmed down.

"Dobby!" Dorea said. A house-elf appeared out of thin air.

"How may Dobby serve Mistress Dorea?" he asked.

"Master James and Mistress Lily have been murdered by Voldemort," she answered with deep sorrow in her voice, "I want you to clear this house and put it all in the Potter vaults. Tell the Gringotts goblins that Dorea Potter has issued these orders." She then gave him a roll of parchment, "After you've done that, take these papers to the Ministry. It is to ensure Harry does not end up in the wrong hands."

"Dobby always willing to serve." The elf said before vanishing.

A crash could be heard. Dorea went down the stairs and saw a huge shadow.

"Is that you Hagrid?" Dorea asked.

"Ay, it's me." Rubeus Hagrid answered, "Dumbledore sent me. He just found out about the attack and found out Harry survived."

"Harry did survive," Dorea said, "Why are you here? I'm having the house dealt with."

"Dumbledore sent me to collect Harry – he's going to send the boy to his Muggle relatives." Hagrid answered.

"No you're not," Dorea said, "I'm going to take him. He's my grandson and I will take care of him. Lily's sister has no legal standing."

"Very well," Hagrid said, "I'll return to Dumbledore for further instructions." The gentle half-giant walked away.

Dorea took her wand out and cast a spell on the house. Instantly, a new Fidilius charm was placed on it with her as the Secret Keeper. She would worry about James and Lily's bodies later. She returned to her home and summoned another house-elf.

"How may Blinky serve?" the female elf asked.

"I need you to pack some stuff for myself and Harry and take to Riverside please." Dorea requested.

The elf vanished. Dorea conjured a cot for Harry and put him in it where he slowly went to sleep. She would take him to St. Mungo's for a check-up the next day after her guardianship of him had been confirmed. Alone, she broke down.

Meanwhile, at Hogwarts, Hagrid was reporting to Dumbledore. Professor McGonagall was there with them.

"I'm afraid Dorea is right Albus," McGonagall said, "As Lily's sister is a Muggle, she has no legal standing while Dorea is still alive. You'll just have to trust her – I learnt alongside her and her scores were a lot higher than mine. She'll look after Harry well."

Dorea Potter woke up the following morning a bit refreshed. She served Harry some breakfast while preparing to seal off the house and put it under Fidilius.

An owl arrived with a letter telling her that she was now the legal guardian of Harry James Potter. After the boy finished his breakfast,

she took him and went to St Mungo's. Dorea went to a Healer she could trust (he was a cousin of hers).

The Healer waved his wand over Harry.

"He looks to be in fine shape Dorea," he said, "there are some traces of Dark Magic around that scar. I dare not make any guesses about it until I can do a more detailed scan, but in theory, it could be where You-Know-Who tried to kill him."

"Can I trust you to keep this quiet?" Dorea asked.

"Keep what quiet?" the Healer asked, "I only saw you to help arrange your son and daughter-in-law's funerals."

"Thank you." Dorea said before picking up Harry and leaving.

She reappeared at Riverside – it turned out to be a canal boat. She was planning on retiring into it in a few years time and go across the canals of England. She entered the boat and put Harry down. He was sleeping.

"Dobby," Dorea said and the house-elf appeared, "I need you to watch Harry for a while. Don't let anyone near him and prepare the boat for transport."

"Dobby always pleased to serve." The elf said.

"I need to pay one final trip first." She said before leaving.

Twenty minutes later, she was in Dumbledore's office.

"You have my sincere condolences over James and Lily's deaths." Dumbledore began.

"Thank you Headmaster. I've made arrangements for James and Lily's funerals and I've put the house under Fidelius. What I don't get is what destroyed Voldemort." Dorea said.

"That's bound to be something we will never know. For Harry's sake..." Dumbledore began.

"No, I'm not letting Lily's magic hating sister have Harry. I am capable of raising him and I have help at hand if need be."

"I wasn't going to say that. I realise you can protect him better. I was going to ask that you keep his appearances outdoors to a minimum for a while. The Death Eaters know Voldemort was going to Godric's Hollow and if they find out someone lived while their master died, they will be after this person."

"I've got a plan to keep both of us safe Albus," Dorea said, "As I said, I've put Potter houses under Fidelius and the goblins have locked down the vaults. One final thing – what's happened to Sirius Black? I've tried to make contact with him but I can't seem to find him."

"He was arrested earlier today for murdering Peter Pettigrew and thirteen Muggles along with betraying James and Lily." Dumbledore answered.

"That's rubbish! Even if he did the first crime, he could never betray James and Lily. Pettigrew was the secret keeper – we changed it a week ago but kept it quiet." Dorea said.

"I will see to it that Sirius is cleared of that crime, but he is still guilty of the other crimes." Dumbledore said.

"How was that guilt established?" Dorea asked, "When was his trial?"

"Barty Crouch ruled that a trial was not necessary," Dumbledore answered, "and ruled that he was to go straight to Azkaban."

"I want you to get him a trial as soon as possible," Dorea said, "Now, if you'll excuse me, I have a young boy to tend to."

She walked out of the office and grounds and returned to her boat.

A couple of days later, Dorea received a message from her cousin to let her know that James and Lily were cleared for burial. That happened later that day with only a few friends in attendance. Dorea decided to hold it as soon as possible to prevent the chance of free Death Eaters gate crashing.

After the funeral was finished, Dorea took one final look at the stone.

"I'll keep Harry safe, I give you my word." She said before slowly moving away. As soon as she left the cemetery, she returned to the boat and set it under way. She realised that the best thing to do was to keep on the move. When Harry was old enough, she'd begin to teach him his heritage. She'd teach him what magic she could then when he was eleven, he'd be ready to attend Hogwarts. She'd also make sure he was educated in Muggle ways too.

This is the final update to the Preview fic for a while – I've completely run out of ideas for now! Thanks to those who have voted in the poll, the stories which won the top four are being written now. If people haven't voted, then please vote!

## GUARDIAN ANGEL

Three years later, the door of the Jameson house was being knocked by someone. Rebecca went to the door and a middle aged woman could be seen.

"Rebecca Jameson?" the woman asked. Rebecca confirmed her name, "I am Minevra McGonagall, Deputy Headmistress of Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry. May I come in please?"

Rebecca led McGonagall to the living room and her mouth opened in shock.

"Harry Potter?" she asked, seeing Harry sitting on a chair reading a comic book.

Everyone looked at Professor McGonagall as she made her outburst.

"What are you doing here?" she asked.

"I don't know what business it is of yours," Mr. Jameson said, "But Harry lives here."

"But Albus left him at the Dursley residence." McGonagall answered.

"So, your friend Albus was the one responsible for leaving him to be neglected and abused for six years?" Mr. Jameson stated, "Who are you anyway?"

"My name is Minvera McGonagall. I am the deputy headmistress of Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry. It is my duty to inform you that your daughter is a witch." McGonagall replied.

"You're having me on." Rebecca said, "There is no way I'm a witch."

"So, you've not made things happen without explanation?" McGonagall asked.

Rebecca thought back – unexplainable things happened to Dudley when he was beating up Harry and she tried to stop it. McGonagall passed a letter over to Rebecca who opened it and read it.

"Is this the same Albus who dumped my brother with those sickos?" she asked, "and why did a headmaster of all people dump a baby with someone?"

"It's a rather long story," McGonagall said, "Harry's parents – James and Lily were murdered by this terrorist and Albus Dumbledore decided to leave him with Lily's sister Petunia over my objections. I must inform you that Harry is a wizard too."

Mr. Jameson was calm over the whole thing. Mrs. Jameson was unsure what to say.

"So he was telling the truth all along." He said.

"Excuse me?" McGonagall asked.

"During the war, I was in a prison camp with a Douglas McGonagall. We became firm friends - he told me that he and members of his family were witches and wizards. I dismissed it as delusions from being imprisoned for so long." Mr. Jameson said.

"He was my uncle." McGonagall said, "I was a student at Hogwarts during that war. He never spoke of it and we never pressed him."

"He was never the same again after a certain event. A lot of us weren't," Mr. Jameson said, "Have you ever heard of the events that became known as the Great Escape?"

McGonagall had to admit she had never heard of such events.

"During the war, in the prison camp, a major escape plan was devised. Three tunnels were to be dug and it was planned for over two hundred people to escape. One tunnel was discovered. I don't know the full details after that because after I tried to escape, I was sent to another camp. I later found out that one tunnel did make it beyond the wire and 76 people escaped. We later found out that out of the people recaptured, fifty were murdered by the Gestapo – most of them were my friends."



Mr. Jameson sat down. He had never spoken of this before.

Upon her return to Hogwarts, Professor McGonagall went to visit the Hospital Wing. Poppy Pomfrey came out.

"How did it go Minevra?" she asked.

"It went well but I ended up meeting Harry Potter!" she said.

"I thought you said his cousin was a Muggle and his age?" Poppy asked.

"It turns out Harry was removed from his Muggle relatives a few years ago and adopted by this family who has a first generation witch, who they had also adopted. Their adoptive father knew my uncle during that terrible war the Muggles had with each other years ago."

"Are you going to tell Albus?" Poppy asked.

"Should I?" McGonagall asked, "He's never been interested in how Harry's been until now. If I tell him, what's to stop him from sending him back to the Dursleys?"

"It's a good job then you are in charge of sending out the letters to new students." Poppy said, "But what about the Potter vaults?"

"I do regular checks as James requested," McGonagall said, "No-one's been in them at all. The only activity that goes on is regular checks by the goblins to make sure everything is in order. All the bank statements come to me and I have the key to the trust fund vault, which I'll give him when he turns eleven."

Rebecca stood in the Great Hall watching someone being sorted into Slytherin House.

"Jameson, Rebecca." McGonagall said.

Rebecca stepped up to the stool, sat on it and had the Sorting Hat put on her.

Ah, you show great potential. So the famous Harry Potter is your brother. You have a lot to learn here if you're going to maintain your role as guardian angel. But where to put you?

"Anywhere that isn't Slytherin House. That bunch look like a bunch of imbeciles and bullies and I don't want to get into trouble for giving them what for."

Gryffindor is out of the question then. You are very loyal and hardworking so it's a tricky choice, but I have to make one otherwise people will start wondering, so Hufflepuff!

The Hufflepuff table started clapping as Rebecca went down to the table and sat down.

## TWO YEARS LATER

The mail fell through the letterbox and Rebecca picked it up. Noticing a letter for Harry, she passed it over.

"It's my Hogwarts letter," He said, writing a quick reply before using Rebecca's owl to send it.

Hagrid went to Dumbledore's office.

"Professor," he said, "I went to the Muggles to collect Harry but there was no-one there!"

"Impossible." Dumbledore said.

"It's true unless those filthy Muggles have changed their names and turned both Harry and his cousin into a girl."

Dumbledore had to have a slight chuckle over that line.

"I'll ask Minevra if she's heard anything before we decide what to do." Dumbledore said.

"Minevra," Dumbledore said, approaching McGonagall in the corridor, "Hagrid went to Privet Drive to collect Harry, but the Dursleys weren't there."

"It's alright Albus," McGonagall said, "Harry is safe and sound and he will be attending Hogwarts. I received his acceptance reply this morning."

"Where is he?" Dumbledore asked.

"I'm not at liberty to say," McGonagall said, "I've made contact with him – it was just as well I did, he knew nothing of our world. He's going to come with me to the Muggleborn orientation trip to Diagon Alley."

"Is that wise?" Dumbledore asked, "I can get Hagrid to take him."

"Albus, he needs to know about the magical world before attending Hogwarts from an unbiased person. We don't want a biased view, it might make things difficult."

"Your parents were meddlesome fools too," Draco said, "If you don't watch it, you'll meet the same sticky end."

"And if you don't watch it," someone said. It was Rebecca walking up. "You'll meet some sticky end yourself."

"And who are you to threaten me?" Draco turned around, facing her.

"My name is Rebecca Jameson and you are just a blond bimbo. Tell me, did your daddy pay for these two clowns to accompany you or are the three of you potential lovers?"

"How dare you insult me you uppity Mudblood!" Draco shouted.

"So, I'm an uppity Mudblood am I?" Rebecca asked, grabbing Draco by his robes and lifting him up. She placed him on a nearby hook. Crabbe and Goyle took one look and ran off.

"My father will hear about this!" Draco shouted.

Rebecca went to the carriage. "Anything else I can do for you little brother?" she asked.

"No thanks sis." Harry said. Rebecca then walked away.

"I didn't know you had a sister." Ron said.

"Adoptive sister," Harry said, "Her adoptive parents adopted me a few years ago. She doesn't tolerate bullies so watch your step."

"POTTER, HARRY."

As Harry walked up to the stool, everyone was watching him. He saw Rebecca give him the thumbs up. He sat on the stool and McGonagall put the hat on his head.

"GRYFFINDOR!"

There was a massive round of applause as Harry walked to the Gryffindor table. After everyone was dismissed, Harry saw a teacher walk up to Rebecca.

"I understand you attacked a first year." The teacher said.

"Attacked is such a strong word Professor Snape," Rebecca said, "Draco was threatening my brother so I picked him up and put him on a hook. I never punched him or cast any spells."

"As it's the first day of term," Professor Snape said, "I'm prepared to be lenient. If you see students threatening others, inform a member of staff, a Prefect or the Head Boy and Girl."

"Thank you Professor." Rebecca said.

Harry had his first class with that Professor Snape the following day. As someone who was good at the Muggle chemistry, he was keen to make a good impression. Snape took the register and took one look at Harry.

"Ah, Mr. Potter," Snape said, "How nice to finally see you here. I hope you are like your mother – she was very good at Potions when she was here, but I warn you, if you act like your father, he disrupted class a lot, the consequences will be dire."

"I have no intention of disrupting class," Harry said, "I hope to do well in all my classes."

Snape gave a speech on potion making before setting the potion of the day. The recipe was written on the blackboard. Harry wrote it

down before getting the ingredients. Snape saw him and walked over.

"What are you referring to these notes for Mr. Potter?" he asked.

"It comes from experience Professor," Harry said, "in Muggle chemistry class, the smoke can fog up my glasses and make reading from a distance hard. With this copy, I can refer to it and hopefully keep any mistakes to a minimum."

"Very well Mr. Potter," Snape said, "There is a charm which will help you in this instance. Your homework for this lesson is to find out what it is."

The rest of the lesson went mostly without incident.

After the lesson finished, Rebecca was waiting for him.

"What was Snape like?" she asked.

"He was alright." Harry answered.

"Good," she replied, "I heard from somewhere that he and James Potter were mortal enemies when they were at school. He was a right ass during my first year but several students make complaints to the Governors and he was forced to change."

I know I said I'd run out of ideas, but I had this one on standby as an one shot. Ron bashing!

## HARRY VS THE PUREBLOODS

It was sunny day outside and people were enjoying the sun. But Harry Potter was not one of them. At this time, just before his final year at Hogwarts, he was taking advantage of his Lordship over two Ancient and Nobel Houses to help ensure justice.

He was in Courtroom 10 of the Ministry of Magic where he hoped to get justice for his best friend Hermione Granger who had been raped before the end of term by Draco Malfoy, but the Aurors refused to arrest him.

Harry noticed that Delores Umbridge was speaking for the Ministry and so looked forward to getting back at her.

"Lord Potter," Amelia Bones said, "You may begin."

"Witches and wizards of the Wizengamont," he said, "On June 13th, 1997, Hermione Jean Granger was brutally raped by Draco Malfoy and other people. She swore a statement to both Professor Dumbledore and the Department of Magical Law Enforcement which included a statement taken under Veritaserum but no action was taken. I aim to ensure justice is served here." Harry said before sitting down.

Delores Umbridge stood up. "My fellow witches and wizards, there is no case to answer. Purebloods are not guilty of raping Muggleborns as it cannot happen." She sat back down.

Harry stood back up. "In the Muggle world, of which Miss. Granger and I are a part of, her being Muggle born and I being Muggle raised, rape is defined as such: forced sexual intercourse without the person's consent, no matter how old they are. In the United States, they also have statutory rape, in which any sexual contact with anyone under the age of 18 is automatically classed as rape."

"Lord Potter," Umbridge said, paining her to have to talk to him with respect in the court, "We are not in the Muggle world."

"I understand that, but I am explaining what we know of the crime. Tell me Madam Umbridge, what is the wizarding world's definition of rape?"

"You will answer the question Delores." Madam Bones said.

"Rape is only defined when a pureblood is forced into sexual contact by force from a fellow pureblood, or a half-blood, Muggleborn or Muggle without their consent. It can either happen by force or the Imperious curse. It does not apply to Muggleborns or half-bloods." Umbridge said.

"Indulge me for a moment Madam Umbridge," Harry said, "If I was to force you to have sex with me now, it would be classed as rape? (Umbridge nodded) If, for example, Lucius Malfoy forced you to have sex with him with the help of the Imperious curse, it would be classed as rape? (Umbridge nodded)."

Lucius Malfoy stood up. "I object at that implication!" he shouted.

"Madam Bones – I was merely using a whatif as an example to get my point across."

"Overruled." Madam Bones said, "You may continue Lord Potter, but no accusations beyond the remit of this hearing though."

"Thank you Madam Bones, but I am not making any accusations beyond this hearing," Harry said, "If say a seventh year Muggleborn forced a Pureblood in the same age group to have sex, it would be classed as rape? (Umbridge nodded) Finally, if a Pureblood forced a Muggleborn to have sex, it would NOT be classed as rape?"

"No," Umbridge said, "Muggleborns should feel honoured that a Pureblood would want to have sex with them, so the crime of rape against a Muggleborn does not exist."

"You lot disgust me," Harry said, "In the United States, Muggle parents dress their toddlers to look like teenagers, with make-up and sexually prerogative clothing for beauty pageants, these children get raped, sometimes killed because of it and when it goes to court, the offenders say the clothing and makeup make them fair game. Granted, Muggles did not have many laws involving rape many

years ago but they have them now – any form of sex without consent is classed as rape, no matter who the victim is."

"Tell me, how is rape defined when a Muggleborn victim is a member of a Pureblood family, either by marriage, adoption or protection?" Harry continued.

"It would be treated as if a Pureblood was assaulted," Umbridge said, "May I ask a question – why are you doing this?"

"Lord Potter, you don't have to answer that question." Madam Bones said.

"It's alright Madam Bones," Harry said, "I'll answer the question. The answer is simple Madam Umbridge – I don't like bullies. I spent many years being bullied by my Muggle relatives because I was a wizard and it kept on until I was removed from there before my second year and it all went on without punishment. My so called Uncle kept dishing out the money so no-one would do anything. When I started at Hogwarts, I didn't expect to see bullying of people because they have no wizarding parents to go unpunished. I met Draco Malfoy in Madam Malkin's before my first year and he made it clear to me that he felt that Muggleborns have no place in our world. Although I never agreed with it, it was his opinion which he was legally entitled to. What my main problem was that Muggleborns were frequently bullied without punishment, yet anyone who tried to retaliate, especially against Draco would be punished."

"I see," Umbridge said, "Also, why support Miss. Granger in this case? As I understand, you're in an arranged marriage with the oldest Greengrass girl, arranged by your respective grandparents."

"Yes, Daphne is a lovely girl," Harry said, "But Hermione Granger is my best friend, my sister in words if not in blood or the law. Tell me Delores, if your best friend was a Muggleborn and was constantly threatened, what would you do?"

"I would try to adopt her into my family in some way." Umbridge said.

"Exactly!" Harry said, "After Voldemort's revival, I felt Hermione's life would be in danger. With his spies in Hogwarts, he would know who supported me and to which level. So, I used a little known law which allows Lords-of-House-In-Waiting to adopt someone into their house



to adopt Hermione into the House of Potter, as my sister. I persuaded the head of the records office to help keep it a secret.

"So, under Pureblood law, I can demand the use of Veritserum on Draco Malfoy, Vincent Crabbe, Gregory Goyle and Ron Weasley."

There were many gasps at the mention of Ron's name. A lot of people thought he was a key member of Harry's inner circle, which in truth, he was not.

"The request is granted." Madam Bones said.

(I am not writing the full details of the crime committed.)

Draco was brought forward first. He was given the truth serum and was questioned. He told the court that after he witnessed Hermione turn Ron down again, he went to the youngest male Weasley and suggested to him that they put that 'uppity Mudblood in her place' so the following day while Hermione was on patrol (she and Harry were Head Boy/Girl), Malfoy put her under the Imperious curse and convinced her to follow him to an empty classroom where he, Weasley, Crabbe and Goyle had their way with her.

Ron was also given the truth serum and collaborated most of Malfoy's account. The only thing he could not confess to was the use of the Imperious curse as he had not witnessed it.

Umbridge then stood up. "I call Hermione Granger to the stand."

Hermione was sworn in and Umbridge began the questioning. All sorts of questions about Hermione's sex life were asked and the Undersecretary was disappointed by the answers. There was no dirt to dig up – until the attack, Hermione was a virgin. She said that it took her days to approach Harry to tell him what had happened, then a while longer to prevent him from going to kill them.

"The Ministry rests." Umbridge said.

Harry was unsure what else he could say to help the case, so he decided to rest and sat down.

"To those who find the defendants guilty, please raise your hands." Madam Bones said. She and a couple of others raised their hands.

"And those who are in favour of clearing the defendants?" The rest of the room raised their hands.

"Cleared of all charges. Case dismissed." Madam Bones reluctantly said.

"I don't believe you lot," Harry shouted, "You had all the evidence in front of you, those idiots confessed to everything and you're just letting them off to do it all over again. Well, let me tell you this – the Potters withdraw from magical Britain. I will be arranging for the Potter vaults to be emptied and we will be leaving England."

Harry was true to his word. The Daily Prophet reported a truthful story the following day – he had emptied his vaults, sold all Potter properties in England and left England with Daphne and Hermione. He decided to marry Daphne before they went so she was legally protected.

A lot of people have done their take on a Girl!Harry story and I had a few ideas in mind which wouldn't leave me, but eventually, I decided to put fingers to keys and get the idea out. Please note Hagrid gets Norbert earlier than in canon.

## The Girl Who Lived

Elizabeth Potter scowled as her aunt and uncle got into their car and drove away. She was at King's Cross Station trying to find her way onto Platform 9 and  $\frac{3}{4}$ 's to make her way to Hogwarts. She knew they never forgave her for having their precious Dudley locked up.

For ten years, she had lived with her mother's sister's family who she recently found out despised magic. A month ago, on her eleventh birthday, a giant of a man called Hagrid had delivered a letter inviting her to attend Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry. Of course, her Aunt Petunia and Uncle Vernon declared that they didn't want her to go, but Hagrid told them that they had no choice – as the heir to a Pureblood family (Hagrid didn't explain), Elizabeth had to go.

After taking her to Diagon Alley, Hagrid made it quite clear that if he got wind of any harm coming to her, he would be back. After the gentle giant gave Vernon Dursley a pig's face, which wore off after a few hours, they were afraid of what he would do to them.

Elizabeth wasn't exactly mistreated – Vernon had punched her at age 3 and it was noticed by a neighbour and it couldn't be explained away with excuses of accidents. Vernon was let off without prison time because he was under a great deal of stress with his father's death at the time but was warned that next time, the judge wouldn't be lenient. He did have to do community service and attend an anger management program. It did mean the Dursleys were to be kept an eye on and they were. After a major child abuse case was discovered, the Dursleys found themselves under deeper scrutiny. No longer could Dudley bully everyone into ignoring Elizabeth and no longer could Vernon and Petunia spread lies throughout the neighbourhood.

Elizabeth had a talent for repairing musical instruments. During one music lesson at school, she fixed a piano that had been broken for years. Impressed, her teacher brought in a few items for her to look at and she promptly fixed them. The teacher took her home one

evening and showed her a collection of broken instruments he had and told her that she could have any three items she would like. Elizabeth picked out a small violin and an ocarina and was about to pick something else when she saw a mysterious looking dagger, which had buttons on its handle. She pressed one of them and a sound came out. On its hilt was a familiar looking symbol. She took all three instruments and thanked her teacher and within a few weeks, had them all in working order.

She also showed a talent for playing the instruments and to the astonishment of Dudley, she won school awards for her musical talent. He got into jealous rages and during her last performance, he got up on stage and proceeded to beat the crap out of her. It took several teachers to prise him off her.

Dudley was taken into custody and was sentenced to two years in a facility for disturbed children. He had to attend anger management courses and perform community service. Elizabeth remained at the Dursleys as she had no other relatives, but Vernon and Petunia were warned that there would be inspections without warning.

Back to our story, Elizabeth looked out of place, in second-hand clothing, a trunk, a violin case and a cage with an owl inside. Hagrid must have forgotten to tell her how to get onto Platform 9 and  $\frac{3}{4}$ 's. She theorised that the entrance must be like Diagon Alley, but how would the entrance work in an area full of Muggles?

She sat down and a few moments later, someone stood in front of her. It was a girl with blonde hair.

"Excuse me," the girl said, "I couldn't help notice your owl and guessed you didn't know the way onto Platform 9  $\frac{3}{4}$ 's."

"I don't." Elizabeth said, "Could you help me please?"

"Sure. Just come with me." The girl said. Elizabeth followed her to her parents and who she thought was a younger sister.

"Mum, Dad," the girl said, "Could we show this new girl the way onto the platform please?"

"Sure we can." The father said, "My name is Matthew Greengrass, this is my wife Samantha. These are my daughters Daphne and Astoria."

"I'm Elizabeth Potter, but I prefer Beth." Elizabeth said.

"Its good to meet you." Mr. Greengrass said, "Now, what's this I hear about you not knowing how to get onto the platform?"

"Its true sir, my Muggle relatives don't know and Mr. Hagrid, who took me to Diagon Alley to get my school supplies forgot to tell me."

"Ah, dear old Rubeus," Mr. Greengrass said, "I remember him as Keeper of the Keys when I was at school. Kind-hearted fellow, but a bit forgetful at times. Now, see this pillar here," he said, pointing to a brick pillar in the middle of the platform, "Just take a run at it."

Both Elizabeth and Daphne ran towards the pillar at the same time and within seconds, they went through it and found themselves on Platform 9  $\frac{3}{4}$ 's. The two adults helped the two on board with their trunks and they went to find a compartment. Then Daphne went to make her farewells to her family before returning.

"So, you're the girl-who-lived." Daphne said.

"So I hear," Elizabeth answered, "I don't really have any interest in fame or that. I had enough of it at school."

"That's going to make Draco mad." Daphne said with a laugh.

"Why's that?" Elizabeth asked.

"For the past year, he's been going on about how he's going to be the best friend of the girl-who-lived. I must warn you though, he's used to getting what he wants. Dear daddy spoilt him rotten. It got to the point where my father refused to let him in our home. Anyhow, how come you had fame at Muggle school?"

Elizabeth got a small box out of her trunk and opened it. Inside were various medals and a couple of shrunken trophies.

"Do Muggles give out tiny trophies?" Daphne asked in astonishment. Elizabeth took one out along with a stick and the trophy returned to its normal size.

"I'm what people call a musical prodigy," Elizabeth said, "My school music teacher gave me some instruments and I've been winning with them for years, except for this thing."

She reshrunk the trophy and put it and the medals away and took out the musical dagger. Daphne looked on in continued astonishment.

"All I could get out of this was two tunes and nothing else." Elizabeth said.

"Do you know what you have there?" Daphne asked.

"No, what is it?" Elizabeth asked.

"That's the legendary PotterDragon Dagger!" Daphne said. She pointed out the Potter crest on the hilt.

"I found this in my teacher's garage with my violin and ocarina."

"That dagger's been lost for over a hundred years. Its rumoured that you can tame dragons with the musical tones and that the magic in that is tied to Hogwarts' itself. I'd keep that on you at all times, it can be a sign of credibility." Daphne said.

Elizabeth took out a belt and put it on, sliding the dagger into a holster on it. Daphne looked at her forehead.

"Forgive me for asking, but we heard you had a scar but its not there." She said.

"That's something you can blame my aunt for – she felt such a thing was too disgusting for a growing girl and used muggle make-up mainly designed to cover tattoos with to cover it. It pains me to agree with her, but I prefer it covered." Elizabeth asked.

"Can you play a tune for me please?" Daphne asked. Elizabeth got her ocarina out, put it to her mouth and played a tune (Epona's Song

from The Legend of Zelda: Ocarina of Time). As she finished, she noticed another girl standing at the door.

"Elizabeth Potter?" the girl asked, "I'm Hermione Granger – we met at that concert contest last year – you beat me hands down!"

Elizabeth suddenly remembered that contest – her school joined others and the contest was held at the Royal Albert Hall. She and Hermione Granger were in the finals only for Elizabeth to win. It was the same concert which Dudley had stormed the stage with his gang.

"Wasn't it your cousin who stormed the stage and..." Hermione began and Elizabeth made motions for Hermione to keep quiet.

"I never thought I'd see you here. I saw your name in some additional books I got for background reading but thought it was a coincidence. Of course I didn't know I could do magic until I got my letter." Hermione continued and talked non-stop for five minutes.

"Calm down!" Elizabeth said. Hermione stopped talking, "You're going to talk yourself into a panic. You nearly did that at the concert."

"Hermione – there's no reason why you shouldn't do well," Daphne said, "A lot of people are going into Hogwarts not knowing any spells. Officially, all students begin not knowing any. But there are those families that will teach their children spells, mostly nasty hexes."

"How can they practice? Hagrid said you're not to do magic out of school until you finish." Elizabeth asked.

"It's not commonly known," Daphne answered, "But in Pureblood houses, there is no way to tell who is casting the spells. This gives Pureblood children an unfair advantage."

"That's not right!" Hermione exclaimed.

"Since Lucius Malfoy bribed his way out of prison, things haven't been going well for Muggleborns. I don't know much myself, but I'll get my father to mail you some things that will help you in research." Daphne promised. She then turned to Elizabeth. "What did Hermione mean when she asked if it was your cousin who stormed the stage at the concert you two played at?"

Elizabeth looked down, Hermione looked at her. "Elizabeth – we'll have to tell her. You know as well as I do it was in the newspapers. If you or I don't tell her, then she could get her father to find a copy of the paper."

Elizabeth didn't answer. She still felt ashamed about the whole thing. Hermione decided to answer for her.

"After she was announced the winner, her cousin Dudley stormed the stage with his gang and proceeded to beat her up. It took eight teachers to get them off her."

"That's disgraceful!" Daphne said in horror, "I hope he was punished for it."

"According to the papers, they sentenced him to two years in a special facility." Hermione answered.

"My school expelled him over the incident which really tarnished the school's good name. Do you know why you've never seen me at an interschool concert contest since?" Elizabeth asked.

"I thought you were ill or something," Hermione said, "After we met at that one at the Albert Hall, I looked you up and discovered you won all sorts of medals and trophies."

"Dudley and his gang caused that much trouble, the school got permanently excluded from all events in future." Elizabeth said.

The door opened and a blond boy with two others were standing there.

"I hear Elizabeth Potter is on this train. I suppose its you." The lead boy said. Elizabeth recognised him from Madam Malkin's as the one who sprouted trash about Muggleborns should not be allowed to attend Hogwarts.

"So what if I am? Are you a music lover or one of these Girl-Who-Lived fanboys?" Elizabeth asked.

"Music lover? What are you on about? My name is Malfoy, Draco Malfoy. Greengrass I can understand, she's a pureblood, although



not from as old a family as the Malfoys, but this girl, I've never seen her about so she must be a Mudblood." Daphne looked horrified when Malfoy mentioned the word.

"You need the connections if you're going to get on in this world Potter," Malfoy said. Elizabeth was reminded of Dudley. "I can help you there if you like."

"Why would Elizabeth need help getting anywhere?" Daphne asked, "You of all people should know who the Potters are descended from."

"Thank you for your very kind offer Draco," Elizabeth said, "But if I'm to get anywhere, I want it to be on my own talents, not because of my name or what I supposedly did. But since one of my friends is a Muggleborn and my own mother was one, I don't think we're going to get along."

"Think about it, as a half-blood, you might need someone like me." Draco said. No-one had noticed a boy with red hair approaching.

"Why should the girl-who-lived be friends with a Malfoy?" he asked. Everyone turned to him.

"Let's see here," Malfoy said, "Red hair, freckles, hand-me-down robes – you must be a Weasley."

"Ron Weasley at your service." The boy said, "As I said, why would you want to be friends with him? I can show you the right path to walk down, introduce you to the right people."

"Excuse me before I interrupt what could be an amusing punch-up," Elizabeth said, "I pick my own friends, not those who decide they want to be my friends. Now, why don't you two go away before you embarrass yourselves."

Ron, Malfoy and his two goons quickly left.

"Whatever house those two end up, I hope I'm not in it." Elizabeth said.

"What's a Mudblood?" Hermione asked.

"It's a dirty name for a Muggleborn." Daphne said, "Elizabeth – do you know who the Potters are descended from?"

"The only thing I know about my family is that my mother and her sister – a Muggle - never got on after she began at Hogwarts, I look like my mother although apparently my hair is untameable like my father's and they were Head Boy and Girl. This much Hagrid told me."

"Let's make a pact," Elizabeth said, "Whatever house we're in, we'll be friends no matter what."

"Friends no matter what." Both Daphne and Hermione agreed.

GWL

Dumbledore was sitting in his office pondering on things. Hagrid had told him some interesting things about the Dursleys, including the fact that their son was locked up in some special facility after he beat Elizabeth up in public. He had done some checking and found her in several Muggle newspapers, showing her achieving fame over her musical skills and saw the article which involved Dudley. He began to wonder if he did the right thing putting her with Petunia, he knew she hated magic.

To be on the safe side, he'd make sure Elizabeth had a full check-up with Madam Pomfrey. Pending the results of that, he might have to see Petunia for himself. He also had a heated debate with Severus Snape earlier that day, warning him not to pick on Elizabeth just because of his grudge with James Potter.

"So, you're saying Albus," Snape said, "You want me to treat her like royalty?"

"No Severus," Dumbledore answered, "Treat her like any normal person, just don't bear a grudge against her just because of who her father is. Just no unfair punishments. I've managed to keep you here so long, but if the Girl-Who-Lives makes an official complaint, people will be walking over each other to listen and do something."

GWL

A few hours later was the sorting. Hermione was first. She sat down on the stool as Professor McGonagall put the Sorting Hat on her head. It made its decision very quickly and made Hermione a Ravenclaw. It was Daphne's turn next and she sat on the stool. It also placed her in Ravenclaw. Other students were sorted until it was Elizabeth's turn. As she walked to the stool, people stared at her. The sorting took a bit longer than usual, but eventually, it announced that Elizabeth was also a Ravenclaw.

GWL

Dumbledore went to the Dursley residence the following day. He managed to 'convince' Petunia to let him in and allowed her and Vernon to express all their feelings regarding Elizabeth. Petunia actually wanted to throw her out after Dudley was locked away but Vernon talked her out of it, then the woman wanted to sell Elizabeth's musical instruments but again Vernon talked her out of it – he pointed out that Social Services were keeping a close eye on them following Dudley's actions and if they threw her out, then there would be action against them and if they sold Elizabeth's prized possessions without her consent, not only would Social Services be on their backs, the police might get involved for criminal theft.

Dumbledore then suggested a solution that would satisfy both parties. During the course of the year, he would find new guardians for Elizabeth and as soon as suitable guardians were found, a change of guardianship would be arranged. Social Services would have to approve the new guardians but once it had been dealt with, Elizabeth would be out of their lives forever. Vernon and Petunia were quick to agree to it.

GWL

The trio walked through the grounds. It was a weekend and Elizabeth and Daphne had talked Hermione out of doing homework for an hour or two. The trio turned to see Hagrid's hut, thinking of going to say hello when they saw it on fire. The door burned down and a small dragon came out of it. Hagrid was chasing it, ignoring his burning house.

"Go and get help!" Elizabeth said, "I'll sort things out here."

She took the musical dagger off her belt and put the hole to her mouth and started to play a tune as Hermione ran off. The dragon stopped in its tracks.

McGonagall and Flitwick came over as Elizabeth used her dagger to instruct the dragon to move out of the way. The two teachers used water charms to put the flames out.

"We sent Miss. Granger to the owlry to get a couple of dragon experts from the Ministry." McGonagall explained.

Elizabeth played another tune and it made the dragon go to sleep.

"That should buy some time." McGonagall said, "May I ask what that is?"

"Minerva," Flitwick said, "That is the legendary Potter Dragon Dagger. I've heard about its ability to tame dragons. But I thought it was lost."

"Well, it seems Miss. Potter managed to find it, although I'd love to know how, but we have more important matters to attend to."

Within an hour, dragon handlers had come and taken the dragon away. McGonagall tuned to the trio.

"Well, I think Miss. Potter deserves thirty points for keeping the dragon under control and Miss. Greengrass and Miss. Granger deserve twenty points each for their part in the matter, don't you think Filius?"

Flitwick agreed with them. Dumbledore was now on the scene and he and McGonagall went over to Hagrid.

GWL

Hagrid was still around the following day, but Dumbledore and McGonagall had given him a firm talking-to.

GWL

I know there are fans of my work who don't like Girl!Harry stories, so I would like to ask if there is anyone who would like this to continue, please let me know. If you don't, don't feel afraid to say.

As a New Year Present, here is an updated version

## HARRY POTTER-CROFT

Lara Croft was speeding down the busy London streets on her favourite motorcycle. She had gotten back from a trip to Egypt only to find her computer expert employee Bryce with a letter from a London solicitor informing her of the will reading of her cousin Lily Potter-Evans in two hours time.

She made it to the offices with five minutes to spare and knocked on the door. She was shown in and sat down. Looking around, she realised she was not the only person out of place – she was still in the dust and dirt covered clothing she returned home in – she had not had the time to wash or change. She could see people in what looked like weird clothing.

"Now that Lady Croft is here, we can commence with the reading." The solicitor said, sorting through some papers. "For the benefit of Lady Croft, who might not know what is going on, three days ago, on October 31st, 2001, James and Lily Potter were murdered in their home by the terrorist Tom Riddle. However, his attempt to murder their baby son Harry was foiled when a small explosive device he had on his person detonated prematurely." He began to read.

This is the last will of Lily Potter-Evans. I am of sound mind and body as I write this.

First of all, to sort out the custody of my son Harry. On discussion with my husband James Potter, we have decided to award custody of Harry to my cousin Lady Lara Croft. She has a good home and is able to give him a good upbringing. To those friends of James' who will wonder who Lara is, here is a brief biography. Lara is the daughter of my aunt Samantha Evans and my uncle Lord Richard Croft.

Harry is not to be sent to my sister Petunia Dursley under ANY circumstances.

I leave the sum of £5 million to various children's charities, to be distributed under the discretion of my solicitor.

Lara, the Potter family is extremely wealthy, I'd say wealthier than your father's family. Harry will gain access to it when he is 18 so I ask that you help keep it safe for him. There will be a trust fund to get him through Hogwarts. You know how to get to Diagon Alley – whenever the time is right, I hope you will contact one of the people I told you about to help you.

A man with very long white hair and a beard stood up. "What do you know of Hogwarts, Lady Croft?"

"I know it is a school of magic that Lily attended during her teenage years. That's where she met James Potter. I understand this solicitor has full knowledge of your world." Lara said. She turned to the solicitor. "Where is little Harry?"

"I do not know Lady Croft – Professor Dumbledore was supposed to bring him today."

Everyone turned to Professor Dumbledore. "He is with Vernon and Petunia Dursley."

"You left him with those two?" Lara shouted, "Surely you must know what those two are like, and what they'll do to Harry?"

"Yes, I do know. I was hoping you would not get here in time."

Lara reached onto the desk of the solicitor and turned over a phone. She dialled a number on it.

"Hillary – get a car and meet me at Number 4, Privet Drive, Little Winging, Surrey."

Everyone listened as a voice could be heard on the other side of the conversation.

"Look it up on the map," Lara shouted, "and ask that niece of yours to pop into town and get supplies for a one year old boy."

There was more talk that could be heard. "Tell her I'll explain when I return. Oh, Hillary, make sure she has none of her boyfriends in the manor."

Lara hung up the phone. Dumbledore put his wand away before she could see him.

"May I ask who this Hillary is?" he asked.

"My staff." Lara said, signing the papers transferring guardianship of Harry over to her.

"You're not married?" Dumbledore asked.

"No and I don't intend to get married for a long time." Lara answered.

"Lara Croft – are you Lara Croft, the Tomb Raider?" he continued.

"The very same – you know of me?" she asked.

"I've read some of your published works and brought some of the artefacts you found. There is some very remarkable stuff there."

"Much as I would like to chat about tomb raiding, I have a baby to collect."

Lara sped into Privet Drive to find the familiar Aston Martin outside Number 4. A man in his late 20's was standing next to it. Both people walked to the front door of Number 4 and knocked it. A skinny woman answered it.

"What do you want Lara?" she asked, with scorn in her voice.

"What I want Petunia, is Harry." Lara answered.

"There is no Harry here." She answered.

"Oh yes there is." Lara answered, "I was informed that a Professor Dumbledore that your nephew Harry, the son of your sister, my cousin Lily was left here. I have here papers transferring him to my custody as per the wishes of Lily's will."

"But we have to keep him – Dumbledore said.." Petunia Dursley began.

"Screw Dumbledore. He is not above the law Petunia. Now, either give Harry to me now, or I'll come back here with the police, my



lawyers and a court order." Lara said. She was not a person to take anyone's crap.

Petunia walked into the hallway. Lara and Hillary noticed she opened a cupboard under the stairs, reach in and lifted a bundle up. She thrust it at Lara without much care. The woman noticed that the baby's face was black and blue with bruises. She passed Harry over to Hillary then pushed the door open and walked in. Petunia was now in the kitchen feeding her overweight son. Vernon Dursley was also in the room.

"What did you do to that poor boy?" Lara asked.

"Given him the beating he deserved!" Vernon shouted, "How dare he dirty our household with his freakiness."

That was the wrong thing to say – Lara reached behind her back and pulled out one of her guns and pointed it at Vernon.

"I don't know what you see in this piece of shit Petunia, but it is clear that you are not an Evans at all. A member of the Evans family would not stand by and see one of its own being beaten for no reason, especially a baby." Petunia ignored Lara. She never got on with the Croft family.

"This is what is going to happen. I am going to take Harry from this place and you will never see him again. You will not make contact with him or make attempt to do so. As far as I'm concerned, Petunia, you can take your obese son and husband and make them live in a cupboard." Lara said, before turning to leave.

Not long after Dumbledore returned to his office, the door knocked and the current Minister of Magic Millicent Bagnold came in.

"Afternoon Albus." The Minister sat down, "So, how did the will reading go?"

"Unexpected, Minister," Dumbledore said, "Custody of Harry was not awarded to Sirius Black after all, but a Muggle cousin of Lily's named Lara Croft."

"What did the will say about the Dursley family?" Bagnold asked.

"That Harry was not to go anywhere near them." Dumbledore replied, "Lara Croft is the daughter of the famed Muggle archaeologist Lord Richard Croft, who died about twenty years ago when the girl was only seven years old. Her mother died three years before."

"So, she won't question the imprisonment of Sirius Black in Azkaban without trial for betraying the Potters?"

"Unless she meets someone from our world, then no questions will be raised. If things go well, there will be no contact with our world until it is time for Harry to attend Hogwarts."

"Address Harry Potter." Professor McGonagall said, as she finished filling out Harry Potter's Hogwarts letter. It wrote out:

Harry Potter-Croft,

The Second Master Bedroom,

Croft Manor,

Buckinghamshire

Surprised, she grabbed the letter and ran to Dumbledore's office.

"Albus – why does Harry Potter's letter not have him marked down as living with the Dursleys? After all, you left him with them!" she shouted.

"As it happens Minerva, Lily's will stated that he was to go to her cousin Lara Croft, and the Dursleys were not to go anywhere near him. It was witnessed by many people and Lady Croft got him away before anyone could do anything. I felt it was in his best interests to have people think he was living somewhere else. I would like you and Severus to deliver the letter to him."

The next morning, McGonagall and Potions master Severus Snape went to Croft Manor. By chance, they got there the same time as a delivery van going to the main house so they were able to catch a lift.

The two teachers looked around in the main hall as a woman in her late 30's signed for a delivery of something. They could see three people – two older men and a young man who they presumed to be

Harry clearing up a lot of rubble. Looking around, they could see broken windows, broken glass everywhere, all sorts.

Everyone stopped to look at the new arrivals. The woman walked up to them.

"What can I do for you?" she asked.

"Who are you?" Snape asked.

"I'm Lady Lara Croft, this over here is my butler Hillary, my computer technician Bryce and my nephew Harry Potter. Who the hell are you?"

"I'm Minevra McGonagall and this is my colleague Severus Snape. We're teachers at Hogwarts, a school in Scotland where Harry Potter's parents attended." McGonagall said, "We're here to offer Harry a place at this school."

"Your school of magic?" Lara asked.

"You know of magic?" Snape asked, surprised.

"Yes, Lily told me of your world when we were children. I've been expecting a letter to arrive from you or at the very least, a visit." Lara answered. She called Harry over.

"Remember I told you about your parents going to the Hogwarts School of magic and that one day you would be given a chance to attend yourself?"

"Yes Aunt Lara." Harry answered.

"Would you still like to go?" she asked.

"Yes please." Harry answered.

Snape looked on in surprise. He was expecting Harry to be like his old enemy James Potter, but here Harry was, polite as brass and even getting his hands dirty doing work.

"What happened here?" Snape asked.

"Let's just say that someone wanted one of my discoveries and went to extreme measures to take it." answered Lara.

"Looks like a war took place here." McGonagall countered, "Anyhow, we have Harry's Hogwarts letter here." She passed it over to Harry who read it then showed it to Lara and the others.

"Lily told me of your Statue of Secrecy. I informed Hillary and Bryce here because of the circumstances. Hillary's family have worked for my family for centuries and Bryce used to do top secret work for the Americans, so they won't say anything." Lara said.

"Would you like to accompany our Muggle-born orientation group to Diagon Alley?" McGonagall asked, "It's on August 20th."

"Sure." Lara said, finishing putting some kit together, "If you'll excuse me, I've got a very tight deadline."

"Aunt Lara," Harry said, "Be careful."

"I will." She promised, kissing him on the head before leaving.

"Where are you going?" Snape asked.

"Cambodia – matter of life or death!" Lara shouted as she left.

"Well," Dumbledore asked, "What are your impressions of Mr. Potter and the woman who raised him?"

McGonagall and Snape had returned to the school.

"He seems a fine chap." McGonagall said, "Doesn't seem to be a spoilt boy at all which Severus thought he would be."

"He was even getting his hands dirty doing work." Snape said.

"What about where they live?" Dumbledore asked.

"It's a very large manor house. It's undergoing some renovations at the moment – looks like someone used a lot of Muggle guns in it." McGonagall said.

"What is happening about the Diagon Alley trip?" Dumbledore asked.

"Lady Croft was just leaving on a trip to Cambodia – matter of life and death she said. She'll be coming with us to Diagon Alley."

"Very well." Dumbledore said, "Would you say he is safe there or should he be moved to the Dursleys?"

"Very safe." Snape said, "She won't let anything happen to him. If blood wards are vital, she is a blood relative and he thinks of her manor house as a home."

McGonagall led the group into the bank. She turned to Harry and Bryce.

"You two will need to go to a teller," she said, handing Harry a key, "and present this to them when asked."

She then returned to the Muggleborns. Harry and Bryce walked to a teller who was using an abacus to count.

"They should use computers here." Bryce said. The goblin looked at them.

"My name is Harry Potter and I would like to make a withdrawal please." Harry said, passing the key over to the goblin who looked at it.

"I will have someone take you to the vault. Would the non-magical human like to accompany you?" the goblin asked.

"Yes please," Bryce said, "Lara would sack me on the spot if I let you go alone."

Minutes later, Harry, Bryce and another goblin were on a cart going through underground tunnels like on a roller coaster. Ten minutes later, it stopped and the goblin (Griphook) got off. Harry and Bryce followed him. Griphook took Harry's key and unlocked the door. Both Harry and Bryce were gobsmacked at the amount of coins that were standing in the vault. Griphook gave them a quick explanation of the currency as Harry took some coins.

Ten minutes later, the trio were back on solid ground. The goblin told him that an appointment would be made for Harry and his legal

guardian (Bryce couldn't represent Lara) in a week's time. Griphook went away and Harry and Bryce walked over to McGonagall who led them into the Alley. The first stop was Flourish and Blotts where everyone brought the set books. As Harry got some extra books for background reading (there was only so much Lara could tell him), he noticed a bushy haired girl getting extra books. She was looking at one and he noticed that it was about him.

"I wouldn't believe all that if I were you," Harry said, "I know for a fact Harry Potter has never seen a dragon in his life and on his sixth birthday, he received a homemade computer, not a broomstick."

"How do you know this?" the girl asked.

"I have my ways." Harry said, almost with a laugh.

"They say Harry Potter should be attending Hogwarts this year," the girl continued, "I wonder what he's like."

"I'm sure you'll like him." Harry said, relieved that the girl hadn't cottoned on.

Harry sat down as the girl from the bookshop came up to him.

"Hello again," she said, "My name is Hermione Granger."

"Hello," Harry said, "I'm Harry Potter."

Hermione didn't know what to say at first. "You jerk! You led me on all that time! Were you serious about what the books said about you being wrong?"

"All wrong. I don't live with magical relatives – all my magical relatives that I know of are dead." Harry said.

"I'm sorry to hear that." Hermione said.

"That's alright." Harry said.

"I saw you with a woman on the platform," Hermione said, "She looks so familiar."

"She should – that's my cousin Lara Croft." Harry said.

"Lara Croft – the Tomb Raider?" Hermione asked.

"The very same." Harry said.

"Really?" Hermione asked, "She's been a heroine of mine for years. Any chances you could get me an autograph please? My dad brought one of her artefacts for my birthday last year."

"I'll see what I can do." Harry said.

"What's so important about a Tomb Raider?" Ron Weasley asked.

"She discovers lost treasures." Hermione said.

"My brother Bill does that in Egypt for Gringotts." Ron said.

"Aunt Lara doesn't go to Egypt often – she says it's too dusty," Harry said.

It was the day Hogwarts broke up for the Christmas holidays. Harry and Hermione were going home to their families and Ron and his brothers were originally going to remain at Hogwarts because their parents were going to visit his brother Charlie in Romania.

"How can your parents afford that?" Dean Thomas asked without thinking. Ron didn't answer. Harry got his attention.

"Oi! Aunt Lara asked me to invite you and your brothers to the Manor for the holidays," Harry said, "She's already cleared it with your parents, it's just up to you now." He hadn't told him that Lara had been in regular contact with the Weasley family in order to learn more about the wizarding world and had paid for the Romania trip.

"I'd come along." Ron said. They told the news to Fred and George who also accepted. Percy decided to remain at school.

"You'll better be careful and not set off any of your pranks," Harry warned them, "Bryce would go mad if you wrecked his workroom and damaged Simon."

"Who is Simon?" Hermione asked.

"The robot Bryce built to help Aunt Lara with her training." Harry said.

Harry got off the train with Hermione and the Weasleys to find Lara waiting for him with Neville Longbottom's grandmother (who had helped her onto the platform).

"Aunt Lara," Harry said, suppressing a laugh, "This is my friend Hermione and she would like your autograph."

Hermione promptly went red and hit Harry. "Harry – you said you wouldn't tell!"

"Harry – how could you be so cruel?" Lara asked, "Looks like you'll have to get her a special Christmas present to make up for it." This time, Harry went red.

Later that day, Lara looked through a cupboard under the stairs. She kept a few relics in there that she didn't want to sell. She eventually came out carrying a locket and gave it to Harry.

"Here you go Harry," she said, "Here's something for your girlfriend."

"She's not my girlfriend." Harry said going red.

"That's what they all say." Lara said with a laugh.



3This is a crossover I've had in mind for ages. The opening scene is based on a scene in the first episode Exodus from the original series and is required to help set the scene for those who know nothing about Thundercats. Thundercat canon is followed up to the end of the Exodus scene. There are elements of both 1985 and 2011 Thundercats series.

## THUNDERCATS HO!

In deep space, the Thundercat website Feliner was adrift. The Thundercats, humanoids which looked like cats were planning their next move following an attack by their enemies, the Evil Mutants which saw the rest of their fleet destroyed. The damage to their ship had meant they could not reach the planet they were reaching for but Thundercat Panthro had found a different planet, more nearby but the catch was, it was still light years away.

"Yuck!" young Wilykat said in disgust, "We'll have to make the trip in the suspension capsules."

"When in doubt, chicken out," Wilykat's twin sister Wilykit said, "I'm not going."

Wilykat backed her until she got to a capsule and opened it. He pushed her in and closed the hatch. She shouted many threats against him. Neither young ones were Thundercats, they were former street urchins who had been taken under the wing of the Thundercats when their home city had been conquered by the Mutants.

"Is there another choice Panthro?" Jaga, the elderly leader of the group asked.

"Sure, we last remaining Thundercats perish in space." He replied.

"It is settled then. You will all get in the suspension capsules now. I will pilot the ship to the blue planet." Jaga said.

"No Jaga," Panthro countered, "Without suspension you'll die. We can set the course on robot pilot."

"In it's damaged condition, the ship must be piloted manually for as long as possible, or we cannot be sure of reaching our destination." Jaga countered back.

"We can't be sure anyway," Tygra said, "We'll take our chances together – you MUST join us in the capsules Jaga."

"Yes Jaga, please!" Lion-O pleaded.

"ENOUGH!" Jaga shouted and Lion-O backed off, slightly scared, "I am by far the oldest of you. Even though the suspension capsules slow down the aging process tremendously, some aging does take place. Even in suspension, I could not live long enough to complete the journey. So let's not have any more talk – ENTER THE CAPSULES!" Everyone looked at him with sorrow.

"But Jaga," Cheetara began. Tygra put a comforting hand on her shoulder.

"Come Cheetara, what Jaga says is true. Don't make it tougher for him." He told her.

"Yeah, he's just being practical." Wilykat said, entering his capsule. Tygra and Cheetara did the same.

"Whatever you say Jaga," Wilykit said, "You were always right."

"Alright, if we're going to do it, let's do it!" Panthro said, picking Snarf up by the scruff of the neck, "In you go Snarf, no stalling." Panthro put him in the capsule before going into his own.

Lion-O walked over to Jaga, his mentor.

"Goodbye Jaga." He said.

"You must be brave Lion-O, it is your duty." Jaga said.

"Yes, Jaga." Lion-O said. Within the space of days, he had lost his homeworld, his blind father and now he was losing his mentor. He went into his capsule.

With a clink, Jaga dug a big sword into the floor.

"The Eye of Thundera, will be waiting for you, when you reach your new home." He said, raising his arm to his chest in a salute. The capsules activated and the Thundercats went to sleep. As Jaga went to the pilot's chair, the Eye of Thundera glowed, as if it was opening to oversee the inhabitants of the capsules.

The Feliner began it's trek through space.

"I wish I was as sure of their chances as I pretended to be," Jaga said, "still, there is a chance."

Days turned to weeks, weeks turned to months, months turned to years. Jaga maintained all the ships functions, eating very little and more importantly, making sure the suspension capsules were functional. Eventually, the Feliner approached the Sol system. Jaga was now much older, very thin, and very weak. He didn't have long to live.

"I can't go on. I prey the robot pilot can take it from here." He mumbled, reaching with tremendous effort and pressing a button marked PILOT. It activated, a word marked ROBOT could be seen then a beep got Jaga's attention. It was coming from a bracelet on his wrist. A jewel on it was glowing red. It fell to the ground followed by a mass of energy. Jaga's empty robes fell into the chair.

The robot pilot started the engines. It took the ship past Jupiter, through the asteroid belt, then past Mars and began it's final approach to Earth. The ship burnt up as it entered the atmosphere. On the viewscreen, a mountain range could be seen along with a nearby village, forest, large lake and a castle.

The ship approached the mountain range and activated the landing beams, intending to slow the ship down so it could land safely. Suddenly, one of them deactivated followed by the other three. It crashed on top of the mountain and continued moving until it reached the edge from which it fell. The ship broke apart as it fell and the contents spilled out. Some vanished but others fell to the ground. The ship crashed near a shack and stopped moving.

At Hogwarts, Harry Potter was pondering on recent events. The day before, he and his best friend Hermione Granger had helped his godfather Sirius Black escape from receiving the Dementor's Kiss for his non-existent crimes.

He heard a roar and looked upwards. A streak of fire could be seen in the sky with items falling from it. He saw items vanish and then the huge shape crash. Before he could do anything else, a very loud thud could be heard. He ran to the stone circle, which was nearby and in the direction of the noise. Just outside the circle, there was a large something, big enough to hold a person. It had a glass partition at the top where Harry could slightly see someone. He walked over to it and saw a red circle on his belt.

Looking at it, he found a button on the side and pushed it. The top of the thing opened revealing an adult male who had the characteristics of a lion. The man opened his eyes and looked at Harry.

"My name is Lion-O," he said, "Where am I?"

"Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry. My name is Harry Potter." Harry said. A beep got his attention and he could see an instrument on the machine with the words: "CAPSULE CYCLE INCOMPLETE. LIFE SIGNS FAILING".

"I'm a Thundercat and it looks like I'm dying. I was to be King of the Thundercats and I cannot die until I name a successor." Lion-O said.

"Is there something I can do?" Harry asked.

"Be here with me. Within minutes I will join my father and my mentor Jaga. Do me a favour though," Lion-O said.

"Anything."

"On my homeworld of Thundera, we have a sacred code. Take my hand." Lion-O said. Harry took his hand and Lion-O made it so they were holding wrists in a handshake motion. "I want you to spread the code and it's meaning through your world," he said, as the handshake began, "Justice, Truth, Honour, Loyalty."

As the machine in the capsule sent out a steady beep, Harry could feel something flowing through him, then as he watched, Lion-O's body vanished, leaving behind his ripped clothing.

"What's happened?" someone asked. Harry turned and saw Headmaster Albus Dumbledore along with several other staff members and students. Harry told them what he had seen.

"I'm alright!" Harry said to Madam Pomfrey. Dumbledore had insisted that he go to the hospital wing for a check-up. She waved her wand over him.

"You do seem to be fine." Madam Pomfrey replied, "In fact, old injuries and other problems have seemed to have healed themselves."

Harry woke up the following morning and went into the common room to face stares.

"Alright, what's going on?" he asked.

"Harry," Colin Creevy began, "Have you seen yourself?"

"No, why should I?" Harry asked. Someone passed him a mirror. His hair had changed to red and was long, his scar had vanished and he was more muscular than he was before. He was also taller.

"What's happened to me?" Harry asked.

Harry walked into the hall to stares at his new appearance. Everyone looked at him. Then, a shimmer of blue light could be seen and Thundercat Jaga appeared.

"You have been changed Harry Potter. When my ward Lion-O died, somehow, your magic and the magic of Hogwarts forced his life force to merge with you and your body has changed as a result. You are now the Hereditary Lord of the Thundercats." He said.

"Can you explain to me what the Thundercats are?" Harry asked. Everyone was watching.

"You must not have full access to Lion-O's memories yet. We are of a race known as Thundarians from the planet Thundera. A select few are anointed Thundercats, the protectors of the free world. Several years ago, because of our long standing war with the race of Mutants, Thundera's orbit was changed and eventually, it was destroyed. Many Thundarians escaped but were killed by the

Mutants who ambushed our ships. Our ship alone escaped but was damaged. We could not make it to the planet we were heading for, so we came here. The Thundercats went into suspended animation while I piloted the ship to your planet. I died just before the end of the journey and the ship broke up during re-entry. I can't sense your fellow Thundercats but Lion-O's loyal friend Snarf is nearby along with the Sword of Omens. I know of your familiar Hedwig and she will still respond to you as you are now."

Everyone watched with curiosity. Before anyone could say anything, Hagrid came into the hall with Snarf on his head. He was holding a small sword with his tail.

"I found this in the Forbidden Forest – does he belong to anyone?" the gentle half-giant asked.

Snarf threw the sword over to Harry/Lion-O. Despite attempts from other people to grab it, Harry grabbed it and received a massive shock. Blue lightening flared from the blade.

"Pay heed for it is your destiny you hold in your hand – the Eye of Thundera, the source of the Thundercat's power. Now begins the Ritual of Initiation." Jaga said.

The sword grew to a bigger size. Harry swung it about, power flowing through it.

"That's it," Jaga said, encouraging, "Concentrate."

After a few more swings, Harry lowered it to the ground and a big red circle appeared on the floor. He then raised the sword to his face and the crossbars curled around his eyes.

Through it, he could see five capsules, containing Thundarians. Suddenly, the vision changed and he could see a pair of red eyes on a snake type humanoid face. Harry moved the sword away.

"What did you see?" Jaga asked.

"Thundercats," Harry said, not wanting to tell what else he saw. Jaga vanished. Harry walked over to Dumbledore.

"I won't return to the Muggles this summer Professor," Harry said, "I'm going to find the rest of the Thundercats."

"You must go back there for your own protection," Dumbledore began.

"Professor, if I hadn't blown Marge up, then it would have escalated to violence. I'm no safer there than I am here. I'm not going. It is my duty to find the Thundercats." Harry said.

"They're nothing to do with you." Snape said.

"When Lion-O merged with me, he named me his successor and I promised to find them. Would you break a vow you made?"

Snape admitted that he wouldn't. "Then you should go Potter," he said, "Your father was always one to break the rules." He remembered a vow he made to Lily Potter all those years ago.

"Rules are only meaningful if people agree to follow them, otherwise they're just words." Flitwick said.

"I always assumed you would be like your father Potter," Snape said, "But you're more Lily than James. I admit I never got on with him but your mother was a dear friend until I made a mistake. I swore to her before her death that I'd help you, so before you go, come to me and I'll supply you with some potions."

Two days later was the end of term. Lavender Brown approached Harry. She was carrying a blue outfit.

"I saw what that lion person was wearing," she told him, "Myself and the Patil sisters took it and adapted it to fit you. If what that ghost says is true, then you can't lead the Thundercats in Hogwarts robes."

Harry took them and went back to his dorm then returned wearing the Thundercat outfit. It was a perfect fit.

"Thank you." Harry said.

A group of Death Eaters started firing spells. Tonks fired a curse and stunned him. Sirius hit a second Death Eater and sent him flying. A third one started firing at Snarf who started running.

On Thundera, Harry was watching the space port. The sky was now crimson red. He was paying particular attention to the flagship – he could see the Thundercats moving up a lift. Panthro was holding the optocrystal. There was also a living Jaga plus a living Lion-O.

The group boarded the spaceship which took off. Suddenly, rubble was thrown about and Harry ran to avoid it. Buildings exploded as the flagship flew over it, trying to get away. The ground started to explode. Harry continued to run, not knowing how he was going to get back to Hogwarts. In the distance, he could see three Thundarians cowering in fear.

Tygra approached Dobby.

"Dobby – there is something we need you to do for us." He said.

Harry woke up one morning and noticed there was no-one in the dorm. He figured that he had overslept and everyone had gone down to breakfast. He went down to the Great Hall to find it empty except for a load of food on the Gryffindor table. Dobby went up to him.

"Morning Harry, happy birthday." He said.

"But it's not my birthday Dobby." Harry said.

"It would have been Lion-O's birthday and he is part of you," Dobby said, "Eat your breakfast Harry."

Harry looked at the large pile of food on the table. "Is all that for me, alone? I'll never be able to eat it all."

"You better try – you'll need all your strength for the Anointment Trials." Dobby said.

"Anointment Trials? Tygra did say something about them leading to some ceremony."



"The ceremony comes later Harry, IF you pass the trials." Dobby said.

Outside, the Thundercats were standing, looking at Hogwarts.

"I wish there was some other way." Cheetara said.

"There is no other way Cheetara," Panthro said, "Today, Lion-O would have come of age, and since he named Harry Potter to succeed him, they have to be done."

"Every Lord of the Thundercats have gone through the trials." Tygra said.

"We know, but that was on Thundera." Wilykit said.

"The code of Thundera – Justice, Truth, Honour, Loyalty, is just as important here on Earth, just as it was on Thundera." Tygra said.

"Earth needs it even more." Panthro said.

"As the protectors of Lord Harry, it was our duty to prepare him for this day. If Harry fails, we have failed." Tygra finished.

"The suns up – I expect Dobby's told Harry what's in store for him by now." Wilykit said.

"Why all the gloom – if all goes well, by the end of this week, we'll be anointing the new Lord of the Thundercats." Tygra said.

"Now you're talking." Wilykat said, "To Harry."

"To Harry!" the other Thundercats said, "THUNDERCATS HO!"

They split into four and ran in separate directions.

Inside the castle, Harry and Dobby were walking to the main doors.

"I don't get it Dobby," Harry said, "Lion-O named me Lord of the Thundercats."

"He was only the hereditary Lord and that is what he passed to you. Now you'll have to prove yourself worthy of the title, snarf." Dobby said.

"Why didn't anyone tell me?" Harry asked.

"To be Lord of the Thundercats, you be expected to deal with anything you come up against, including the unexpected." answered Dobby.

"That means, be stronger than Panthro, faster than Cheetara, more cunning than Wilykit and Kat and have the powerful intelligence of Tygra?"

"It's not that easy Harry." Dobby said.

"Easy, you call that easy?" Harry asked.

Dobby got a map out. "Here's a map of the route you'll be following. There's terrible obstacles all along the way. But the toughest will be the Thundercats themselves. You'll have to best each one of them in turn to get to the next point."

"They'll try to stop me – my friends?" Harry asked.

"It's their sworn duty."

"Alright then, whose the first?" Harry asked.

"Panthro." Dobby answered.

"Panthro!" Harry shouted.

"If you can't get past him, there's no point in carrying on. One final thing, you'll have to pass the trials unarmed. That means you'll have to give me the sword, claw and your wand." Dobby said.

Harry reluctantly handed them over. Dobby promised to keep them safe. He then ran out of the school grounds.

"Good luck Harry." Dobby said.

"Severus," Voldemort said, "What brings you here?"

"I bring important news," Snape answered, "Today, the Thundercat Lion-O that merged with Harry Potter would have come of age. He would have had to go through five days of trials to prove himself worthy of being Lord of the Thundercats."

"Does that mean Potter have to do the trials himself?" A Death Eater asked.

"Yes," Snape replied, "From what I know, he has to defeat the other Thundercats in turn and he must go through the trials unarmed – without his wand or sword. He has to work his way to specific locations where he will meet an individual Thundercat and must defeat them at their particular skill to qualify for the next trial."

"Do you know where each meeting place is or the route he is taking?" Voldemort asked.

"No. Dumbledore wanted to send someone with him but it was made clear that he must go alone." Snape continued, "All I know is, that he has to prove himself stronger than the Thundercat Panthro, faster than the Cheetara, more cunning than the young Wilykit and Wilykat and combat the mental skills of the Tygra."

"Very good Severus," Voldemort finished, "Keep me informed."

The snitch had caught up. It was sending images to Hogwarts, the Ministry and wizarding homes.

Harry stopped for a minute to catch his breath.

"Only five miles to go." He said. Harry turned to see Cheetara standing next to a rock.

"Harry – why are you standing there? There's still five miles to go." She asked.

"Yes, I know." Harry answered.

"Then you know what that means?"

"Yes." Harry answered.

"Then you concede defeat?" Cheetara asked.

"No, I've not lost until you've won Cheetara."

"In that case, it's almost sundown Harry." She replied.

"Yes, let's do it."

"One, two, three, go!" Cheetara said. The two started running. Everything was being watched.

"It's not fair," Ron said, "We know Harry can't beat her like that."

"Only by cheating." Draco said.

"I am allowed to tell you this," Tygra added, "Before this day is over, you will face your greatest fear."

Harry soon realised he was in a familiar building. He could see a robed wizard entering a nursery. He realised that it was Voldemort and he could see his mother.

"It's happening again," Harry said, "My mother protected me so I could live." Voldemort cast the killing curse on Lily Potter and then tried to kill Harry. The curse rebounded upon Voldemort and sent the older Harry flying as the Godric's Hollow house exploded.

Everything went black before Harry realised he was in space. He was heading towards a planet.

"I'm going to crash." He said. He entered the planet's atmosphere and realised he was on Thundera, remembering it from when he travelled back in time and space.

"It's Thundera – I've been taken through time and space." He saw events that he had seen before repeating themselves. "It was Jaga who saved Lion-O. He got him aboard that spaceship just in time to see Thundera blown into space dust."

Harry could then see Thundera exploding.

"Tygra's accessed both mine and Lion-O's memories. It's our nightmares, it's woken us in terror ever since, We hid our fear then, as we hide it now, because..."

Tygra's voice echoed in Harry's mind, "Before this day is over, you will face your greatest fear."

"My greatest fear is that I'll be afraid again," Harry said, "but I fear it no more – you hear me Tygra, my nightmare is over!"

He ran towards the illusion of Thundera and found himself confronting Tygra. The two started a fight, but Harry grabbed Tygra and threw him to the ground.

"Enough Harry," Tygra said, "You've won."

"Not yet – I have to reach the main Snowdonia mountain before nightfall – stay here, rest. I'll come back for you." Harry said before running towards the nearby mountain.

Half an hour later, Harry and Tygra walked through the mountains.

"Now I've survived the trials of all the Thundercats, I wonder why they were so important." Harry said.

"It is our tradition." Tygra answered.

"Tradition?" asked Harry.

Tygra started to undo his Thundercat insignia. "Yes, Harry. It gives our lives form, tells us who we are and what we must do."

He held out his insignia and Harry took it. It glew and a roar could be heard.

In the Hogwarts Great Hall, the Eye of Thundera began to glow. Everyone looked at it, knowing what it meant.

"The sword!" Ron said.

"Harry's done it!" Snarf said.

"He's survived Tygra's trial." Hermione said.

"Of course, he's survived all the Thundercats' trials." Snarf said.

"Only one more to go." Cheetara said.

"Which one is that?" a student asked.

"He must challenge and defeat his deadliest enemy." Panthro answered.

Most of the students looked very worried.

"But, that would be You-Know-Who!" one girl said.

Snarf started to worry big time. "Vo.. Vol.. Voldemort?" he asked.

Snape walked into Riddle Manor an hour later.

"Severus," Voldemort said, "What news do you bring?"

"Potter has passed all the trials against the Thundercats." Snape answered.

"I thought he had to pass five trials?" Lucius Malfoy asked.

"He does," Snape said, "His final trial is that he must challenge and defeat his deadliest enemy – the Dark Lord."

"You're protected by the Fidilius Charm." A Death Eater said, "Potter will never find you."

"I don't want to defeat him like that. The Fidilius Charm will be removed and you will all find ways of informing Potter of my location so I can defeat him once and for all." Voldemort said.

The next morning, everyone was having breakfast in the Great Hall when the Eye of Thundera started to glow. There was now a small stand in front of the sword with a crown bearing the Thundercat symbol.

"Harry?" Snarf asked, walking over.

"Is Harry here?" Cheetara asked, entering the Great Hall.

"He's not allowed to use the sword during the trials." Tygra said.

"He knows that," Hermione said, "But for some reason the sword's got itself all worked up on it's own."

"We can't blame it for getting agitated," Susan Bones said, "Today Harry must challenge and defeat his deadliest enemy."

"Voldemort." Wilykit and Wilykat said.

"Why all the voices of doom?" Cheetara asked, "He survived Panthro's trial of strength."

"He took the short cut in Cheetara's trial of speed, knowing it was the most dangerous route he could follow and he beat that trial too." Panthro said.

"He outdid Wilykit and Wilykat in their trial of cunning." Tygra said.

"There were no tricks involved when he won Tygra's trial of mind power." Snarf added.

"He came through in better shape than I did – I'm still exhausted." Tygra countered. It had taken him most of the night to return to Hogwarts.

"But still," a student said, "You-Know-Who."

"Has any Lord of the Thundercats faced a power more evil than Voldemort without the Eye of Thundera to protect him?" Panthro asked.

"Not that I know." Tygra answered.

There was an Order meeting just after breakfast.

"We have a problem," Dumbledore said, "Today, Harry Potter must defeat Voldemort – unarmed to complete the Anointment Trials."

"You must stop him," Molly Weasley said, "He shouldn't have to face him yet. You must put an end to this whole Thundercat thing and send him somewhere for his own safety."

"I'm afraid Privet Drive is out of the question – the blood protection will no longer work and the other Thundercats will just get him out of there." Dumbledore answered.

"Does he even know where You-Know-Who is?" Shacklebolt asked.

"The Dark Lord has ordered the removal of the Fidelius Charm from the Manor," Snape replied, "He's tried to send a mental probe to the Potter boy to reveal his location, so Potter can go to him but has failed. Therefore, he has sent Potter a message informing him of his location – Little Hangton."

"Greetings Harry." Voldemort said. He was sitting on his throne in the magically enlarged room.

"Evening Tom," Harry said, "I like what you've done with the place."

"Too many Muggle artefacts. I plan to get my Death Eaters to get rid of them. I don't want to use too much magic dealing with them, when I have you to deal with. I understand you're going through the final trial to become Lord of the Thundercats." Voldemort continued.

"I am, I have to face my most deadliest enemy – you." Harry answered.

"I should feel honoured," Voldemort said, "Prepare yourself."

He raised his wand and started firing curses. Harry dodged out of the way as one spell blew up a table. He picked up a table leg and threw it at Voldemort. It hit his arm and caused his spell to misaim, hitting the wall. It brought Harry enough time to find cover behind something covered with drapes.

"How am I going to beat him with no wand and no sword?" he asked to himself, "But there is nothing about using what is at hand and the best way to defeat him is to exploit his weakness."

A hiss could be heard and Harry could see Nagani the snake slithering towards him. He knew there was something special about the snake so he grabbed her. As he did so, he noticed that the items under the drapes were mirrors. He had a plan.



"Come on Harry," Voldemort taunted, "Come out and I promise to make it quick."

Satisfied, Harry stepped out from hiding. Voldemort cast the killing curse at him. Harry retaliated by throwing Nagani at his enemy – a scream could be heard as the killing curse struck Voldemort's familiar.

"Now you've made me really angry!" Voldemort said, aiming his wand at Harry, "Nothing can defeat the power of Lord Voldemort!" He cast a killing curse with so much power, it travelled slow.

"Except, almighty Tom, the horror of your own reflection!" Harry said, diving to the floor, the drapes which were tied to his shoes, being pulled away from the mirrors. Voldemort looked in horror at his reflection, too shocked to do anything. The green ball of light struck the mirror which shattered into a million pieces just after the killing curse bounced back.

"NOOOOOOOOOO!" Voldemort shouted as the overcharged killing curse hit him. Waves of magical energy flowed from the Dark Lord. Harry got up and ran out of the room, taking one last look as Voldemort exploded with a final wave of magical energy.

Harry got to the nearby graveyard, where he was told Voldemort had been revived a year before. He watched as Riddle Manor exploded into a million pieces.

"You've faced your greatest enemy Harry." A voice said. Harry turned and saw Jaga appear.

"Jaga!"

"And you've defeated him. You won on your own, without help from anyone." Jaga continued.

"I'm sorry I didn't ask for your advice Jaga, but if I'm to be the true Lord of the Thundercats, I must learn to make my own decisions." Harry said to his mentor.

"You are right, by making your own decisions and making them work, you've passed the final trial." Jaga said before vanishing.

"Wait Jaga, does that mean I'll never see you again?" Harry asked.

"No Harry," Jaga's faint voice could be heard, "I'll always be here, when you need me."

While going through my mother's attic, I found an old board game I used to play in my youth entitled Hero Quest which is set in the world of magic and thought it could be modified by magic like chess. Hero Quest is owned by MB Games (don't know if they still exist). This is set during Fourth Year after the Goblet of Fire has decided the champions. Please note Harry was NOT selected.

## HERO QUEST

Cedric Diggory walked into the Great Hall to find a crowd standing over the Gryffindor table. He went to a fellow Hufflepuff and asked what was going on.

"Harry Potter brought in an enchanted Muggle board game and has challenged a member of each house to join him in a game." She said.

Cedric went over to the table and saw Harry sitting at the Gryffindor table with a piece of parchment in his hand. With him was Ernie McMillian of Hufflepuff, Daphne Greengrass of Slytherin and Cho Chang of Ravenclaw. Professor Flitwick was also there, also holding a piece of parchment. There was a board game on the table, with four figures at specific points.

"What's this about?" Cedric asked.

"Apparently," Ginny Weasley said, "It's a board game called Hero Quest set in the world of magic. There are four characters and they have to make their way to the exit, which is those steps. There is a barbarian, wizard, elf and dwarf. From what I can make out, they roll the dice and use the parchment to move their figures. After they all have a go, Professor Flitwick, who is an evil wizard has a go."

"Dice roll!" Ernie said. A pair of dice rolled and then stopped, indicating that he had three moves. Pressing his wand against the parchment, he moved his character (elf) forward a step. It was now next to a door.

"Open door." He said. The door opened and after pressing his wand against the parchment, the elf entered the room and moved two steps. It was empty, no other way out.

"Search for treasure." He said. Suddenly, a monster appeared and attacked.

"The enemy attacked missed." A voice said.

"End go." Ernie said.

It was now Daphne's go. "Dice roll." She said. Six moves. She moved her character (wizard) towards another door and opened it then entered the room. "Search for doors." She said. A door appeared in a wall. "End go."

Professor Flitwick studied the board. Both Harry Potter (barbarian) and Ernie had monsters in their rooms but he could only attack one. Harry had three life points left (having lost one thanks to a rock fall and two thanks to attacks) while Ernie had four.

"Attack barbarian." He said. A different set of dice rolled and landed on a sword and a shield. Both barbarian and monster figures started fighting, but the barbarian blocked the monster.

"Your attack was blocked."

"Dice roll." Harry said. Twelve moves! But there was no way out of the room and he couldn't search for doors while Flitwick's monster was in there.

"Attack orc." He said. The battle dice rolled again and showed two swords. The barbarian swung his sword and decapitated the orc.

"End go." Harry said.

Some of the teaching staff were now watching and were very interested. Some students from Beaubatons and Durmstrang were also watching.

"Can you help each other on here?" one student asked.

"Not on this level, but in others, you can if you're in the same room, like against a monster or the wizard or elf can use a healing spell on a fellow player." Harry answered.

Cho's dice roll gave her nine moves. She also ended up in an empty room.

"Search for treasure." She said.

"Big mistake," a Ravenclaw said, "Look what happened to McMillian after he searched!"

"You have found 200 gold coins."

It was the first time most of them noticed money bags in front of them and the noise of coins could be heard in Cho's.

"They playing for real galleons?" someone asked.

"I heard Potter's giving out prize money."

"End go." Cho said.

"Dice roll." Ernie said. Four moves. He took his elf out of the room and went further down the border passage.

"Search for traps." He said.

"Your search has revealed nothing."

"End go."

It was now Daphne's go again. "Dice roll." She said. Ten moves. She took the wizard out of the door she had discovered in her previous go and found a passage which led to several blocks of rubble and a door being guarded by an orc. Looking at both her map and the board, she noticed she was out of reach of the orc but he could come to attack her. She noticed she was near the centre of the maze. She moved towards the orc.

"Attack with magic." She said. A list of spells appeared. "Cast fire spell on orc."

Her wizard cast a spell on the orc which burst into flames.

"End go."

Flitwick studied the map but realised there was nothing he could do.

"Roll dice." Harry said. Five moves. That was better he thought to himself. "Search for doors." A door appeared in the wall and he moved the barbarian through it. Looking at where he was, he noticed that Daphne's wizard was nearby.

"End go." Harry said.

It was at this point Professor Snape came in and went over to see what all the fuss is about. He didn't notice Professors Spout, McGonagall and Dumbledore watching and Flitwick participating.

"I should have thought you were behind this Potter!" he said, "Thirty points.."

A Slytherin student hushed Snape – it was Draco Malfoy.

"Professor – not now – Greengrass is about to thrash Potter at this!" he said. Both Ernie and Cho had finished their turns with only a couple of moves each. Daphne had moved her wizard to the door being guarded by an orc, opened it and entered. There was a staircase in the centre of the room. She studied her map and it showed she had just about enough moves to make it. As everyone watched, the wizard walked the final ten steps and stepped onto the staircase.

"Congratulations wizard, you are the first to exit the maze. You are rewarded with 100 gold coins."

Daphne's money bag was filled with one hundred galleons. Ten minutes later, the barbarian, elf and dwarf had also exited the maze, but with no reward.

Harry consulted his parchment. "The final tally is, Daphne has won 220 galleons, Cho has won 200 galleons and Ernie has won fifty."

There was a round of applause from the Slytherins.

"Are there any more levels to this?" Daphne asked, "I found this very fun."

"There are another eleven levels to this," Harry said, "Plus a set of expansion packs with even more."

"Same time next week?" Ernie asked.

"Sure." Harry said, "The next level is called The Rescue of Sir Ragnar."

"POTTER!" Snape shouted, "Thirty points for bringing in Muggle rubbish and I will be recommending criminal charges for enchanting Muggle items!"

"Severus!" Dumbledore said, "I don't think a loss of points is required here. The points deduction is revoked. I believe thirty points to all houses who participated plus an additional twenty points for Mr. Potter for promoting inter-house unity. I see no reason why these games shouldn't be allowed to continue. I have been shown Ministry paperwork which proves the legality of this game."

"I'd be happy to carry on playing this game once a week with Mr. Potter, Miss. Chang, Miss. Greengrass and Mr. McMillian, providing there isn't something more important on." Flitwick said.

The students left the room talking among themselves, mostly about the fact that Slytherin had beaten Gryffindor at something since Harry Potter started attending Hogwarts and without the need for cheating.

Harry took Daphne's hand and led her out of the hall. Everyone knew that she and Harry were dating since second year but didn't say or do anything, even though it was a Gryffindor/Slytherin pairing.

"Did you let me win?" she asked.

"No!" Harry said, "Although the pre-defined maps determine where monsters and traps appear, you won on pure luck and talent."

"HARRY JAMES POTTER!" a voice shouted. It was Hermione Granger. The couple stopped.

"Don't you realise how many laws you've broken?" she asked.

"It's perfectly legal," Harry said, "I consulted Mr. Weasley this summer and because this is the only copy of the board game to be enhanced by magic, it's legal. The only thing 'illegal' about it was that I used magic during the summer to enchant it."

"Then why didn't you get expelled for using magic in a muggle household?" Hermione asked referring to the Dursleys, Harry's magic hating relatives.

"Because my dear 'Mione," Harry said, using the nickname she hated, "I only spent one hour at Privet Drive before going to the Greengrass Manor."

Hermione was about to start again but Harry held up his hand.

"Hermione, I don't want another lecture – I've already had one from Dumbledore over the matter but I am not returning to Privet Drive and that is final."

What Harry didn't tell her that Vernon met him at King's Cross, told him about Petunia and Dudley's deaths following an accident and said he was on his own.

The following week, everyone was gathered around the Hufflepuff table for the next level in the game. Harry read out the instructions for the new level.

### The Rescue of Sir Ragnar

Sir Ragnar, one of the Emperor's most powerful knights has been kidnapped.

He is being held prisoner by Ulag, the Orc Warlord. You are to find Sir Ragnar and bring him back to safety.

Prince Magnus will pay 200 gold coins to the character who rescues Sir Ragnar. The reward may be split among the other adventurers but no reward will be paid out if Sir Ragnar is killed while escaping.

"You will note that you have the gold coins you earnt in The Maze and can use them to buy weapons. Your tally of real galleons remain unaffected." Harry said. He declined to buy any weapons.



Ernie spent all of his gold coins for a crossbow for his elf, Daphne brought a staff for her wizard while Cho also declined to buy anything. Ernie and Daphne also selected their magic spells.

Seconds later, the staircase appeared on the board towards one of the sides and the four characters were placed around it.

"Dice roll!" Harry said. He could only move two spaces. Ernie took his turn and was able to go into the next room which had a table plus two orcs. Taking their turns, both Cho and Daphne were also able to go into the other room.

Daphne took her wizard next to the orc (she had 12 moves and moved 7 spaces).

"Select staff and attack orc." She said. Her wizard animated and attacked the orc. It vanished as the wizard killed it.

"End go." Daphne said.

Professor Flitwick moved the orc and set it to attack Daphne. She was unable to mount a defence and lost a body point.

"Dice roll." Harry said. He had ten moves. He took his barbarian into the other room and next to the orc. "Attack orc."

Your attack was blocked.

"Dice roll!" Ernie said. He ended up with five moves. He studied the room layout and realised he would never make it out of the room, then he looked at his list of spells. One of them was Walk Through Walls.

"Spell cast – Walk Through Walls on myself."

He then moved his elf towards the far right wall and walked through. A treasure chest appeared in the room along with a door plus an orc.

"Oh crap." He said, "End go."

"Dice roll." Cho said. Three moves. She moved to the orc and selected attack mode. She succeeded in killing the orc. "End go."

Daphne's go began with 9 moves. "Search for treasure." She said.

You searched for treasure but found nothing.

She moved her wizard into the next room. She didn't have the Walk Through Walls spell – Ernie had picked that group. There was a cupboard and another door in the room.

Professor Flitwick moved his orc to Ernie who was successful in blocking it.

"Dice roll." Harry said. He took his barbarian into the next room. "Search for treasure."

You searched the room and found a crossbow in the cupboard.

"End go."

After his dice roll, Ernie took his elf to the orc and attacked it and succeeded in killing it. "End go."

Cho took her elf into the next room. Daphne then took her go and left the room and ended up in a passage. Thanks to her 12 moves, she was able to go a reasonable distance.

Flitwick looked and realised he couldn't do anything.

Harry took his barbarian out into the passage way but couldn't go far.

In his room, Ernie searched for treasure.

You searched the treasure chest but it was empty.

The elf left the room and found himself just near an orc. Ernie knew that because he searched for treasure, he also couldn't fight in this go. "End go."

Cho took her dwarf into the corridor but also couldn't go far. Daphne took her go and moved her wizard out of the passage. She could see Ernie's elf. She knew the orc was there but didn't want to risk wasting a spell if the wizard couldn't directly see it.

Professor Flitwick rubbed his hands. He had a reputation as a very good guy but relished the chance to be the bad guy for once. He moved the orc and attacked Ernie. The elf lost a body point – he had to be careful, he had lost two body points in the previous level and only had two left.

Harry took his turn and moved his barbarian into a good position.

"Attack mode – select crossbow and attack orc." He said. The orc didn't know what was coming as the crossbow bolt fired and killed the orc.

"You owe me one." Harry said.

"Thanks." Ernie said.

"That's the spirit of teamwork." McGoangall said.

Suddenly, the voices of Fred and George Weasley could be heard. They were putting bets on who would rescue Sir Ragnar and if Harry would 'accidentally' get him killed before escaping. Professor Flitwick turned around and silenced the two plus put them in a body bind.

"Thank you professor." The four said. But the twins had done their damage. They had distracted Ernie so much, he went the wrong way and ended up next to a rockfall.

Cho took advantage and used her large number of moves to go the opposite direction but ended up facing a new creature – two goblins, but nothing like the Gringotts goblins.

"Attack mode." She said, attacking the first goblin. She succeeded in killing it.

Daphne took her wizard nearby. But she couldn't do much. Flitwick moved the second goblin along and attacked Cho but the attack failed.

Harry moved the barbarian closer to the area but also couldn't do anything. Ernie took his go and moved the elf a few steps.

"Search for treasure." He said. He was hoping that despite going the wrong way, he might find some treasure.

While you were searching, a monster crept up on you and attacked.

And with that, an orc appeared and attacked Ernie, taking one of his body points.

Cho attacked the second goblin and killed it. She then took the dwarf through the nearest door. There was another goblin.

Daphne followed her into the room but because she rolled high, she walked into the room to the right. There was another new monster – a Ferma.

"Spell cast – fire spell on Ferma!" she said. The fire spell did it's work and the monster was destroyed.

Flitwick used his monsters to attack both Cho and Ernie. Both attacks were successful, but Cho lost one body point, but Ernie was not so lucky. His final body point was taken and his elf died.

"Blast it!" he said, "Why did I forget those bloody healing spells?"

Harry addressed the audience. "Ernie has earnt a total of 50 galleons in the game. He will play no further part in this level but if he wishes to continue the game, it will cost him 20 galleons to be resurrected for the next level."

"I'll think about it alright Potter?" Ernie asked. Harry nodded.

Harry took his go and went into the room where Cho was facing the goblin. He moved over and was able to attack and kill it. Cho took her go and went into the room on the left.

"Looks like Chang's got herself out of the frying pan into the fire." One student said. The room was filled with monsters. Daphne took her go and searched for doors. One opened and she went through it. A voice told her that she had found Sir Ragnar and had to move him to the exit.

Flitwick attacked Cho and she lost another body point. Now Daphne had found Ragnar, Harry and Cho decided to make their way back to the exit. Ten minutes later, Daphne made the final moves to get Sir Ragnar to the exit.

Congratulations wizard. You have rescued Sir Ragnar and Prince Magnus has awarded you 200 gold coins. Do you wish to share?

Daphne thought about it for a minute. She then decided to keep it for herself. There was a round of applause from Slytherin house.

"I think Mr. Potter deserves fifty points to Gryffindor for excellent charm work," Flitwick said, "Your mother would have been very proud of you, she was excellent at charms herself."

"Thank you Professor." Harry said, "If there is demand from fellow students, then I will offer a limited number of these games. Please send me an owl if interested, but distribution will be on a first come, first serve basis. All money will be donated to St. Mungo's."

Fred and George Weasley looked on with interest. They were thinking of 'borrowing' the game, make their own copies of it and replicate the charms, then sell it on, maybe add some pranks as a consequence for losing.

"In the event of the game coming to market, Fred and George Weasley are not authorised to sell copies, so please don't approach them." Harry said, knowing what Fred and George were thinking. A lot of people laughed. He turned to Ernie.

"Want to continue?" Harry asked.

"No thanks," Ernie said, "the game was fun though so put me down for one please."

"All participants in this testing will get a free copy as a thank you." Harry said.

"Please note that there will be no game next week as the first task of the Triwizard is on that day. We will hopefully be able to continue the game the week after." Flitwick said.

Everyone left the Great Hall. Harry and Daphne went to go outside, determined to make the most of the nice weather to have a fly when a familiar voice could be heard.

"HARRY JAMES POTTER!" Harry groaned as Hermione Granger came over.

"Before you say anything Hermione," Harry said, "I've checked with various legal sources, including Mr. Weasley and Amelia Bones and they tell me that as long as it remains in the hands of wizards, there is nothing illegal about it and it will not violate the Statue of Secrecy."

"Harry, could you excuse us for a moment please?" Daphne asked, "Hermione and I need to have a word in private."

"Alright, I'll go and get my broom and meet you back here." Harry said. He gave Daphne a quick kiss before going up the stairs to Gryffindor Tower.

"What have you got against Harry and I?" Daphne asked.

"I don't know what you mean." Hermione answered.

"You know what I mean. You and Weasley don't like the fact Harry likes to spend time with me over the two of you. I understand Weasley's feelings, as he's been taught by his mother to dislike anyone in Slytherin but I thought you of all people would see past house rivalries. Voldemort and his Death Eaters have given Slytherin House a very bad name but remember, not all Death Eaters came from Slytherin."

"Until you came along, Harry was my best friend and he was also Ron's." Hermione countered, "Now, he won't spend time with us. He didn't want to spend time at the Burrow this summer, you having foolishly convinced him to move out of his relative's house and move into your house. He does better at his lessons and is beating me in classes other than Defence Against the Dark Arts."

"Not that it's any of your business, but Harry's uncle threw him out and why would Harry want to go to the Weasley house after Molly Weasley sent him a Howler demanding he dump me because she promised her daughter that she would be able to have him?" Daphne asked.

"Harry's uncle would never do that. She would never do a thing like that." Hermione said, defending the woman who invited her to spend some time at her home during the summer.

"So, you think his relatives should be allowed to lock him up like a prisoner and starve him?" Daphne asked.

"Whatever you heard about Harry being treated like a prisoner are lies!" Hermione said, determined to defend authority figures.

"As it happens Miss. Granger," a voice said, it was Dumbledore, "after you were petrified, Harry did receive a Howler from Molly Weasley about his relationship with Miss. Greengrass. Harry doesn't know this, but I know for a fact that Ronald Weasley sends her an owl once a week reporting that Harry is still with Miss. Greengrass but I make sure Harry doesn't receive the Howlers she sends. I've had words with her, but she's got it in her head that Harry and Miss. Ginerva Weasley should be together. I personally think he and Miss. Greengrass make a nice couple, it helps promote inter-house friendships. As for Miss. Greengrass convincing Harry to leave his relatives house, she never did anything of the sort. Mr. Vernon Dursley did indeed throw Harry out of his house this summer following the deaths of his wife and son in an accident and I shouldn't have told you this."

"Wouldn't Harry's best interests be served by living with him?" Hermione asked.

"No," Dumbledore said, "Vernon Dursley hates Harry with a passion and had never really accepted him into his household. He was only placed with them to prevent freed Death Eaters from claiming custody. Also, Mr. Dursley has admitted locking Harry up like a prisoner. When Vernon Dursley threw him out, Harry used the Knight Bus to go to the Greengrass family, who approached me and I filed the custody papers allowing him to become their ward.

"As for his classes, it's been traditional for Potters to take Ancient Runes for centuries and if he wants to take Arithmancy, then it's his choice." Dumbledore finished.

"I also know about the way you and Weasley acted when he got the Firebolt last Christmas." Daphne added.

"It was out of concern for his safety," Hermione said, "It was no doubt sent by Sirius Black!"

"If you had bothered asking him, it was I who sent it to him." Daphne said.

"Impossible – those Firebolts cost over 1,000 galleons. Why spend that much on him?" Hermione asked.

"Not that it's any of your concern, it clearly came with a card with MY name on, also, my father OWNS the company that makes it and had no problem giving me one to give to my boyfriend. I notice you and Weasley give him sweets which he doesn't want and what Weasley does give him is already mostly eaten. I know for a fact he hates chocolate frogs and only gets them for the cards. If you want your friendship with him to continue, then you need to stop your dislike of me. Finally, tell Weasley to stop stealing from him. It's mostly to preserve the Weasley's good name that Harry hasn't pressed charges."

"How do you know this?" Hermione asked.

"Harry does still have friends in Gryffindor."

Harry came back down a few minutes later. As he and Daphne walked outside, Dumbledore took Hermione aside.

"Miss. Granger, please inform Ronald Weasley that stealing will not be tolerated and if I hear about it again, then I will have charges filed against him." Dumbledore said before leaving.

A letter arrived for Hermione a few days later. She opened it and read it.

"Is it something to do with your official complaint about Harry's game?" Neville Longbottom asked, knowing she had sent one having been asked which department to go to.

"They confirm the game is fully legal unless it gets into the hands of Muggles," she said, "Harry has all the permits needed to sell the game and apparently, some of them plan to buy one from him. It also says that experimentation involving other players is legal as



long as someone in a position of respect, like a Hogwarts Headmaster or Head of House is consulted."

Years ago, I wrote Leaving Hogwarts in which it turned out Tom Riddle was not the villain. I thought I'd revisit the idea for this story. There are no Horocruxes in this story so the villain remains dead.

New updates... I plan to turn this into a full story, but I want your opinions on work so far. As for Lord Slytherin's appearance, think of Christopher Lee as Count Dooku in Star Wars: Attack of the Clones and Revenge of the Sith. Ron will not be Harry's best friend but will be a friend. Hermione will also be a friend.

## LORD SLYTHERIN

Harry Potter, age 10, answered the front door of 4 Privet Drive. Standing on the doorstep was a tall, old man. He had a neat beard and he was wearing a business suit. What stood out about him was that he was wearing a green jacket and tie.

"Good morning Harry," the man said, "I've not seen you since you were a baby. May I come in and talk to your aunt and uncle?"

"How do you know me sir?" Harry asked.

"All in good time my boy." The man said. Harry led him into the kitchen.

"Mr & Mrs Dursley?" the man said, "My name is Riddle, or as I prefer to be addressed by people like you, Lord Slytherin."

Both Dursley adults seemed to recognise the name.

"You're a freak!" Vernon shouted, "Get out of here! Boy (he referred to Harry) – lose yourself somewhere!"

"No," Riddle said, "Harry will stay here."

"I forbid you to talk to him!" Vernon said.

Riddle took a long stick out of his inside pocket and pointed it at them.

"You forbid? You think you can forbid me to talk to my godson? Be quiet," he said, "You, Dursley, are already skating on thin ice. Interception and destruction of other people's mail is a serious

offence, even to us but it looks like you've been committing other crimes. We have audio recordings of you complaining to the postal service about letters being sent to your nephew and destroying them."

Riddle turned to Dudley Dursley. "Tell me young man, when was your cousin fed last?"

Dudley opened his mouth before thinking. "Three weeks ago."

"DURSLEY!" Riddle shouted, "You do not go around starving children."

"Lord Slytherin," Harry said, "Why are you here?"

"To give you this." Riddle said, passing an envelope to Harry who opened it. Vernon made to snatch it but Riddle put him under a body bind. Petunia and Dudley stepped back.

"My Lord," Harry said, "This has to be wrong. Magic only exists in the minds of freaks, men like Tolkien and Lewis."

"Ah yes, CS Lewis and JRR Tolkien, old friends of mine," Riddle said, "Tell me Harry, have you done things you can't explain?"

"Well, there is the case of the vanishing glass, the time I appeared on the school roof." Harry began, "How did you know me as a baby?"

Riddle looked at Petunia and realised she had not said anything about Lily Potter except that she was a whore who got killed in a car crash.

"It's a long story," Riddle said, "I taught at Hogwarts years ago. Your mother Lily was one of my students as was your father James. He loved her the moment he saw her but it took her a while to warm to him. They married to serious opposition after finishing at Hogwarts."

"Why was that?" Harry asked.

"There are three factions in magic – Pureblood, Half-Blood and Muggle-born. The two of us are half-bloods. Lily was a Muggle-born and James was a Pureblood," Riddle said, "A group of Purebloods

got it within their thick heads that only Purebloods should study magic."

"How did my parents die?" asked Harry.

"A wizard who called himself Sidious, who was a pupil of mine until he turned to evil led the Purebloods in a campaign against anyone who dared disagree with them. Sidious betrayed and murdered your parents." Riddle said with sorrow in his voice. Harry wasn't sure what to think or say. Even Dudley looked shocked. Riddle's speech reminded him of a situation from the film Star Wars.

"Sir," Harry said, "Uncle Vernon told me that my parents were worthless drunks who got killed in a car crash." Dudley was even more reminded of Star Wars – the hero Luke Skywalker was told by his aunt and uncle that his father flew a spice freighter instead of fighting in the Clone Wars.

"That Harry," Riddle said, "was a lie. Vernon and Petunia tried to prevent their marriage, even to the extent of taking it to court, the case was thrown out. As I said, Sidious found out where they were hiding and killed them. Somehow, Sidious' magic rebounded and killed him, along with two of his followers including a woman called Bellatrix Lestrange. You were left with that scar on your head. After those events, Albus Dumbledore took it upon himself to put you here against my objections and put wards on the house which would prevent anyone magical from approaching the house until towards your eleventh birthday."

"Your objections?" Harry asked.

"Yes, my objections. I was raised in a Muggle orphanage after my mother – a witch - died. My father – a muggle - left her and I didn't know about him until just before I started Hogwarts. I babysat you many times and would have taken you in."

"Muggle?"

"That is what we magical people call non-magicals," Riddle said, "I objected to your placement here but Dumbledore said that it was best you were here, away from the magical world and his wards would protect Sidious' followers from finding you. My wards would have protected you better. But the then Minister of Magic, Bagnold,

sided with Dumbledore and normally, the Minister's word is law. She never liked me – I had supporters to become Minister myself but I turned down the job."

Harry took a look at his letter. "They await my owl? Does this have something to do with the owls flying about the area?"

Riddle went to the back door and whistled. An owl flew onto his arm. "Just write that you accept on the letter." He said. Harry wrote on the parchment and passed it to Riddle, who tied it to the owl and let it go.

"There is a problem sir," Harry said, "How will I pay for this? The Dursleys never spend money on me unless they have to."

"Don't worry Harry!" Riddle said, "You are heir to the Potter fortune. Your father named me the executor of the Potter estate and I have been keeping things in order ready for when you come of age."

He turned to Dudley and Petunia. He took a chocolate frog out of his pocket and showed it to Dudley.

"Do you want to earn a couple of these?" Riddle asked. Dudley nodded, "Tell me, what your parents have done to Harry since he came here?"

"Given him my old clothing, starved him for being a freak, kept him in the cupboard under the stairs!" Dudley said. Riddle gave him one of the frogs – the boy ate it straight away.

"What about his education?" Riddle asked, waving a second frog.

"He's better than me!" Dudley said, "Dad thought he cheated until the school proved otherwise. Dad felt he was bringing shame to our family by being better than me and tried to pay the school to fail him but they refused."

"Thank you Dudley." Riddle said. He gave Dudley a couple more frogs before giving one to Harry who ate it.

"I don't want to give you anymore right now," Riddle said, looking at his watch, "It's not long until dinner. We'd better get your school supplies and set you up at my home."

"You mean that, sir?" Harry said, "I can stay with you?"

"Enough of this sir nonsense Harry," Riddle said, "Call me Uncle Tom. Yes, you can stay with me. It is clear that those creatures are not suitable guardians. I have a granddaughter who is a year younger who will be starting at Hogwarts next year. Come on."

Riddle took Harry's hand and the two vanished into thin air. Vernon quickly recovered.

Harry and Riddle appeared on the steps of a marble building.

"This, Harry, is Gringotts bank." Riddle said, "This is where your money is kept."

They went into the building and walked to a goblin teller.

"These are goblins." Riddle said, "Morning, Master Griphook. Mr. Harry Potter would like to withdraw money from his trust fund." He took a key out of his pocket and handed it over.

"This is in order. Please come with me." Griphook said. He led the way into caves and they got into a cart. As they went down, Tom Riddle explained the wizarding currency system. They stopped and got off. Griphook opened the vault door – it was piled full of money. Harry took a bag and put money in it.

"Master Griphook – have the security arrangements for the Potter vaults remained secure?" Riddle asked.

"Yes, Lord Slytherin," Griphook said, "No-one has been permitted access to any of the Potter vaults since the death of James Potter. You of course have been receiving the monthly statements."

"Very good," Riddle said, "here you go. Please keep the current arrangements regarding the statements." He passed a small money bag over to the goblin who pocketed it. He turned to Harry, "We will discuss the Potter finances when we return home."

Back in Diagon Alley, Riddle took Harry through the shops, buying his school supplies. They were in the apothotory when Riddle brought up something.

"Your mother was very talented at Potions," he said, "Her best friend Severus is now teaching Potions at Hogwarts. He runs a tight ship and insists on perfection."

Following the purchase of his books, the two walked past Eeylops Owl Emporium. They looked at the owls in the window. A certain snowy white owl watched as Harry and Lord Slytherin walked by and then to the amazement of the shop owner, she burst out of her cage and flew after them.

Harry and Riddle turned around and the owl landed on Harry's shoulder and nibbled his ear. The shop owner ran up to them.

"I'm sorry about this Lord Slytherin," the man said, "but she just broke out of her cage."

"Young man, it's quite alright," Slytherin said, "No harm was done." The two looked at Harry and the owl, who was nuzzling his ear.

"I still have to get you a birthday present Harry," he said, turning to the shop owner, "How much is she?"

"You don't have to," Harry began.

"Nonsense," Riddle said. Five minutes later, he bought Harry the owl for the price of three galleons. He stammered his thanks.

"Don't worry about it, Harry," Riddle said, "I know you've not got anything from those miserable excuse for Muggles. It's time to collect your wand now."

Riddle led Harry into Ollivanders. A man, who looked older than Riddle came out.

"I was wondering when I'd see you, Mr. Potter." Ollivander said. He then saw Riddle, "Tom Riddle – yew, thirteen inches, phoenix feather."

"You remember well," Riddle said.

It took an hour to find Harry's wand. "What a co-incidence!" Ollivander said.

"What is sir?" Harry asked.

"The phoenix that gave the feather for your wand also gave another – that feather is in Lord Slytherin's wand. He has done great things and we can expect great things from you."

After leaving the wand shop, Riddle turned to Harry. With a wave of his wand, the purchases vanished.

"They've been delivered to my home. We have to make a detour first to collect my granddaughter who has been visiting her father."

"Does she live with you?" Harry asked.

"Since her mother died," Riddle said, "Her father has, how the Muggles say, 'lost the plot' so I gained custody of Luna."

"Her mother was your daughter was she?" Harry asked.

"My only child." Riddle said with sorrow in his voice.

Later that day, Slytherin made a floo call to Albus Dumbledore at Hogwarts.

"Come on in Tom," Dumbledore said. Lord Slytherin stepped through. "How did your meeting with young Harry go?"

"Not good considering the circumstances," Slytherin said, "The Dursleys starved him, gave him second hand clothing and made him sleep in a cupboard."

"Staying with them was for his own good," Dumbledore said, "Surly, you of all people would understand the need to protect him from 'Sidious' followers who managed to stay out of prison."

"I understand that perfectly Albus," Slytherin said, "You know what I've been trying to do over the years, making sure magical children who are with Muggle relatives are cared for and not abused. I told you and Bagnold at the time what the Dursleys were like and how much they hated magic. I could create better wards. But neither of you would listen."



"I had hoped they would raise him like their own son." Dumbledore said.

"Then it's a good thing they didn't," Slytherin said, "Their son is what the Muggles would call morbidly obese and will suffer major health problems when he grows up. I'm telling you this Albus, I've taken Harry away from them and he will not be returning to them, assuming they don't receive prison sentences for what they've done. James and Lily wanted me to raise Harry. You stopped me once, don't attempt to stop me again. As you know, as I'm heir to one of the Founders, I can have you removed from this position."

"Why haven't you until now?" Dumbledore asked with curiosity.

"Because Albus," Slytherin answered, "You've introduced good reforms to this school. Dippet would never have let Remus Lupin attend school here, let alone teach Defence."

"You never told me, why you retired and nominated Remus to succeed you." Dumbledore said.

"I needed a break Albus," Slytherin said, "I told you when I took my place as Lord Slytherin, as his last descendent that I intended to adjust the reputation of Slytherin House."

"And you did a good job Tom," Dumbledore countered, "but what will Severus do regarding the children of Sidious' followers? Most of them start at Hogwarts this year and Severus has expressed concern that Lucius Malfoy's son is also starting – Lucius has apparently brainwashed him into thinking that Muggleborns and half-bloods are scum."

"What would you have me do? I have no legal grounds to prevent young Draco from attending Hogwarts." Slytherin asked.

"Start teaching Defence again and resume your duties as Head of Slytherin House. You can help prevent trouble before it starts." Dumbledore suggested.

"What about Remus Lupin?" Slytherin asked.

"Remus has expressed a desire to campaign to have Sirius Black freed from that American prison," Dumbledore said, "But he has not wanted to leave me in the lurch."

"I always believed Sirius was innocent," Slytherin said, "He would never have murdered those Muggles – it was a case of being in the wrong place at the wrong time. Very well Albus, I accept, but like before, I want the right to impose whatever punishments I desire. I will not tolerate Muggleborn slurs or any of the children of Sidious' followers to strut about as if they own the school."

"Those terms are acceptable. What will you do with young Luna while not in class?" Dumbledore asked.

"I will either ask Molly Weasley to help or ask a house-elf to help. I will not leave her alone with Xenophilius for that amount of time. Molly is busy enough with Ginvera to supervise Xenophilius with her."

"I find Xeno's magazine very funny." Dumbledore said.

"That's my point – he's lost his mind. That's why I fought for custody after Selene died – who knows what would have happened to Luna otherwise." Slytherin said, "I'm going to have to go now. I left Harry with Molly Weasley and when I left, young Ginvera was going bright red at the presence of Harry Potter in her home. I'd better go and spare her any further embarrassment."

The following day, Slytherin was sitting at his desk with Harry sitting in front when the door opened and Dobby the house-elf came in.

"Excuse me sir," Dobby said, "But Remus Lupin is here to see you."

"Bring him in please." Slytherin said.

Dobby left the room and returned moments later with a middle aged man who looked very worse for wear.

"Harry," Slytherin said, "This is Remus Lupin, an old friend of your parents."

"Pleased to meet you sir." Harry said, extending his hand out for a handshake. Remus was unsure what to say.

"Harry, if you'll excuse us for a few minutes, Mr. Lupin and I have a few things to discuss."

Harry got out of his chair and left the room. Remus took the empty seat.

"I tried to visit him at the Dursleys but the wards seemed to keep me away." Remus said.

"Dumbledore and Bagnold put wards to prevent magical people approaching until the months approaching his eleventh birthday," Slytherin said, "They didn't treat him well. It's a good job I added the violence inhibitor ward otherwise we might not have had a Harry to collect." Slytherin said, "Anyhow, I understand you're going to America to try and get Sirius pardoned."

"That's right. I've heard a rumour that the Ministry in the state of Texas has changed Sirius' sentence from life without parole to the death sentence. It's set for eight weeks time." Remus said, "Does Harry know about Sirius?"

"No," Slytherin said, "I've not told him yet. I wanted to see how you did first. Either way, he will know about his second godfather. I will not say anything to him unless he asks or you tell me what's happening. The Slytherin funds are at your disposal to help free Sirius. You can also use my name and influence to help."

"Thank you my Lord." Remus said.

"Good luck." Slytherin said.

Harry was sitting in the compartment of the Hogwarts Express. The door opened and Ron Weasley stepped in.

"Do you mind?" he asked, "Everywhere is full."

"Go ahead." Harry said. Ron came in and sat down.

"We didn't really get the chance to meet when you came over during the summer." Ron said.

"Uncle Tom had to get us home for dinner." Harry explained.

"You're Lord Slytherin's nephew?" Ron asked with mild disbelief.

"No, he's an honorary uncle." Harry said, "Is your father a Lord?"

"Sadly no," Ron said, "My father says the Weasleys were cheated out of our titles years ago. My brother Bill tells me that he thinks followers of Sidious were the cause of that."

"Why?" Harry asked, "Uncle Tom told me that the Weasleys were as pureblood as they could get."

"Because we associate ourselves with Muggle-borns and Dad is obsessed with Muggles, we're classed as blood-traitors." Ron explained.

"So, I saw you, your sister and two brothers at your home. I know Ginny will begin Hogwarts next year with Luna and I'm sure I saw a Prefect who looked similar to you."

"That's my older brother Percy. He starts his fifth year. Charlie is older than him – he studies dragons in Romania and I just mentioned Bill – he's the eldest, works as a curse breaker for Gringotts – he's currently in Egypt," Ron said, "Older than me but younger than Percy is Fred and George. You'll have to watch out for them, they like causing trouble. I lost count of the number of letters Mum got from Professor McGonagall about them. She said they need a taste of the time Lord Slytherin was teaching and they would soon behave."

"Don't tell anyone I told you this," Harry said, "But Uncle Tom is resuming his duties as head of Slytherin and Defence Against the Dark Arts teacher, mostly to keep an eye on the offspring of Sidious' followers."

"Wicked!" Ron said, "I'm hoping the Hogwarts gamekeeper never becomes Care of Magical Creatures teacher."

"How come?" Harry asked.

"Charlie took those lessons," Ron answered, "He had regular interaction with the gamekeeper Hagrid. The book *Fantastic Beasts and Where to Find Them* is unofficially known as Hagrid's list of

potential pets. Charlie told me that Hagrid bred a colony of Acromantulas in the forest." He shuddered at the thought.

The door opened again and a blond haired boy flanked by two bigger boys appeared.

"I hear that Harry Potter is in this compartment." The boy said, "That is you, isn't it?"

"What if I am?" Harry asked, "And you would be Draco Malfoy, son of Lucius Malfoy, nephew of the coward Bellatrix Lestrangle who thought she could get away with casting the Cruciatus curse on a baby."

"My aunt was no coward Potter!" Malfoy shouted.

"I beg to differ," Harry said, "I remember every moment of that night. I'm just glad she got what was coming to her when even more cowardly Sidious' curse backfired and killed him, Lestrangle and that equally cowardly Crouch."

"This isn't the end Potter!" Malfoy threatened, "You'll get what's coming to you."

He and his two thugs left. Harry went to close the compartment door but a girl prevented it from being closed.

"Hello," she said, "I'm Hermione Granger

Harry watched the sorting. Hermione was sorted into Gryffindor. Harry saw a beautiful looking girl walk up to the stool afterwards. He would learn her name was Daphne Greengrass and he watched as she was sorted into Slytherin. Harry remembered that Riddle told him that her father was killed towards the end of the previous war and her mother had remarried a man called Marshal Greengrass and she had a half-sister due to attend Hogwarts during what would be his fourth year. Lord Slytherin had been sure to tell him about the big families and who to keep an eye out for.

"Harry Potter." McGonagall said. Harry walked up to the stool with nerves. Slytherin winked at him as he sat down and McGonagall put the hat on his head. Like Malfoy, it was barely on his head a second before announcing his house – GRYFFINDOR!

With a massive round of applause, Harry sat down at the Gryffindor table. Ron was also later sorted into Gryffindor.

"Mr. Potter – our new celebrity," Snape said, "Tell me Mr. Potter, what would I get if I added powdered root of asphodel to an infusion of wormwood?" Hermione Granger was holding her hand up, hoping to answer the question.

"A sleeping potion known as the Draught of Living Death."

"Where would you look if I asked you to find me a beazor?"

"The stomach of a goat, sir. It can protect you from most poisons." Snape observed with curiosity.

"What is the difference between monkshood and wolfsbane?" he asked

"They're the same plant and it's also called aconite," Harry replied.

"Very good Mr. Potter. It's comforting to know that someone has been reading ahead. Maybe you won't be a dunderhead after all but in order to avoid that, you all need to pay attention! Anyone messing around in my classroom will be told to leave and never return – do I make myself clear?"

"Yes Professor Snape." The class said. Snape waved his wand at the board. A recipe appeared.

"A simple potion. You have one hour."

The class went to the store cupboard and got the ingredients. Half an hour later, Snape stopped Ron.

"What were you about to do Mr. Weasley?" Snape asked.

"Put in the quills sir." Ron said.

"What was the last step and what did I put to do next?" Snape asked.

"Put in the fluxweed and then let it simmer."

"Where on those instructions did it say 'put in the quills before simmering'?"

"Nowhere sir," Ron said, "But my brother George said you always mix it up to make sure we're paying attention."

"Mr. Weasley – I would have thought that having three older brothers who frequently got O's in my class would have taught you better than those dunderhead twins. For your information, despite the good work they are capable of, they delight in exploding potions at least once every two weeks. Five points from Gryffindor for disregarding written instructions and another five points for questioning a teacher's credentials."

"I told you to let it simmer first you dingbat, but you wouldn't listen." Harry said.

"Two points to Gryffindor to attempting to prevent a disaster, Mr. Potter," Snape said, "Maybe if Mr. Weasley has any doubts or questions about Potions, he should ask Percy Weasley, or better still, it might do him good to ASK THE TEACHER. Get back to your work. Mr. Weasley – maybe you can salvage something of your potion in the time remaining."

At the end of the lesson, Snape went across the classroom to have a look at the various Potions. He took one look at Ron's potion and vanished it.

"Detention Mr. Weasley. My office tonight and you will remake this potion for me. I will not take points this time but I will not be so generous next time."

He went across the classroom again. Harry got full marks for his potion along with Hermione Granger. Harry went along to Professor Snape after the lesson was finished.

"What do you want Potter?" Snape asked.

"Sir, when I visited my family vault, I found this with instructions for it to be given to you as soon as possible. Trust me, it has not been opened – now, if I may be dismissed?"

"Very well Potter, thank you."

Harry left the room as Snape opened it and read it.

It was the end of the week and Dumbledore had called the usual staff meeting.

"So Severus, did Mr. Potter surprise you this week?" Dumbledore asked, "I remember you telling me that you were expecting him to act like James Potter."

"He did," Snape said, "He got the questions right and he also brewed a perfect potion. He also attempted to prevent a disaster when Mr. Ronald Weasley decided to believe something his brother told him over the written instructions. It surprised me as I knew Petunia Dursley hated magic and would not have allowed any such thing to be practiced, read or talked about under her roof."

"I'm to blame there Severus," Slytherin said, "A person in Mr. Potter's position needs to know the basics before attending Hogwarts and so since I took him in, I took the liberty to teach him a few things. You can't expect the Potter heir to come to Hogwarts unprepared. Severus, imagine what a scandal it would be for Lucius Malfoy if young Draco was unprepared."

"I see," Snape said, "If he continues the good work, then I can see him going far."

"Brave now you've got your morons with you now?" asked Harry.

"I can take you on anytime Potter – how about a duel tonight?" Draco asked.

Harry just looked at him. Malfoy sneered.

"Never heard of a duel Potter?" Malfoy asked, "Crabbe will be my second. Trophy Room, Midnight."

"Accept that challenge Mr. Potter," a voice began. Harry, Malfoy, Crabbe, Goyle and Ron turned and saw Lord Slytherin approaching, "and you'll be serving detention with Mr. Malfoy here in addition to the detention I'm about to give the two of you for disregarding Madam Hooch's instructions to remain on the ground. Duels between children are forbidden for a reason. Mr. Malfoy – before



curfew tonight, I want a foot long essay on why it is foolish to challenge magically powerful people to duels. If Mr. Potter can defeat a Dark Lord and two of his followers without casting a spell, think of what he could do to YOU if he did. Oh, Mr. Malfoy, you've also lost thirty house-points along with a secondary detention for stealing and attempting to destroy Mr. Longbottom's Remebrall. I will inform you when this detention has been arranged. Mr. Potter and Mr. Malfoy – before curfew tonight, I want an essay on why it is important to listen to the teacher, especially during flying lessons. No points will be deducted Mr. Potter – this time."

Defeated, Draco, Goyle and Crabbe walked towards their next class. Slytherin then took Harry aside.

"Professor McGonagall came to me about your magnificent catch of the Remebrall. She wants you to join the Gryffindor Quidditch Team and convinced Dumbledore to allow the first year rule to be bent, pending my approval."

"Harry," Ron said, "You'll be the youngest Seeker in a century!"

"While your catch was spectacular, I cannot allow you to join the team," Slytherin said, "Yet."

"How come?" Harry asked.

"You need to be trained up first," Slytherin said, "It would be irresponsible of me to allow you to join the team when you've barely rode a broom. You were lucky not to hurt yourself while riding that old Shooting Star. I will arrange the loan of a suitable broom for you and advanced flying lessons. If you do well in this training, I will allow you to join the team and will purchase a broom for you to use." He turned to Ron, "I trust you can explain the rules of Quidditch to Harry."

Lord Slytherin turned and walked away.

The following morning, Slytherin walked up to Draco.

"Ah, Mr. Malfoy – the very person I was looking for," He said, "I recall that I assigned you two essays to be given to me before curfew last night. Mr. Potter turned in his essay but I never received yours. Care to enlighten me as to why?"

"I don't have to do any punishments you issue," Malfoy said, "My father told me so."

"Your father, Mr. Malfoy, does not frighten me. Twenty points from Slytherin for disrespecting your head of house. You will do those essays before curfew tonight and if you do not, you will lose privileges. You will find out what they are if I do not receive those essays."

"My father..." Draco started but Slytherin interrupted him.

"I told you Mr. Malfoy, your father has no say in the running of this school. He does not dictate punishments. You may not realise this but as the Heir of Slytherin, I can veto all appointments regarding Hogwarts. That is why your father will never be a member of the board of governors or be a teacher here."

Draco still refused to do the essays. The whole school knew of his punishment the next day.

"Mr. Malfoy, you have lost your house another fifty points for continued disrespect. Any Slytherin students who go to Hogsmeade are not to purchase anything for Mr. Malfoy until further notice. Also, you will NEVER be Prefect or Head Boy." Slytherin said.

Reluctantly, Draco handed in his essays to Lord Slytherin that night. He was frogmarched to Slytherin's office by an older Slytherin student to make sure it was handed in. Most of the house had made sure he had done the essays – they wanted to make sure they had a chance at the House Cup.

"Thank you Miss. Greengrass (the student was the older sister of first year Daphne). Ten points to Slytherin. You may go. Mr. Malfoy will wait here." Slytherin said. Draco went to sit down as his head of house read the essays. He waved his wand and the chair vanished and Draco hit the hard floor.

"I did not invite you to sit down Mr. Malfoy." Slytherin said and continued reading the essay. Draco stood back up. "Your essays are good. I trust you won't be challenging anymore people to duels or ignoring teacher's instructions. You may leave now."

"What about the ban on students getting me things from Hogsmeade?" Draco asked.

"I think we will keep that ban on until after the Christmas holidays," Slytherin said, "I've heard many disturbing things about your behaviour and I think you should realise that there are consequences to your actions."

Draco went to leave but Slytherin had one more thing to say.

"You can report me to your father if you like, but there is nothing he can do about me," Slytherin said, "As an heir to a founder, the Ministry can't remove me from this school."

With a huff, Draco stormed off.

To Harry's surprise, Hedwig flew into the Great Hall a few days later with a note from Slytherin.

Harry,

Oliver Wood of the Griffindor Quidditch Team has offered to give you some broomstick training. Meet him on the Quidditch pitch tonight at 7 PM. He has your broom waiting for you.

Uncle Tom.

That evening, Harry walked onto the Quidditch pitch to find Oliver Wood – a fifth year standing in the centre holding two brooms.

"Over here Potter!" he said. Harry went over. Oliver passed him a broom marked Nimbus 2001.

"Lord Slytherin arranged the loan of the prototype from the Nimbus Broom Company who wanted a student to try it out before putting it on the market." Wood said, "Today, I'm supposed to be teaching you how to fly safely."

Harry got on the broom and followed the precise instructions Oliver gave him. After an hour, the two landed.

"Well Potter, that was quite good. You are a natural. Meet me here again on Friday and I'll put you through your paces again. After that, I'll try you with a bit of Seeker training."

Oliver and Harry shook hands before going their separate ways.

At that same time, Remus Lupin arrived at Hogwarts and was shown to Slytherin's office.

"Well Remus, how did it go?" Slytherin asked.

"Not good. Sirius had his appeal trial but despite all the evidence that would have cleared him, the Texas Minister of Magic decided to throw out all the evidence and declared him guilty. I'm afraid Sirius was executed an hour later," Remus said, "They disposed of his body afterwards, but I was allowed to take his personal effects. Before his execution, Sirius dictated a new will which I have with me. He named you his executor to make sure it was dealt with properly."

Sirius' will was read the following day. Harry was attending along with the Malfoy family. There was another woman there with a younger woman.

"This is the last will and testament of Sirius Black, who was executed in America three days ago." Slytherin said, "This will was dictated in the presence of the Texas Minister of Magic and the Head of the Texas Magical Rangers." He started reading, "To my cousin Narcissa Malfoy, I leave the sum of one thousand galleons. To my other cousin Andromeda Tonks, I leave the sum of ten thousand galleons and the wish I could reinstate you in the family. To her daughter Nymphadora Tonks, I also leave ten thousand galleons. The rest of my estate is left to my godson Harry Potter. This totals the final twenty thousand galleons and all my possessions and my home in Portsmouth."

"What about the main Black estate?" Mrs. Malfoy asked.

"It is in limbo until both Harry and Draco come of age. Sirius was legally the Head of House Black and it is known that he would have filed papers for Harry to take the title and estate when he comes of age. While Harry's grandmother was the sister of Artemus Black, young Draco is the great-nephew of Orion Black so we don't know who is the rightful heir. Only when they are both 17 will we find out."

A few days later, Slytherin was in his chambers reading a book, Luna was in bed fast asleep when the door knocked.

"Enter." Slytherin said waving his wand. The door opened and Lucius Malfoy came in.

"Lucius, what can I do for you?" Slytherin asked.

"Why are you treating my son like crap?" Malfoy asked.

"Do sit down first Lucius," Slytherin said. Malfoy sat down and Slytherin continued, "For a start, I have not been treating your son like crap. I have treated him like I would any other student. Like I told you when you were a student here, I do not tolerate bullies or people who steal. Tell me, what punishment would I have given out for stealing when you were at school?"

"Detention and a loss of points." Malfoy answered.

"Remind me what punishment I gave you when you gave me a load of disrespect in class over my refusal to give Purebloods better treatment over Muggle-borns?"

"You gave me two months of detention and deducted one hundred points from Slytherin. You also banned me from Hogsmeade visits for the rest of the year." Malfoy finished.

"Now, compared to those, I feel young Draco got off lightly. His punishments only increased in nature because he showed continued disrespect and refusal to do the punishments given. He actually told me that you told him that he didn't have to do any punishments I gave him. I'd like to think you didn't actually tell him that."

"I didn't tell him that. Draco's problem is that he likes to threaten people with me if he can't get his own way." Malfoy said, "You wouldn't believe the amount of my friends who told me that Draco says 'My father this', 'My father that', 'My father will'. It is not a mark of a Malfoy to hide behind one's parents if they can't get their way. If I did that involving my father, he would have spanked me for it. Sometimes I doubt he is even my son."

"Well, while he is at Hogwarts, he will learn that he can't get his own way all the time and that he cannot hide behind you. If his behaviour picks up, then he MIGHT be allowed to try out for the Slytherin Quidditch Team next year, but as I said, it all depends on his behaviour. I will ask for one thing in return from you."

"What is that?" Malfoy asked, curious.

"There are rumours going about that Sidious' followers who escaped prison are planning a comeback now Harry Potter is attending school. I know you were a spy because you didn't believe in the policy of destroying Purebloods because they liked Muggles or Muggle-borns, although you are a pro-Pureblood person. There is nothing wrong with that, everyone is entitled to their opinions even if someone else doesn't agree with them. What I ask is Lucius, is that you keep an ear open and let me know what you find out. I want to get the last of Sidious' followers where they belong – behind bars before any more innocent lives are lost." Slytherin said.

"I will do what I can." Malfoy promised before leaving.

Before we start this chapter, The Story of Harry Potter-Black will be resuming. The latest chapter has been in the works for a good while but I've received some help and ideas for this. Expect it to be uploaded in the next few weeks. There will be three new chapters to the Preview fic in the next few weeks too including a major revision to Harry Potter-Croft.

A lot of people have done their take on a Girl!Harry story and I had a few ideas in mind which wouldn't leave me, but eventually, I decided to put fingers to keys and get the idea out. Please note Hagrid gets Norbert earlier than in canon. I don't know if I will continue this into a full size fic however. Serious Ron/Molly bashing in this fic. Good Dumbledore.

### The Girl Who Lived

Elizabeth Potter scowled as her aunt and uncle got into their car and drove away. She was at King's Cross Station trying to find her way onto Platform 9 and  $\frac{3}{4}$ 's to make her way to Hogwarts. She knew they never forgave her for having their precious Dudley locked up.

For ten years, she had lived with her mother's sister's family who she recently found out despised magic. A month ago, on her eleventh birthday, a giant of a man called Hagrid had delivered a letter inviting her to attend Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry. Of course, her Aunt Petunia and Uncle Vernon declared that they didn't want her to go, but Hagrid told them that they had no choice – as the heir to a Pureblood family (Hagrid didn't explain), by law, Elizabeth had to go.

After taking her to Diagon Alley, Hagrid made it quite clear that if he got wind of any harm coming to her, he would be back. After the gentle giant gave Vernon Dursley a pig's face, which wore off after a few hours, they were afraid of what he would do to them.

Elizabeth wasn't exactly mistreated – Vernon had punched her at age 3 and it was noticed by a neighbour and it couldn't be explained away with excuses of accidents or Dudley hitting her with a toy by accident. Vernon was let off without prison time because he was under a great deal of stress with his father's death at the time but was warned that next time, the judge wouldn't be lenient. He did have to do community service and attend an anger management program. It did mean the Dursleys were to be kept an eye on and

they were. After a major child abuse case was discovered (in which it was discovered that Social Services knew but sent the child back, the Government got involved in passing new laws), the Dursleys found themselves under deeper scrutiny. No longer could Dudley bully everyone into ignoring Elizabeth and no longer could Vernon and Petunia spread lies throughout the neighbourhood. The neighbours were promised protection should they tell the truth about the Dursleys.

Elizabeth had a talent for repairing musical instruments. During one music lesson at school, she fixed a piano that had been broken for years. Impressed, her teacher brought in a few items for her to look at and she promptly fixed them. The teacher took her home one evening and showed her a collection of broken instruments he had and told her that she could have any three items she would like. Elizabeth picked out a small violin and an ocarina and was about to pick something else when she saw a mysterious looking dagger, which had buttons on its handle. She pressed one of them and a strange sound came out. On its hilt was a familiar looking symbol – she was sure she had seen it before. She took all three instruments and thanked her teacher and within a few weeks, had both violin and ocarina in working order.

She also showed a talent for playing the instruments and to the astonishment of Dudley, she won school awards for her musical talent. He got into jealous rages and during her last performance during a multi-school concert, he got up on stage with his gang and proceeded to beat the crap out of her. It took several teachers to prise them off her. Elizabeth ended up with a two black eyes, a broken nose and broken arm.

Dudley was taken into custody and was sentenced to a year in a facility for mentally disturbed children. He also had to attend anger management courses and perform community service. The same sentence was given to his gang. Vernon and Petunia were questioned – neither had known that Dudley would do what he did – they had told him for years that he was not to touch the girl. Elizabeth remained at the Dursleys as she had no other relatives (it was proven that Vernon and Petunia had nothing to do with the beating), but Vernon and Petunia were warned that there would be snap inspections without warning. It was after one such inspection that saw Vernon's sister Marge get into a lot of trouble when she set her prize pitbull dog Ripper on the girl. Because the dog gave



Elizabeth a serious bite on the leg which caused her to walk with a slight limp since, the animal was destroyed under the laws regarding dangerous animals. Marge also got a hefty fine. The Dursleys were told that they were on their last warning.

Anyhow, back to our story, Elizabeth looked out of place, in second-hand clothing, a trunk, a violin case and a cage with an owl inside. Hagrid must have forgotten to tell her how to get onto Platform 9 and  $\frac{3}{4}$ 's. She theorised that the entrance must be like Diagon Alley, but how would the entrance work in an area full of Muggles?

She sat down and a few moments later, someone stood in front of her. It was a girl with blonde hair.

"Excuse me," the girl said, "I couldn't help notice your owl and guessed you didn't know the way onto Platform 9  $\frac{3}{4}$ 's."

"I don't." Elizabeth said, "Could you help me please?"

"Sure. Just come with me." The girl said. Elizabeth followed her to her parents and who she thought was a younger sister.

"Mum, Dad," the girl said, "Could we show this new girl the way onto the platform please?"

"Sure we can." The father said, "My name is Matthew Greengrass, this is my wife Samantha. These are my daughters Daphne and Astoria."

"I'm Elizabeth Potter, but I prefer Beth." Elizabeth said.

"Its good to meet you." Mr. Greengrass said, "Now, what's this I hear about you not knowing how to get onto the platform?"

"It's true sir, my Muggle relatives don't know and Mr. Hagrid, who took me to Diagon Alley to get my school supplies forgot to tell me."

"Ah, dear old Rubeus," Mr. Greengrass said, "I remember him as Keeper of the Keys when I was at school. Kind-hearted fellow, but a bit forgetful at times. Now, see this pillar here," he said, pointing to a brick pillar in the middle of the platform, "Just take a run at it."

Both Elizabeth and Daphne ran towards the pillar at the same time and within seconds, they went through it and found themselves on Platform 9  $\frac{3}{4}$ 's. The two adults helped the two on board with their trunks and they went to find a compartment. Then Daphne went to make her farewells to her family before returning.

"So, you're the girl-who-lived." Daphne said.

"So I hear," Elizabeth answered, "I don't really have any interest in fame or that. I had enough of it at school."

"That's going to make Draco mad." Daphne said with a laugh.

"Why's that?" Elizabeth asked.

"For the past year, he's been going on about how he's going to be the best friend of the girl-who-lived. I must warn you though, he's used to getting what he wants. Dear daddy spoilt him rotten. It got to the point where my father refused to let him in our home. Anyhow, how come you had fame at Muggle school?"

Elizabeth got a small box out of her trunk and opened it. Inside were various medals and a couple of shrunken trophies.

"Do Muggles give out tiny trophies?" Daphne asked in astonishment. Elizabeth took one out along with a stick and the trophy returned to its normal size. She explained that during her trip to Diagon Alley, she decided to buy a small case in which things could be shrunk with a special wand that was included, which underage wizards could use without getting warnings for using underage magic. She wasn't taking any chances of Petunia selling the medals and trophies while she was at Hogwarts.

"I'm what people call a musical prodigy," Elizabeth said, "My school music teacher gave me some instruments and I've been winning with them for years, except for this thing."

She reshrunk the trophy and put it and the medals away and took out the musical dagger. Daphne looked on in continued astonishment.

"All I could get out of this was two tunes and nothing else." Elizabeth said.

"Do you know what you have there?" Daphne asked.

"No, what is it?" Elizabeth asked.

"That's the legendary PotterDragon Dagger!" Daphne said. She pointed out the Potter crest on the hilt.

"I found this in my teacher's garage with my violin and ocarina."

"That dagger's been lost for over a hundred years. It's rumoured that you can tame dragons with the musical tones and that the magic in that is tied to Hogwarts' itself. I'd keep that on you at all times, it can be a sign of credibility and respect." Daphne said.

Elizabeth took out a belt and put it on, sliding the dagger into a holster on it (she had it made in Diagon Alley). Daphne looked at her forehead.

"Forgive me for asking, but we heard you had a scar but its not there." She said.

"That's something you can blame my aunt for – she felt such a thing was too disgusting for a growing girl and used muggle make-up mainly designed to cover tattoos with to cover it. It pains me to agree with her, but I prefer it covered." Elizabeth asked.

"Can you play a tune for me please?" Daphne asked. Elizabeth got her ocarina out, put it to her mouth and played a tune (Epona's Song from The Legend of Zelda: Ocarina of Time). As she finished, she noticed another girl standing at the door.

"Elizabeth Potter?" the girl asked, "I'm Hermione Granger – we met at that concert contest last year – you beat me hands down with that rendition of Mars – The Bringer of War!"

Elizabeth suddenly remembered that contest – her school joined others and the contest was held at the Royal Albert Hall. She and Hermione Granger were in the finals only for Elizabeth to win. It was the same concert which Dudley had stormed the stage with his gang after she won. Hermione had won second place.

"Wasn't it your cousin who stormed the stage and..." Hermione began and Elizabeth made motions for Hermione to keep quiet.

"I never thought I'd see you here. I saw your name in some additional books I got for background reading but thought it was a coincidence. Of course I didn't know I could do magic until I got my letter." Hermione continued and talked non-stop for five minutes.

"Calm down!" Elizabeth said. Hermione stopped talking, "You're going to talk yourself into a panic. You nearly did that at the concert."

"Hermione – there's no reason why you shouldn't do well," Daphne said, "A lot of people are going into Hogwarts not knowing any spells. Officially, all students begin not knowing any. But there are those families that will teach their children spells, mostly nasty hexes."

"How can they practice? Hagrid said you're not to do magic out of school until you finish." Elizabeth asked.

"It's not commonly known," Daphne answered, "But in Pureblood houses, there is no way to tell who is casting the spells. This gives Pureblood children an unfair advantage."

"That's not right!" Hermione exclaimed.

"Since Lucius Malfoy bribed his way out of prison, things haven't been going well for Muggleborns. I don't know much myself, but I'll get my father to mail you some things that will help you in research." Daphne promised. She then turned to Elizabeth. "What did Hermione mean when she asked if it was your cousin who stormed the stage at the concert you two played at?"

Elizabeth looked down, Hermione looked at her. "Elizabeth – we'll have to tell her. You know as well as I do it was in the newspapers. If you or I don't tell her, then she could get her father to find a copy of the paper."

Elizabeth didn't answer. She still felt ashamed about the whole thing. Hermione decided to answer for her.

"After she was announced the winner, her cousin Dudley stormed the stage with his gang and proceeded to beat her up. It took eight teachers to get them off her."

"That's disgraceful!" Daphne said in horror, "I hope he was punished for it."

"According to the papers, they sentenced him to one year in a special facility." Hermione answered.

"My school expelled him over the incident which really tarnished the school's good name. Do you know why you've never seen me at an interschool concert contest since?" Elizabeth asked.

"I thought you were ill or something," Hermione said, "After we met at that one at the Albert Hall, I looked you up and discovered you won all sorts of medals and trophies."

"Dudley and his gang caused that much trouble, the school got permanently excluded from all events in future." Elizabeth said.

The door opened and a blond boy with two others were standing there.

"I hear Elizabeth Potter is on this train. I suppose its you." The lead boy said. Elizabeth recognised him from Madam Malkin's as the one who sprouted trash about Muggleborns should not be allowed to attend Hogwarts in addition to being very rude about Hagrid.

"So what if I am? Are you a music lover or one of these Girl-Who-Lived fanboys?" Elizabeth asked.

"Music lover? What are you on about? My name is Malfoy, Draco Malfoy. Greengrass I can understand, she's a pureblood, although not from as old a family as the Malfoys, but this girl, I've never seen her about so she must be a Mudblood." Daphne looked horrified when Malfoy mentioned the word.

"You need the connections if you're going to get on in this world Potter," Malfoy said. Elizabeth was reminded of Dudley. "I can help you there if you like."

"Why would Elizabeth need help getting anywhere?" Daphne asked, "You of all people should know who the Potters are descended from and that they are an even older family than the Malfoys."

"Thank you for your very kind offer Draco," Elizabeth said, "But if I'm to get anywhere, I want it to be on my own talents, not because of my name or what I supposedly did. But since one of my friends is a Muggleborn and my own mother was one, I don't think we're going to get along."

"Think about it, as a half-blood, you might need someone like me." Draco said. No-one had noticed a boy with red hair approaching.

"Why should the girl-who-lived be friends with a Malfoy?" he asked. Everyone turned to him.

"Let's see here," Malfoy said, "Red hair, freckles, hand-me-down robes – you must be a Weasley."

"Ron Weasley at your service." The boy said, "As I said, why would you want to be friends with him? I can show you the right path to walk down, introduce you to the right people."

"Excuse me before I interrupt what could be an amusing punch-up," Elizabeth said, "I pick my own friends, not those who decide they want to be my friends. Now, why don't you two go away before you embarrass yourselves."

Ron, Malfoy and his two goons quickly left.

"Whatever house those two end up, I hope I'm not in it." Elizabeth said.

"What's a Mudblood?" Hermione asked.

"It's a dirty name for a Muggleborn." Daphne said, "Elizabeth – do you know who the Potters are descended from?"

"The only thing I know about my family is that my mother and her sister – a Muggle - never got on after she began at Hogwarts, I look like my mother although apparently my hair is untameable like my father's and they were Head Boy and Girl. This much Hagrid told me."

"I heard they were descendants of a family called Pervelle." Daphne finished.

"Let's make a pact," Elizabeth said, "Whatever house we're in, we'll be friends no matter what."

"Friends no matter what." Both Daphne and Hermione agreed.

GWL

Dumbledore was sitting in his office pondering on things. Hagrid had told him some interesting things about the Dursleys, including the fact that their son was locked up in some special facility after he beat Elizabeth up in public. He had done some checking and found her in several Muggle newspapers, showing her achieving fame over her musical skills and saw the article which involved Dudley. He began to wonder if he did the right thing putting her with Petunia, he knew she hated magic.

To be on the safe side, he'd make sure Elizabeth had a full check-up with Madam Pomfrey. Pending the results of that, he might have to see Petunia for himself. He also had a heated debate with Severus Snape earlier that day, warning him not to pick on Elizabeth just because of his grudge with James Potter.

"So, you're saying Albus," Snape said, "You want me to treat her like royalty?"

"No Severus," Dumbledore answered, "Treat her like any normal person, just don't bear a grudge against her just because of who her father is – you can't blame her for what James Potter did to you at school. Just no unfair punishments. I've managed to keep you here so long, but if the Girl-Who-Lives makes an official complaint, people will be walking over each other to listen and do something."

GWL

A few hours later was the sorting. Hermione was first. She sat down on the stool as Professor McGonagall put the Sorting Hat on her head. It made its decision very quickly and made Hermione a Ravenclaw. It was Daphne's turn next and she sat on the stool. It also placed her in Ravenclaw. A few minutes later, Elizabeth saw a

boy called Neville Longbottom being sorted into Gryffindor and then Draco Malfoy. He was sorted into Slytherin in moments. Other students were sorted until it was Elizabeth's turn. As she walked to the stool, people stared at her. The sorting took a bit longer than usual, but eventually, it announced that Elizabeth was also a Ravenclaw. Eventually, Ron Weasley was sorted. She could swear the hat was going to say Slytherin but said Gryffindor in the end.

GWL

The following morning, Professor Flitwick came into the Common Room to announce to the First Years that they were to have a medical. He told them that it was to make sure of accurate medical records so they knew what problems to keep an eye out on. At the same time, Professors Snape and Sprout were telling their students the same thing.

Daphne, Hermione and Elizabeth all went in together. The first two were given a clean bill of health. Elizabeth in the meantime was ruled too thin. Poppy Pomfrey mostly dismissed it as Potter genes as James Potter was rather skinny at the same age. But Pomfrey did tell Elizabeth to take some potions to help keep her weight right as the other reason for her skinniness was that the Dursleys barely fed her. She did have to correct Elizabeth's glasses – the Dursleys had brought her ones which didn't match what she needed. Madam Pomfrey also noticed the serious dog bite on Elizabeth's leg and rubbed some gel into the wound to help it.

GWL

Dumbledore went to the Dursley residence the following day. He managed to 'convince' Petunia to let him in and allowed her and Vernon to express all their true feelings regarding Elizabeth instead of a show they did for Social Services. Petunia actually wanted to throw her out after Dudley was locked away but Vernon talked her out of it, then the woman wanted to sell Elizabeth's musical instruments but again Vernon talked her out of it – he pointed out that Social Services were keeping a close eye on them following Dudley's actions and if they threw her out, then there would be action against them and if they sold Elizabeth's prized possessions without her consent, not only would Social Services be on their backs, the police might get involved for criminal theft.



Dumbledore then suggested a solution that would satisfy both parties. During the course of the year, he would find new guardians for Elizabeth and as soon as suitable guardians were found, a change of guardianship would be arranged. Social Services would have to approve the new guardians but once it had been dealt with, Elizabeth would be out of their lives forever. Vernon and Petunia were quick to agree to it – the papers would be delivered to deal with it. After Dumbledore left, they began to see greed.

GTW

A seventh year student walked up to Elizabeth.

"A lot of us have noticed when not in school robes, you're wearing male clothing which is too big for you," she said.

"It's my cousin's clothes – my aunt and uncle refuse to buy me any of my own and instead give me clothes that my cousin has finished with." Elizabeth said.

"You're not doing any favours to House Potter dressed like that." The student said, "If you give me your measurements, I'll sort out some better clothing during the Hogsmeade visit."

"Hogsmeade?" Elizabeth asked.

"That's the village just near here. On certain weekends, third years and above are permitted to go there." The student answered.

"Why do you want to do this for me?" Elizabeth asked.

"Because helping a fellow student is the right thing to do." was the answer.

"Thank you."

GTW

"We will now be learning the levitation charm. Remember the swish-and-flick motion and the charm Wingardium Leviosa." Professor Flitwick said.

Everyone started practicing the motions and the words, then Flitwick set them to work on getting a feather to float. Elizabeth (who was paired up with Gryffindor Neville Longbottom) managed to get hers to float first time and was helping Neville get his to float saw Ron Weasley on the other side of the table being very rude to Hermione.

GWL

After the lesson finished, Ron walked away with two other Gryffindors.

"She's a nightmare, really! It's no wonder she doesn't have any friends, bloody Mudblood." He said. Hermione stormed past him. Suddenly, he felt a sharp stinging pain on his face – Elizabeth had given him a sharp slap across the face.

"That was uncalled for Weasley!" Elizabeth said, "All she was doing was trying to help you but you just seem to throw help back in her face. I tell you, the next time you see her, you will apologize."

Elizabeth walked in the direction Hermione went in.

GWL

Later on, in the girls toilets, Elizabeth managed to calm Hermione down and convince her to not let Ron win and go down to the Great Hall. Suddenly, grunting could be heard. Elizabeth looked around the corner and saw a troll walking through the door.

She grabbed Hermione's hand and led her away quietly while the troll was looking in another direction.

"What was that?" Hermione asked.

"I don't know but I think we'd better find a teacher!" Elizabeth said, locking the door.

They didn't have long to wait until they bumped into Professor Flitwick.

"What are you two doing here? The Headmaster said for all students to return to their common rooms while the troll was being dealt with." He said.

"Professor, we didn't know about a troll but there is something in the girls toilets back that way – we managed to creep past it and lock it in but I don't know how long that door will last." Elizabeth said.

"Very well, return to the common room at once and after the teachers and I deal with the troll, we'll have a word about why you disregarded the Headmaster's instructions." Flitwick said.

GWL

An hour later, Elizabeth and Hermione were summoned to Flitwick's office. Professors Dumbledore and McGonagall were there with Flitwick.

"Now, Filius tells us you weren't in the common room following the announcement of the troll." Dumbledore said, "We would like to know why."

"Professor, following today's Charms lesson, Ronald Weasley called Hermione a 'mudblood' in front of several witnesses just because she tried to help him do the Levitation charm since he was having trouble doing it and she had managed it just fine," Elizabeth said, "Hermione ran into the girls toilets crying and I went in to calm her down. We were about to go to the hall for the feast when the troll came in, although we had no idea what it was. We managed to slip away and went to find a Professor when we bumped into Professor Flitwick."

"Well Filius, they are in your house." McGonagall said, "Rest assured Miss. Granger, this incident will be investigated and if anyone else can confirm Mr. Weasley's statements, he will be punished."

"There will be no punishment, there is no rule that students have to attend the Halloween feast. Ten points will be awarded each for alerting me to the whereabouts of the troll. Your father, Miss. Potter would have tried to take on the troll. You may go now." Flitwick said.

"Thank you sir." Both Hermione and Elizabeth said before leaving.

GWL

The following day saw Dumbledore returning to the Dursley residence with representatives of both Muggle and Magical Social Services to sign the papers authorising the change in guardianship. The Dursley solicitor was there to help the interests of the Dursley family.

"We have a few conditions before we sign anything." Vernon said.

"Which are?" a social worker asked.

"She apologizes and compensates Dudley for getting him locked up," Petunia began, "Secondly, we know James Potter left a sizeable estate for the girl to claim when she comes of age – we want it all, we are aware she has a trust fund to see her through that private school she now goes to and from which the money from her concert winnings goes into – we want all that, we want overall control over her concert appearances, we want all the money she makes from now until the day she stops attending concerts and finally, we want her out of that private school."

The social workers looked at each other as to discuss things but Dumbledore stepped in first.

"You don't have a legal leg to stand on Mrs. Dursley," Dumbledore said, "You were given a very reasonable allowance of two thousand pounds from the Potter estate to provide for all Elizabeth's needs and it is clear that you used none of that for her but your own son."

The first social worker stepped in next. "I agree with Mr. Dumbledore," she said, "You are just showing greed."

"Dudley's needs are greater than that freak's!" Petunia snapped, "By having to raise her, she took money we needed to provide for Dudley!"

"It seems Dudley's needs were well cared for with Mr. Dursley's wages." Dumbledore said, "What about that time he attacked Elizabeth after that concert?"

"It was self defence." Petunia argued.

"Your son physically attacked your niece in front of several witnesses without reason or provocation when she was collecting a trophy..." the social worker began.

"She embarrassed him by performing at that event and winning. She shows him and this family up by doing better than him at school." Petunia said.

"Maybe your son should pay more attention to his studies," The social worker countered.

Dumbledore stood in. "Apart from being Elizabeth's headmaster, I am also the family solicitor who has represented the interests of the Potter family for the past sixty years. There is plenty of evidence to show that if Elizabeth sues you for the return of the money that should have been spent on her. You should also be reminded of the fact that James Potter brought this house so the two of you would not be raising your son on the streets and with his death, this house belongs to her. Now, you sign these papers and I will try to convince Elizabeth to sign the house over to you. You must realise that she has enough grounds to sue you, ranging from the theft and destruction of her mail, treating her like a slave, illegally spending her maintenance money on your son among other things."

The Dursley's solicitor stepped in. "I have told my clients that their interests would be served by signing the papers. They might have got away with the destruction of the mail had they not contacted the Royal Mail and practically admitted it. I have informed them that people who mistreat children are not treated well in prison. I have also told them that they have no legal standing involving Miss. Potter's money, I myself signed the papers ten years ago confirming they were aware of the allowance provided to them to provide for her needs and it is evident that it was not done so."

The Dursleys realised they had no choice but to sign the papers involving guardianship.

GWL

The consequences for Ron's actions the previous day were known in the evening. He had lost a total of thirty points for using the 'Mudblood' term and a detention for being the cause of Elizabeth and Hermione being in the girls toilets during an emergency. Ron

argued that he didn't tell them to go in there and miss Quirril's announcement but McGonagall argued back that if he didn't call Hermione a 'word-she-refused-to-mention-more-than-once', they wouldn't have been there. McGonagall also told him that she would be informing his mother about the whole episode.

After he was dismissed, he ran straight to the Owlery and wrote a quick letter with his version of events.

GWL

That evening, Elizabeth was summoned to see Dumbledore. He explained everything that happened and how she was the owner of 4 Privet Drive.

"Let them have it," Elizabeth told him, "I don't want to set foot in there ever again. But there will be a price - £10,000 which will be donated to the local children's home."

"I will sort out what I can." Dumbledore promised.

GWL

The following day, an owl flew into the Great Hall and dropped a red letter in front of Elizabeth.

"Oh oh, that's a Howler." Daphne said, "Who would be sending you one?"

Before anyone could do anything, the letter exploded and a very loud female voice could be heard.

ELIZABETH POTTER! HOW DARE YOU SPREAD LIES THAT GOT MY RONNIE INTO TROUBLE!

On the Gryffindor table, Percy Weasley suddenly went red and Fred and George were pretending they didn't know who had sent the Howler.

I PROMISED RON BEFORE HE STARTED SCHOOL THAT YOU WOULD BE HIS BEST FRIEND AND LATER ON HIS GIRLFRIEND AND I AM NOT SOMEONE WHO BREAKS A PROMISE TO MY CHILDREN.

YOU NEED TO LEARN TO RESPECT YOUR BETTERS AND FOR THE CHRISTMAS HOLIDAYS, I WILL BE ARRANGING FOR YOU TO COME TO THE BURROW WHERE YOU WILL LEARN SOME MANNERS AND TO RESPECT THE PERSON WHO WILL BECOME YOUR HUSBAND AND HIS FAMILY AFTER THE TWO OF YOU FINISH HOGWARTS!

FIRST OF ALL, I WILL BE OWLING MCGONAGALL TO ARRANGE YOUR RE-SORTING INTO GRYFFINDOR...

What else Molly Weasley had to say was drowned out as Elizabeth pored a jug of water over it and extinguished it.

"Who is she to say I will be Weasley's best friend, girlfriend and wife?" Elizabeth said, "I wouldn't have that moron as any of them."

"Looks like McGonagall is all set to go mad." Hermione said. The trio looked and saw McGonagall with a letter which had been delivered by the same owl. She looked as if she was prepared to give Molly Weasley a piece of her mind.

Then a few minutes later, she walked over to the Ravenclaw table.

"Rest assured Miss. Potter, I will be having a few words with Molly Weasley about this," she said, "She has no power to order a resorting for anyone else. Nor can she force you to be Ronald Weasley's best friend, girlfriend or wife or can she force you to spend holidays at the Burrow. I will be ensuring you get a full apology for this."

Percy along with Fred and George apologized that same day, they had no idea that their mother was going to do something like that and that they supported her in her refusal to have anything to do with Ron. In fact, following him calling Hermione a 'Mudblood', she refused to speak to him or be paired up with him in any lessons. Personally, the staff members didn't blame her.

GWL

The trio walked through the grounds. It was a weekend and Elizabeth and Daphne had talked Hermione out of doing homework for an hour or two. The trio turned to see Hagrid's hut, thinking of

going to say hello when they saw it on fire. The door burned down and a small dragon came out of it. Hagrid was chasing it, ignoring his burning house.

"Go and get help!" Elizabeth said, "I'll sort things out here."

She took the musical dagger off her belt and put the hole to her mouth and started to play a tune as Hermione ran off. The dragon stopped in its tracks.

McGonagall and Flitwick came over as Elizabeth used her dagger to instruct the dragon to move out of the way. The two teachers used water charms to put the flames out.

"We sent Miss. Granger to the owlry to get a couple of dragon experts from the Ministry." McGonagall explained.

Elizabeth played another tune and it made the dragon go to sleep.

"That should buy some time." McGonagall said, "May I ask what that is?"

"Minerva," Flitwick said, "That is the legendary Potter Dragon Dagger. I've heard about its ability to tame dragons. But I thought it was lost."

"Well, it seems Miss. Potter managed to find it, although I'd love to know how, but we have more important matters to attend to."

Within an hour, dragon handlers had come and taken the dragon away. McGonagall tuned to the trio.

"Well, I think Miss. Potter deserves thirty points for keeping the dragon under control and Miss. Greengrass and Miss. Granger deserve twenty points each for their part in the matter, don't you think Filius?"

Flitwick agreed with them. Dumbledore was now on the scene and he and McGonagall went over to Hagrid.

GWL



Hagrid was still around the following day, but Dumbledore and McGonagall had given him a firm talking-to.

GWL

Two weeks before the Christmas holidays, Professor Flitwick came into the common room to take down names of those who would be staying in the castle over the holidays.

"Beth," Daphne asked her best friend, "What were you planning for Christmas?"

"Stay here. At least I'm wanted here." Elizabeth said and made to go to Flitwick.

"Beth!" Daphne shouted. Elizabeth stopped. "My family have invited you to spend Christmas with us." Flitwick walked over to them.

"Have you told Miss. Potter about your family's invitation?" he asked. Elizabeth looked at him. "They contacted myself and the Headmaster last week and made the arrangements."

"I accept then thank you." Elizabeth said.

GWL

Elizabeth, Daphne and Hermione stepped off the train to find the Greengrass family waiting for them.

"Thank you for inviting me for Christmas." Elizabeth told them.

"That's no problem dear." Mrs. Greengrass said.

From the corner of her eye, Elizabeth saw Molly Weasley approaching. McGonagall had shown a picture of her to Elizabeth so she knew who to watch out for. Mrs. Weasley grabbed Elizabeth and started to pull her away.

"Excuse me Mrs. Weasley," Elizabeth said, "What are you doing?"

"Don't you forget your place young lady – I said you were spending Christmas at the Burrow with us – you will learn to respect your betters and if I have to keep you at my home to do so, so be it."

The next few moments were a surprise to everyone as Elizabeth used her free hand to slap Mrs. Weasley across the face. Stunned, the adult witch released the girl.

"How dare you strike me! I can have you arrested for this." She said. Mr. Greengrass stepped forward and grabbed her hand as she went to strike Elizabeth.

"I suggest you collect your children and go," he said, "Elizabeth has been invited to spend Christmas with us and it has been cleared with Dumbledore, McGonagall and her head of house. If you persist in this harassment, then I will help her file charges against you. I have been informed about that Howler you sent her and I know about what your son has been up to. If Elizabeth does NOT want to know your son, then that is her business, not yours."

Mrs. Weasley knew she was beaten for the time being. Mr. Greengrass let go and she moved away.

GWL

On the first day of the holidays, Draco Malfoy went to his father.

"Father," he began, "I know of a way to get a lot of money and more votes. Convince the Minister to sign a marriage contract between myself and Elizabeth Potter. As her guardians are Muggles, the Minister has the power to sign these things, you taught me so yourself."

"You have a good idea there Draco." Lucius Malfoy answered. He would ask Fudge about it after Christmas.

GWL

That same day, Elizabeth came into the kitchen to find Dumbledore in there talking to the Greengrass parents.

"Ah Elizabeth, the very girl," Mrs. Greengrass said, calling the girl over, "We have a few things to talk to you about."

Elizabeth walked over and sat down.

"We know of the way your relatives have treated you, especially since your cousin got locked up," Dumbledore said, "If I had known about this, I would have had you removed long ago. I've had a talk with them and to cut a long story short, I promised them I'd find you a new home."

What Dumbledore didn't tell her that he met Dudley on a return visit to the Dursleys to arrange their signatures on the final paperwork involving the house and from what he could tell from the boy's thoughts, if Elizabeth went back there for the Summer holidays, they would be burying her by the end of the first week. He also didn't say that the Dursley's refused to pay for the house, but Dumbledore arranged for the transfer of the house to the Dursleys and paid the requested sum from his own accounts.

"That's where we come in," Mr. Greengrass added, "Albus approached us a month ago. We were unsure at first – for all we knew, if word of this got out, then some high-up Pureblood might try to fight for you but Albus confirmed that all the papers were drafted up and approved by both Muggle and Magical authorities. The Dursleys had signed it and all it awaits now is our signatures. Would you like to stay with us?"

Elizabeth thought about it for a minute. "I'd love too thank you."

Mr. and Mrs. Greengrass signed the papers and with flash, they were filed.

"This will also help you ensure legal protection against Mrs. Weasley," Dumbledore said, "Rest assured, I have had words with her and told her that this sort of behaviour will not be tolerated and any further harassment will result in criminal charges being filed against her. I have petitioned for a restraining order and have been awarded it on your behalf. If she sends you any letters or Howlers, then she can be brought up on charges."

GWL

Elizabeth picked up a present and opened it. Looking at it, she noticed it was a book of sheet music. There were two titles on it – Waltz for the Moon and Eyes on Me. She flipped through it before noticing a note. She took it and read it – it was from her old music teacher. He had found out that Elizabeth had been removed from

the Dursleys and had asked Social Services to forward a gift from him. He had been cleared after a background check and was confirmed by his fellow staff members to be completely honest and was as much of a friend to Elizabeth as he could be, considering his profession and had encouraged her to explore her musical talent.

GWL

On New Year's Eve, an owl delivered a letter to Lucius Malfoy. It informed him that Elizabeth Potter's legal guardians in both the Muggle and Wizarding Worlds were no longer Muggles, but the Greengrass family. Lucius cursed for a few minutes, knowing that the Greengrasses were against marriage contracts and had resisted all efforts for ones to be signed involving their family for centuries.

GWL

At the Burrow, Molly Weasley received a similar letter but she had tried to file for guardianship. It told her that her request was being refused and that she was now subject to a restraining order forbidding her from making contact with Elizabeth. It also hinted that her husband might lose his job if the harassment continued.

GWL

Flitwick walked up to Elizabeth as the girl ate her breakfast.

"Miss. Potter, I would like to see you in my office after breakfast please." He said.

Ten minutes later, the two were in Flitwick's office – also there was Professors McGonagall and Snape along with Ron, Draco and Neville Longbottom.

"An interesting story came about last night," McGonagall said, "I caught Mr. Malfoy near the astronomy tower and he claimed you were up there with a dragon. I also caught Mr. Weasley hiding behind a suit of armour in the same area. If he hadn't started laughing when I gave Mr. Malfoy detention and deducted points, he would have escaped. Then I found Mr. Longbottom and he said he was trying to warn you that Mr. Malfoy knew about this dragon."

"Well Professor," Elizabeth said, "I don't know anything about any dragons. The last dragon I saw was the one Hagrid had and that was enough."

"Then why did Mr. Malfoy have a letter addressed to you saying that if you took this dragon to the Astronomy Tower, then it would be taken away before any trouble could be caused?" McGonagall asked.

"I don't know what letter this is but I've not received any letters about dragons, the last letter I got was from Mr. Greengrass which was sent to him by my old music teacher," Elizabeth said, "I don't receive letters except for the occasional one from the Greengrass family."

"That much is true Minevra," Flitwick said.

"It is obvious the girl is lying," Snape said, "I request that all her letters be checked and in future, she be subject to a mail blocking charm and her owl destroyed since it is obvious that she is abusing this privilege."

"You so much as attempt to cast a single spell on my owl," Elizabeth said, "and I will walk out of this school and never return."

"Things don't need to go that far Miss. Potter," McGonagall said, "But we do need to establish the truth. Would you object to myself or Professor Flitwick checking your existing mail?"

"Only if either one of you checks, not Professor Snape." Elizabeth said.

Flitwick went with Elizabeth to the Ravenclaw Tower where she collected all her mail, which wasn't much. They went back to McGonagall's office where it was all checked.

"Do you know whose handwriting this is?" McGonagall asked, showing Elizabeth the letter Malfoy had.

Elizabeth looked at it. "That looks like Ron Weasley's handwriting. But he should know that he and his mother are subject to that restraining order."

McGonagall looked at Ron. "What is going on Mr. Weasley – can't you and your mother leave the poor girl alone?"

It took another minute of McGonagall's glare before Ron admitted everything. There was no dragon, the letter was a fake and was planted for Malfoy to find. Ron said out loud that he had a letter to pass onto Elizabeth and dropped it, knowing Malfoy was nearby. He told McGonagall that it was hoped the episode would cause so much trouble, Molly Weasley would use it to prove the Greengrass family were unsuitable guardians and custody would be transferred to the Weasleys.

Neville then said that he heard Malfoy talking about the letter to friends of his and was determined to try and keep Elizabeth out of trouble.

"The punishments will be as follows," McGonagall said, "Mr. Weasley – you have already lost fifty points for being out after curfew and you will serve a detention. You will also lose an addition thirty points for making up stories to get fellow students into trouble. Mr. Malfoy, you will also lose fifty points and serve a detention for being out after curfew. Mr. Longbottom, while your actions were honourable, you too were out after curfew. But you will only lose twenty points and no detention will be served. Miss. Potter, there will be no punishment."

GWL

"I'm sure you've been hearing rumours about Elizabeth Potter's musical talents," Dumbledore said, "so at great expense, namely a chance to prank a certain person without punishment, I give you Elizabeth Potter!"

Elizabeth took her violin out and started to play. Then, to everyone's surprise, she started to sing.

Half-way through the song, Ron Weasley got up and walked up. He snatched the violin out of her hands and before anyone could stop him, he broke it in two.

"As your future husband," he said as the staff approached, "I order you to stop." He pulled out his wand.

"You don't own me Weasley, now sit yourself back down before I press charges." Elizabeth said, taking out her wand.

Ron took it and pocketed it and began to cast a spell. Without thinking, Elizabeth took her dagger out of its holder and made a couple of swiping motions. As people watched, Ron's wand broke in two and then he fell back towards the house tables. She put the dagger back and went over to the younger Weasley and took her wand back. She turned to Fred, George and Percy.

"I don't know if we'll be able to be friends anymore," Elizabeth said, "Because I intend for that scumbag brother of yours to pay for what he's done."

She walked back to the stool she was sitting on and picked up the remains of the violin. As she did, the staff members saw as the girl looked as she was about to burst into tears. McGonagall went to Ron. There was a huge bruise on his face.

"I demand you expel her – she struck me and broke my wand!" he ordered.

"I do not take orders from you Weasley," McGonagall said, "You were warned to leave her alone. One hundred points from Gryffindor for this continued harassment." She turned to the other Weasleys, who were going bright red, "I do not blame you for Ronald's actions." She turned back to Ron, "Assuming your marks allow you to return next year, you will be on strict probation. If it wasn't for the fact term ends tomorrow, I'd suspend you here and now!"

Elizabeth threw the remains of the violin aside and ran out of the hall. It was virtually destroyed, in far worse shape it was in when it was given to her. Most of the students glared at Ron, even Draco Malfoy. But he was seeing a chance to get in Elizabeth's good graces. Ron decided to leave the hall and as he did the walk of shame, everyone booed him.

GWL

Ron made his way to the owlery. He decided to send a letter to his mother telling her his version of events and to take Elizabeth's owl so he could control who she sent mail too. But upon arriving at the owlery, he saw Hedwig wasn't there.

GWL

It was announced that Ron's continued harassment of Elizabeth caused Gryffindor to lose the house cup. Everyone on that table looked at Ron with evil in their faces, with the promise that he would pay for all the points he lost.

GWL

Elizabeth, Daphne and Hermione got off the Hogwarts Express after it arrived at King's Cross.

"Well, that's our first year complete," Elizabeth said, "Let's hope the next six years will prove just as fun and eventful."

The trio walked towards the Greengrass family. But as they did so, Molly Weasley stormed over.

"HOW DARE YOU STRIKE RONALD! HOW DARE YOU BREAK HIS WAND!" were the only words that could be heard as Molly Weasley went into a right tirade about the way Elizabeth was treating her precious son.

"Leave her alone!" Astoria Greengrass said, standing in front of Elizabeth. Without a second thought, Mrs. Weasley slapped the girl so hard, she fell over and hit her head. The Greengrass parents stormed over as Mrs. Weasley was trying to drag Elizabeth away. Hermione and Daphne had tried to help her but she dismissed their help.

"Let go of me otherwise you will be sorry." Elizabeth said. Mrs. Weasley then slapped Elizabeth across the face several times. The girl took her dagger and hit Mrs. Weasley across the face with it, making the woman stumble back.

"This is your last warning," Elizabeth said, "Leave me alone. If it's not bad enough you keep trying to force me to go home with you and be your idiot son's girlfriend, he has to go and destroy things that belong to other people."

Mrs. Weasley went purple but before she could lunge at Elizabeth again, she was grabbed by two people.



"Molly Weasley," the man said, "Auror Shacklebolt. You are aware there is a restraining order against you making contact with Elizabeth Potter and now you've been witnessed striking children."

"Arrest her – she struck a pureblood." Mrs. Weasley said.

"We saw everything," Shacklebolt said, "She hit you in self defence. I'm afraid you're going to have to come with us."

GWL

The following day, Elizabeth took the remains of her violin out of her trunk. Professor Flitwick had returned it to her before the students left for the holidays with the worse damage to the wood repaired. She also took out her tool kit (given to her by the music teacher) and began to repair the rest of the damage.

She noted that most of the strings were damaged beyond repair – she would have to replace them. She'd have to ask one of the Greengrass parents to take her into a Muggle town to buy some.

She felt bad when she heard what the consequences for Molly Weasley's actions were. As a result, she was in prison for assault and violating restraining orders, although that didn't bother Elizabeth. Ron was expelled by the Hogwarts Board of Governors and that didn't bother her either. What did bother her was that Arthur Weasley had lost his job even though it was proven that he had nothing to do with his wife's actions and knew nothing of her later actions either although he did warn her to abide by the restraining order.

Elizabeth sent a letter to Minister Fudge, urging him to reinstate Mr. Weasley but she hadn't had a reply yet.

I know there are fans of my work who don't like Girl!Harry stories, so I would like to ask if there is anyone who would like this to continue, please let me know. If you don't, don't feel afraid to say.

Not all canon events are included here but if it was to continue, what do you think should happen? Should Elizabeth get the invisibility cloak? Should Dobby try to stop her returning to Hogwarts?

I never expected a massive response to the Girl Who Lived chapter, especially from those who don't like Girl!Harry stories. Well, it's going to be upgraded to full story status and don't worry, she won't be paired with Ron or Draco or any of the males anyone else use.

Here's a new version with new material and ideas used. The Tomb Raider movie universe is used here although Cradle of Life may be disregarded and dates and years mentioned in the film are different.

## HARRY POTTER-CROFT

Lara Croft was speeding down the busy London streets on her favourite motorcycle. She had gotten back from a trip to Egypt only to find her computer expert employee Bryce with a letter from a London solicitor informing her of the will reading of her cousin Lily Potter-Evans in two hours time.

She made it to the offices with five minutes to spare and knocked on the door. She was shown in and sat down. Looking around, she realised she was not the only person out of place – she was still in the dust and dirt covered clothing she returned home in – she had not had the time to wash or change. She could see people in what looked like weird clothing.

"Now that Lady Croft is here, we can commence with the reading." The solicitor said, sorting through some papers. "For the benefit of Lady Croft, who might not know what is going on, three days ago, on October 31st, 2001, James and Lily Potter were murdered in their home by the terrorist Tom Riddle. However, his attempt to murder their baby son Harry was foiled when a small explosive device he had on his person detonated prematurely." He began to read.

This is the last will of Lily Potter-Evans. I am of sound mind and body as I write this.

First of all, to sort out the custody of my son Harry. On discussion with my husband James Potter, we have decided to award custody of Harry to my cousin Lady Lara Croft. She has a good home and is able to give him a good upbringing. To those friends of James' who will wonder who Lara is, here is a brief biography. Lara is the daughter of my aunt Samantha Evans and my uncle Lord Richard Croft.

Harry is not to be sent to my sister Petunia Dursley under ANY circumstances.

I leave the sum of £5 million to various children's charities, to be distributed under the discretion of my solicitor.

Lara, the Potter family is extremely wealthy, I'd say wealthier than your father's family. Harry will gain access to it when he is 18 so I ask that you help keep it safe for him. There will be a trust fund to get him through Hogwarts. You know how to get to Diagon Alley – whenever the time is right, I hope you will contact one of the people I told you about to help you.

A man with very long white hair and a beard stood up. "What do you know of Hogwarts, Lady Croft?"

"I know it is a school of magic that Lily attended during her teenage years. That's where she met James Potter. I understand this solicitor has full knowledge of your world." Lara said. She turned to the solicitor. "Where is little Harry?"

"I do not know Lady Croft – Professor Dumbledore was supposed to bring him today."

Everyone turned to Professor Dumbledore. "He is with Vernon and Petunia Dursley."

"You left him with those two?" Lara shouted, "Surely you must know what those two are like, and what they'll do to Harry?"

"Yes, I do know. I was hoping you would not get here in time."

Lara reached onto the desk of the solicitor and turned over a phone. She dialled a number on it.

"Hillary – get a car and meet me at Number 4, Privet Drive, Little Winging, Surrey."

Everyone listened as a voice could be heard on the other side of the conversation.

"Look it up on the map," Lara shouted, "and ask that niece of yours to pop into town and get supplies for a one year old boy."

There was more talk that could be heard. "Tell her I'll explain when I return. Oh, Hillary, make sure she has none of her boyfriends in the manor."

Lara hung up the phone. Dumbledore put his wand away before she could see him.

"May I ask who this Hillary is?" he asked.

"My staff." Lara said, signing the papers transferring guardianship of Harry over to her.

"You're not married?" Dumbledore asked.

"No and I don't intend to get married for a long time." Lara answered.

"Lara Croft – are you Lara Croft, the Tomb Raider?" he continued.

"The very same – you know of me?" she asked.

"I've read some of your published works and brought some of the artefacts you found. There is some very remarkable stuff there."

"Much as I would like to chat about tomb raiding, I have a baby to collect."

Lara sped into Privet Drive to find the familiar Aston Martin outside Number 4. A man in his late 20's was standing next to it. Both people walked to the front door of Number 4 and knocked it. A skinny woman answered it.

"What do you want Lara?" she asked, with scorn in her voice.

"What I want Petunia, is Harry." Lara answered.

"There is no Harry here." She answered.

"Oh yes there is." Lara answered, "I was informed that a Professor Dumbledore that your nephew Harry, the son of your sister, my cousin Lily was left here. I have here papers transferring him to my custody as per the wishes of Lily's will."

"But we have to keep him – Dumbledore said.." Petunia Dursley began.

"Screw Dumbledore. He is not above the law Petunia. Now, either give Harry to me now, or I'll come back here with the police, my lawyers and a court order." Lara said. She was not a person to take anyone's crap.

Petunia walked into the hallway. Lara and Hillary noticed she opened a cupboard under the stairs, reach in and lifted a bundle up. She thrust it at Lara without much care. The woman noticed that the baby's face was black and blue with bruises. She passed Harry over to Hillary then pushed the door open and walked in. Petunia was now in the kitchen feeding her overweight son. Vernon Dursley was also in the room.

"What did you do to that poor boy?" Lara asked.

"Given him the beating he deserved!" Vernon shouted, "How dare he dirty our household with his freakiness."

That was the wrong thing to say – Lara reached behind her back and pulled out one of her guns and pointed it at Vernon.

"I don't know what you see in this piece of shit Petunia, but it is clear that you are not an Evans at all. A member of the Evans family would not stand by and see one of its own being beaten for no reason, especially a baby." Petunia ignored Lara. She never got on with the Croft family.

"This is what is going to happen. I am going to take Harry from this place and you will never see him again. You will not make contact with him or make attempt to do so. As far as I'm concerned, Petunia, you can take your obese son and husband and make them live in a cupboard." Lara said, before turning to leave.

Not long after Dumbledore returned to his office, the door knocked and the current Minister of Magic Millicent Bagnold came in.

"Afternoon Albus." The Minister sat down, "So, how did the will reading go?"

"Unexpected, Minister," Dumbledore said, "Custody of Harry was not awarded to Sirius Black after all, but a Muggle cousin of Lily's named Lara Croft."

"What did the will say about the Dursley family?" Bagnold asked.

"That Harry was not to go anywhere near them." Dumbledore replied, "Lara Croft is the daughter of the famed Muggle archaeologist Lord Richard Croft, who died about twenty years ago when the girl was only seven years old. Her mother died three years before."

"So, she won't question the imprisonment of Sirius Black in Azkaban without trial for betraying the Potters?"

"Unless she meets someone from our world, then no questions will be raised. If things go well, there will be no contact with our world until it is time for Harry to attend Hogwarts."

"Address Harry Potter." Professor McGonagall said, as she finished filling out Harry Potter's Hogwarts letter. It wrote out:

Harry Potter-Croft,

The Second Master Bedroom,

Croft Manor,

Buckinghamshire

Surprised, she grabbed the letter and ran to Dumbledore's office.

"Albus – why does Harry Potter's letter not have him marked down as living with the Dursleys? After all, you left him with them!" she shouted.

"As it happens Minerva, Lily's will stated that he was to go to her cousin Lara Croft, and the Dursleys were not to go anywhere near him. It was witnessed by many people and Lady Croft got him away before anyone could do anything. I felt it was in his best interests to have people think he was living somewhere else. I would like you and Severus to deliver the letter to him."

The next morning, McGonagall and Potions master Severus Snape went to Croft Manor. They got to the main door and were let in by a butler. They were led to a main hall where they saw another man with a boy. They watched as the lady of the house walked down the stairs.

The boy took a photograph while the second man passed a wad of bank-notes to the butler.

"So I'm wearing a dress." The woman said.

"This'll make the cover of the papers and the magazines," the boy said, "Lara Croft in a dress."

The butler announced the arrival of the two professors. Everyone stopped to look at the new arrivals. The woman walked up to them.

"What can I do for you?" she asked.

"Who are you?" Snape asked.

"I'm Lady Lara Croft, this over here is my butler Hillary, my computer technician Bryce and my nephew Harry Potter. Who the hell are you?"

"I'm Minevra McGonagall and this is my colleague Severus Snape. We're teachers at Hogwarts, a school in Scotland where Harry Potter's parents attended." McGonagall said, "We're here to offer Harry a place at this school."

"Your school of magic?" Lara asked.

"You know of magic?" Snape asked, surprised.

"Yes, Lily told me of your world when we were children. I've been expecting a letter to arrive from you or at the very least, a visit." Lara answered. She called Harry over.

"Remember I told you about your parents going to the Hogwarts School of magic and that one day you would be given a chance to attend yourself?"

"Yes Aunt Lara." Harry answered.

"Would you still like to go?" she asked.

"Yes please." Harry answered.

Snape looked on in surprise. He was expecting Harry to be like his old enemy James Potter, but here Harry was, polite as brass.

"We have Harry's Hogwarts letter here." McGonagall said, passing it over to Harry who read it then showed it to Lara and the others.

"Lily told me of your Statue of Secrecy. I informed Hillary and Bryce here because of the circumstances. Hillary's family have worked for my family for centuries and Bryce used to do top secret work for the Americans, so they won't say anything." Lara said.

"Would you like to accompany our Muggle-born orientation group to Diagon Alley?" McGonagall asked, "It's on August 20th. I meet up with our Muggle-born students to introduce them to the world of magic."

"Sure," Lara said, "If you let us know where to meet up, we'll join you."

"Well," Dumbledore asked, "What are your impressions of Mr. Potter and the woman who raised him?"

McGonagall and Snape had returned to the school.

"He seems a fine chap." McGonagall said, "Doesn't seem to be a spoilt boy at all which Severus thought he would be."

"Although they were having a laugh about Lady Croft wearing a dress and saying a photograph of it would make the front cover of the papers," Snape said, "but from what I could tell, she rarely wears dresses."

"What about where they live?" Dumbledore asked.

"It's a very large manor house," McGonagall said, "But there was a strange stone tent in an area of the garden near the front door."

Dumbledore looked interested at that unusual piece of news.



"That's nothing to worry about," Snape said, "I had a discreet look and it's just a memorial to Lady Croft's late father, who disappeared in 1971."

"What is happening about the Diagon Alley trip?" Dumbledore asked.

"Lady Croft will be coming with us to Diagon Alley with Mr. Potter."

"Very well," Dumbledore said, "Would you say he is safe there or should he be moved to the Dursleys?"

"Very safe," Snape said, "She won't let anything happen to him. If blood wards are vital, she is a blood relative and he thinks of her house as a home."

On August 20th, McGonagall led the Muggle-born group into the bank. She turned to Harry and Bryce. Lara had to rush away at very short notice.

"You two will need to go to a teller," she said, handing Harry a key, "and present this to them when asked."

She then returned to the Muggleborns. She explained to them that Harry was heir to a pureblood family but was raised in the Muggle world. Harry and Bryce walked to a teller who was using an abacus to count.

"They should use computers here." Bryce said. The goblin looked at them.

"My name is Harry Potter and I would like to make a withdrawal please." Harry said, passing the key over to the goblin who looked at it.

"I will have someone take you to the vault. Would the non-magical human like to accompany you?" the goblin asked.

"Yes please," Bryce said, "Lara would sack me on the spot if I let you go alone."

"How did you know Bryce isn't a wizard?" Harry asked.

"We can tell these things Mr. Potter." The goblin answered.

Minutes later, Harry, Bryce and another goblin were on a cart going through underground tunnels like on a roller coaster. Ten minutes later, it stopped and the goblin (Griphook) got off. Harry and Bryce followed him. Griphook took Harry's key and unlocked the door. Both Harry and Bryce were gobsmacked at the amount of coins that were standing in the vault. Griphook gave them a quick explanation of the currency as Harry took some coins.

Ten minutes later, the trio were back on solid ground. The goblin told him that an appointment would be made for Harry and his legal guardian (Bryce couldn't represent Lara) in a week's time. Griphook went away and Harry and Bryce walked over to McGonagall who led them into the Alley. The first stop was Florish and Blotts where everyone brought the set books. As Harry got some extra books for background reading (there was only so much Lara could tell him), he noticed a bushy haired girl getting extra books. She was looking at one and he noticed that it was about him (a new edition printed two days before).

"I wouldn't believe any of that if I were you," Harry said, "I know for a fact Harry Potter has never seen a dragon in his life, that on his sixth birthday, he received a homemade computer, not a broomstick and finally, he spent his 11th birthday in Siberia helping defeat the Illumanti. The only truth is that he lives with Muggles."

"How do you know this?" the girl asked, very interested.

"I have my ways." Harry said, almost with a laugh.

"They say Harry Potter should be attending Hogwarts this year," the girl continued, "I wonder what he's like."

"I'm sure you'll like him." Harry said, relieved that the girl hadn't cottoned on.

"Do you know him?" the girl asked.

"We've met." Harry said before leaving.

Three days later, the door at Croft Manor knocked again. Hillary answered it and let some people in robes in.

"Lady Croft?" the lead woman asked, "I am Amelia Bones of the Department of Magical Law Enforcement."

"What can I do for you?" Lara asked.

"I'm informed that you are the current guardian of Harry James Potter, due to start at Hogwarts this year," Madam Bones said, "Under magical law, all Muggle custodians of heirs to prominent pureblood families must have their homes inspected by a Ministry official."

"Why?" Lara asked. Madam Bones answered that a few years ago, it was discovered that an magical orphan was being abused by Muggles and new laws were in place to prevent it happening again.

"While you are not suspect and from what I can tell, Mr. Potter is well looked after, I'm afraid that refusal will mean the removal of the minor child until either you agree to an inspection or another family takes the child in." Madam Bones finished.

Lara decided to let the Ministry inspect the house. It took a couple of hours and eventually, Amelia Bones told Lara that she passed the inspection and that unless any accusations came about, they had nothing further to worry about.

September 1st

"Right, according to Professor McGonagall, all you need to do is go through that pillar there." Lara said. She, Hillary and Bryce had taken Harry to King's Cross Station to see him off to Hogwarts.

"Good luck lad." Bryce said.

Harry hugged Lara and shook hands with Hillary and Bryce as students went through the barrier. Harry followed them and he was on Platform 9  $\frac{3}{4}$ 's.

Harry found a compartment with just one boy in, he looked Harry's age and had red hair.

"Do you mind?" Harry asked.

"Go ahead." The boy said. Someone else was behind Harry as he went in the compartment. He sat down as the girl from the bookshop came up to him.

"Hello again," she said, "My name is Hermione Granger."

"Hello," Harry said, "I'm Harry Potter."

"Ron Weasley." The boy said.

Hermione didn't know what to say at first. "You jerk! You led me on all that time! Were you serious about what the books said about you being wrong?"

"All wrong. I don't live with magical relatives – all my magical relatives that I know of are dead." Harry said.

"I'm sorry to hear that." Hermione said.

"That's alright." Harry said.

"I saw you with a woman on the platform," Hermione said, "She looks so familiar."

"She should – that's my cousin Lara Croft." Harry said.

"Lara Croft – the Tomb Raider?" Hermione asked.

"The very same." Harry said.

"Really?" Hermione asked, "She's been a heroine of mine for years. Any chances you could get me an autograph please? My dad brought one of her artefacts for my birthday last year."

"I'll see what I can do." Harry said.

"What's so important about a Tomb Raider?" Ron Weasley asked.

"She discovers lost treasures." Hermione said.

"My brother Bill does that in Egypt for Gringotts." Ron said.

"Aunt Lara doesn't go to Egypt often – she says it's too dusty," Harry said, "Your brother is William Weasley? We met him last year on a trip to Egypt. He promised to teach me about warding when I was old enough."

"Harry Potter." McGonagall said.

Harry walked to the stool and sat down. McGonagall lowered the hat on his head.

A very good mind and a desire to prove yourself. Now, where to put you?

"Put me anywhere but the house that git Malfoy is in." Harry said.

Not Slytherin? You could do well in Slytherin, you could make good friends in Slytherin, but I can tell you're determined not to go to Slytherin. It's not well known that I take people's feelings into account. But if you're sure, GRYFFINDOR!

The Gryffindor table erupted into cheers as Harry was sorted and he went to the table to be greeted by one of Ron's brothers.

"Percy," Harry said a week later during the evening meal, "Does your mother feed Ron?"

"Yes, why?" Percy Weasley asked.

"Look at him – he's eating enough for three people and his table manners are appalling. If Aunt Lara saw me eating like that, she'd have my hide." Harry said, "Could you have a word with him please? I've asked him to improve his manners but he won't listen."

"I'll try." Percy said.

Another week passed and another problem with Ron came about.

"Is it me," Harry asked Hermione one evening, "Or does it appear to you that Ron has no interest in doing homework unless one of us prods him?"

"I've noticed that too." Hermione answered.

"Tell you what," Harry continued, "We refuse to help him and make him see the light of what happens when you don't do your work?"

"Good idea." Hermione said.

It was the day Hogwarts broke up for the Christmas holidays. Harry and Hermione were going home to their families and Ron and his brothers were originally going to remain at Hogwarts because their parents were going to visit his brother Charlie in Romania.

"How can your parents afford that?" Dean Thomas asked without thinking. Ron didn't answer. Harry got his attention.

"Oi! Aunt Lara asked me to invite you and your brothers to the Manor for the holidays," Harry said, "She's already cleared it with your parents, it's just up to you now." He hadn't told him that Lara had been in regular contact with the Weasley family in order to learn more about the wizarding world and had paid for the Romania trip.

"I'd come along." Ron said. They told the news to Fred and George who also accepted. Percy decided to remain at school.

"You'll better be careful and not set off any of your pranks," Harry warned them, "Bryce would go mad if you wrecked his workroom and damaged Simon."

"Who is Simon?" Hermione asked.

"The robot Bryce built to help Aunt Lara with her training." Harry said.

Harry got off the train with Hermione and the Weasleys to find Lara waiting for him with Neville Longbottom's grandmother (who had helped her onto the platform).

"Aunt Lara," Harry said, suppressing a laugh, "This is my friend Hermione and she would like your autograph."

Hermione promptly went red.

"Harry – how could you be so cruel?" Lara asked, "Looks like you'll have to get her a special Christmas present to make up for it." This time, Harry went red.

The group left the platform and found Hermione's parents waiting for her on the Muggle platform. They went over and Lara introduced herself.

"It's a pleasure to meet you Lady Croft." Mr. Granger said.

"I've heard a lot about you and Hermione from my ward Harry," Lara said, "this is my address and phone number (she gave the Grangers a card). If you get a chance, we'd love to have you round the manor sometime during the holidays."

Hermione looked excited at the prospect.

"We accept thank you Lady Croft." Mr. Granger said.

Lara, Harry and the Weasleys went to the car park and found Hillary waiting for them, standing next to a big car. They all climbed in and Hillary drove away.

A couple of hours later, they arrived at Croft Manor. Lara addressed the Weasleys.

"Alright, your rooms are up those stairs, to the left, first right and your names are on the doors. The bathrooms are next to them," she said, "You may roam the grounds but there are a few places that are out of bounds – Bryce's caravan which you saw on the way in, the ballroom (she pointed to a room) – that is my training area and can be dangerous and the mainframe room (she pointed to a room with glass walls)."

"Thank you Lady Croft." Percy said.

"Before I forget," Lara continued, "you can send and receive as much post by owl as you like. One final thing and this is addressed to Ronald – I do not tolerate abysmal table manners here. You will eat like a civilised person. If you do not wish to do so, let me know now and I'll arrange your return to Hogwarts as soon as possible."

Ron went red. Never before had someone outside the family chastised him over his eating habits. He knew there was a choice – either eat like a normal person or spend Christmas at school. He told Lara he would eat like a normal person.

Later that day, Lara looked through a cupboard under the stairs. She kept a few relics in there that she didn't want to sell. She eventually came out carrying a locket and gave it to Harry.

"Here you go Harry," she said, "Here's something for your girlfriend."

"She's not my girlfriend." Harry said going red.

"That's what they all say." Lara said with a laugh.

Ron didn't keep his word. At meal times, he would eat like a pig. After seeing him eat for three meals like it and he disregarded warnings, Lara used Hedwig to send a message to Mr. & Mrs. Weasley along with McGonagall and the following day, the Professor arrived to take Ron back to Hogwarts.

"Thank you." Hillary said. He was fed up of cleaning the mess Ron made. Although they didn't say anything, Percy and the twins were thankful of it too.

(Ron received a Howler from his mother two days later telling him off for misbehaving in other people's homes.)



Here's something I've been working on over the course of a year.

I do have a problem – I no longer have a beta reader so if there are any offers of help, they will be gratefully appreciated. Then regular service can resume.

## UNTITLED

It was another boring day at Hogwarts for Harry Potter. As usual, there was nothing to look forward too, today especially – double Potions with Snape and double Defence Farce with Umbridge. Harry was thinking to himself that he'd rather be with the Dursleys than remain at Hogwarts another day.

His attention was regained by Hedwig who was biting his ear. He noticed she was holding a letter written on Muggle paper. He took it off and read it.

Boy,

You may be wondering why we're writing to you but there is a family emergency that requires your attention as soon as possible. Petunia's father died a few weeks ago and his will is being read. From what we've heard, part of it involves you and it cannot be read without the presence of all beneficiaries. Send a reply informing us when you can come.

Uncle Vernon

"What perfect timing," Harry said to himself, "Easter holidays start tomorrow."

The now familiar 'Hem Hem' could be heard behind him – his mortal enemy Umbridge.

"I thought I told you Mr. Potter, that mail was a privilege you were no longer entitled too." She said.

"As it happens Professor," Harry said politely, "This is a letter from my uncle informing me of a family tragedy. They're Muggles and don't normally send or receive owl post unless it is really necessary, but he felt he had to inform me about it." He showed her the letter.

"I'm very sorry to hear that Mr. Potter," Umbridge said, pretending to show concern, "We will forgo the detentions this time since it is a family emergency."

"Thank you." Harry said in his best sarcastic tone. He got up to find McGonagall and explained things to her. She gave him permission to leave for the holidays straight away.

"That will charge the wards nicely so he won't have to be there this summer." Dumbledore said after Harry walked away.

The following day, Harry joined the many students returning home for the Easter holidays and got onto the Hogwarts Express. Ron and Hermione were staying behind in order to study for the O.W.L's.

Two weeks later, Hermione went to McGonagall. Everyone had returned from the Easter holidays.

"I'm worried about Harry Professor," she said, "Neither Ron or I have heard from him since he returned to the Muggles."

"I must admit," McGonagall said, "I am worried myself. But with Umbridge monitoring the owl post, we can't contact him without arousing suspicion."

"I have an idea." Hermione said.

At the same time, Severus Snape was expressing concern that one of his snakes Daphne Greengrass had yet to return. He commented that the adult members of the family were found dead and Daphne and Astoria were no-where to be found.

Hermione led McGonagall to the statue of the three-eyed witch on the third floor and opened the secret passage. The Head of House was amazed when Hermione led her through the passage into Honeydukes.

"I'm not going to ask you how you know about that one," McGonagall said, "You know of apparition? (Hermione nodded) Take my arm and I'll side-apparate us to Privet Drive."

With that, Hermione and McGonagall vanished.

Only to reappear at Privet Drive (in a discreet area). McGonagall already knew the area from when she met Dumbledore here when Harry was dropped off. They walked to number 4 and saw a FOR SALE sign on it and walked to the door and knocked it.

"I wouldn't bother if I were you." A neighbour said.

"How come?" McGonagall asked.

"Vernon Dursley decided to sell up two weeks ago. He and his son packed up and left, good riddance." He said.

"What happened?" Hermione asked.

"Mrs. Dursley was caught up in an armed robbery at the local bank and was shot dead." The neighbour answered.

"What about their nephew?" McGonagall asked.

"That Potter boy? Don't believe everything Dursley says about him," the neighbour said, "He returned just before Easter before leaving again the following day. But he seemed to have some bundle with him along with some attractive girl. Who are you?"

"Thank you – I'm a teacher at Mr. Potter's boarding school in Scotland." McGonagall said.

The two went to a nearby cafe where they discussed things.

"Do you know if Harry knows of any Potter homes?" McGonagall asked.

"As far as I know, he doesn't," Hermione said, "It would be risky going to Number 12 although I know Sirius would keep his mouth shut about Harry being there. There's no point in trying to summon Hedwig since she will only do things for certain people if Harry's best interests are served in her opinion. There is always Dobby the house-elf, who adores Harry and from what it looks like, he lives to serve him since Harry tricked Lucius Malfoy into freeing him. But I doubt he would help us if Harry asks him not to. The thing that interests me is the girl he was seen with. I think it's Daphne Greengrass."

"Yes but the problem with that idea is that her parents were killed and her and her sister are now missing. Professor Snape think they may be prisoners of You-Know-Who. I have an idea, but we'll have to break into 4 Privet Drive to do so." McGonagall said.

An hour later, the two were back at Privet Drive. McGonagall had cast a disillusionment charm on the two of them and they went into the back garden. McGonagall opened the back door and they went in. The house was practically empty. There were letters addressed to Vernon from the utilities companies confirming the disconnection of the electricity, gas and telephone. They walked through the house, but there wasn't anything. The house was spotless – Vernon had hired someone to clean up. There was also a letter to Petunia about the death of her father and the forthcoming reading of his will and listed Vernon, Petunia, Dudley and Harry as people benefiting from the will.

McGonagall noted this with interest.

The two returned to Hogwarts defeated a few hours later. They had found nothing. A few minutes after returning, they were stopped by Umbridge.

"So, where is Mr. Potter?" she asked. She obviously knew they had left the grounds and for what reason.

"We have no idea Delores." McGonagall said, "He was not at his Muggle relatives – his uncle and cousin had moved away. His aunt was murdered by Muggles in a bank robbery."

McGonagall walked into Dumbledore's office.

"Have you found anything out about Mr. Potter yet Minerva?" Dumbledore asked.

"No." McGonagall replied, telling him everything she found out. "I find it unusual that Harry go home during the Easter Holidays, but apparently he received a letter telling him he needed to go home and we found a letter saying he had to be present for the reading of his grandfather's will."

"That's strange, I thought Mr. Potter had no other living relatives bar Petunia and Dudley." Dumbledore added.

"This is Mrs. Dursley's late father. According to this letter, he was in a retirement home for the past seven years." McGonagall said, "If Harry is one of the beneficiaries in his will, then he would have had to attend the reading."

Dumbledore left the grounds that evening and apparated to Number 12 and approached Sirius and Remus. He told them everything he knew.

"I knew Lily's father was still alive at the end of the war," Remus said, "He was very ill and following his wife's death at the hand of the Death Eaters, his health really deteriorated. I was working at the home at the time of his admittance and recognised Petunia. We had a few words and she told me that news of Lily's death had really shaken him up. I asked about Harry and all she told me that he was fine. I dismissed that due to the stress over her father. I helped him write a new will, dated 1989. Vernon got nothing, Petunia, Dudley and Harry all got a large sum of cash. Harry was also given a house, but I can't remember where that was."

"We need to find out where that house is," Dumbledore said, "We need to get Harry back to Hogwarts, soon!"

Dumbledore returned to Hogwarts to find McGonagall and Umbridge in a discussion.

"Ah, Headmaster," Umbridge said, "You'll be pleased to know that Mr. Potter has been in touch. It appears a few further matters came about during the holidays and he will be back to school soon."

Umbridge seemed very happy but appeared to be biding her time.

It took a lot of checking through the Muggle records. Thankfully, the Ministry couldn't stop Remus from going to Muggle libraries and other establishments of authority. Eventually, he found out where Harry's grandfather's house was.

That same day, he went to the house and knocked the door.

"I'll get it!" a female voice could be heard.

The door opened and Remus was greeted by the sight of one of his former students.

"Professor Lupin?" she asked, "What are you doing here?"

"I could ask you the same question Miss. Greengrass," Remus said, "But I'm sure you would realise that when Harry Potter didn't return to school, there would be questions asked and people would be looking for him. Also, please drop the Professor, I've not been your teacher for nearly two years."

"Come on in then." Daphne said. She led Remus in.

"You don't seem surprised to see me." She continued.

"Everyone knows of your relationship with Harry," Remus said, "Even Professor Snape, but he told the staff that what Harry needed was a Slytherin to kick him into touch and show him the world doesn't revolve around him."

The two were now in a dining room. Harry was putting food out on the table.

"Moony – how did you find me?" He asked.

"When we found out you had been left a house by your grandfather, it was easy to put two and two together, especially after you didn't return to Hogwarts. Also, I looked after him in that retirement home and helped him write that will." Remus said.

"Why didn't you say anything?" Harry asked.

"I was forbidden too. Petunia told me that if I was to see you, I was not to say a word of this." Remus countered, "but why didn't you say anything? If you were having problems, you could have come to me and Padfoot."

Daphne had left the room.

"It's not that simple Moony," Harry said, "I couldn't come to the house with this, especially with the Order coming and going."

Daphne came back into the room carrying a three week old baby girl.

"This is Lyra, our daughter." Harry said.

"What's going on Harry?" Remus asked.

"It's a long story, so bear with me," Harry said, "After that ordeal at the Triwizard, Dumbledore sent me back to the Dursleys and told everyone to leave me alone. Daphne didn't. She came to Privet Drive and comforted me. She helped me heal, she gave me her love and I gave it to her back. She discovered I'd been subject to certain rituals to bind my magic and modify memories. She wanted to use her love for me to undo them but I had to return it to her in the extreme way I could."

"Who bound your magic?" Remus asked.

"I don't know, but I can tell you the whole Voldemort revival was a hoax! I was led to believe it was Voldemort being revived, but it was just a botched up revival – it didn't even work!" Harry said, "It cost Daphne her innocence, which she gladly gave me to help me and Lyra was the result."

"Someone out there wants people to think Voldemort has returned," Daphne said, she wasn't afraid to speak his name, "and make Harry the scapegoat. We've been working with Delores Umbridge about it in private. Someone out there wants Harry out of the way."

"When you can," Remus said, "Come and see Padfoot and I – we'll help the best way we can."

After seeing yet more mentions about X-Factor, American Idol, Some Bloody Country Has Talent, it inspired me to write this tounge-in-cheek story.

## Finding a Date

Harry Potter had just been given the worse news of his life, worse than being told he was facing a dragon in the Triwizard, worse than his once-a-year encounters with Voldemort. No, this was far worse – Professor McGonagall had told him that as a champion, he had to ask a girl to the Yule Ball and do the opening dance with her! McGonagall told him he had to do it and it was final.

He had no idea who to ask and didn't want to invite a Boy-Who-Lived fangirl to the ball who would stare at the scar and probably sell a kiss-and-tell story to the Daily Prophet about the whole thing (which probably would be exaggerated to all extent).

A week later, he still had no date. His first choices (Hermione Granger and Ginny Weasley) both flatly turned him down. That same day, posters began to appear around the school.

**BE HARRY POTTER'S DATE FOR THE YULE BALL!**

**AUDITIONS BEING HELD IN CHARMS CLASSROOM!**

They were spelled so Harry couldn't read them. It was a good job too otherwise the people behind them would be facing serious hexes. Before long, girls were seen to line up outside the classroom. Inside, Fred and George Weasley along with Hermione and Ginny were sitting behind Flitwick's desk reading entry forms.

As each girl was allowed in, the forms were read, questions asked and examinations made.

Are you a fangirl? Was one such question and answering yes was enough for elimination.

Do you think Harry entered himself? was another question and again, answering yes was enough to eliminate the girl.

Do you believe what the books and newspapers say about him? A positive answer got the girls eliminated at once.



After the questions were asked, the final list was whittled away to twelve. Angelia Johnson and Alicia Spinnet were eliminated straight away as Fred and George wanted to take them to the ball themselves (Hermione and Ginny told them that eliminating someone because they wanted them as a date was cheating). Another girl was eliminated as she wanted Ron over Harry despite the fact he hadn't been part of the 'Golden Trio' since Second Year.

In the end, it was a choice between Daphne Greengrass, Susan Bones and Hannah Abbott. Daphne wasn't afraid of what Draco Malfoy would say and would hex him at the first opportunity. She was awarded bonus points. Susan and Hannah said they would do the same thing plus hex Ron next time he ate like a pig. That won them extra points. The three Weasleys in the panel wanted to do the same but Molly Weasley had threatened them not to do so.

The four spent hours deliberating on who would win the contest. Fred and George were all for convincing the girls to do a strip and points would be awarded for how fine certain attributes were but those plans were cancelled when Ginny gave them a dose of the Bat Bogey Hex. In the end Hermione had the final brain-wave.

In the Great Hall the following day, Fred, George, Ginny and Hermione came in and cast a charm on themselves.

"This is the moment you've been waiting for," Hermione said, "We find out the results of Go to the Ball with Harry Potter Factor. May we have a drum roll please?"

Someone mocked bashing on some drums and somehow, there was a sound of drums.

"The winners are, Daphne Greengrass, Susan Bones and Hannah Abbott!" Hermione said. The three girls came in and walked over to Harry.

"What about me?" Ron asked, with food in his mouth.

"We have arranged someone for you Ron," Ginny said, "Elisa Walker."

Another girl came in, she couldn't be described as pretty, she was the one who said she preferred Ron over Harry. She went over to Ron.

"Thank you to all females for participating, it was a very close result, but in the end," Fred said, "We decided that one girl was not enough for Harry, so the final three won."

Looking at Harry, Fred and George could tell that they were going to get into big trouble with him when he could. McGonagall got up and went over to them.

"Twenty points each for getting Mr. Potter a date to the ball," she said, "Maybe Gryffindor won't be humiliated at the ball."

An hour later, Harry went to the owlery and posted a letter. He got a reply the following morning. That same morning, the Weasley twins vanished.

Harry went to the Slytherin Common Room to meet Daphne. He was carrying a box.

"I wish to apologise for any offences I have committed against this house and I offer a peace offering, a pair of mascots for Slytherin House." He said, opening the box and taking out two snakes.

"Apology accepted Potter," Malfoy said, "just don't expect us to be friends."

"I wouldn't have it any other way." Harry said. He and Daphne left the common room to practice dancing. People commented that they thought the snakes looked like a set of twins they knew.

FaD

The ball was a success. I leave it to the reader to decide how pairings go off and how events occur following.

With thanks to Cheeky-Chick1Only for the idea about revenge against the twins.

This is a crossover between Harry Potter and the Nintendo 64 game The Legend of Zelda: The Ocarina of Time (soon to be revived for the Nintendo 3DS). As a treat for my loyal readers, here is a new and expanded version of this story, I hope to expand it into a full story which will use elements of other Zelda games, like Twilight Princess. Thundercats Ho! and Magical Archaeologist are having new chapters written right now and the latest Story of Harry Potter-Black chapter is half-way written. I hope to have that written and uploaded within a week.

## HARRY POTTER AND THE OCARINA OF TIME

Sitting on a tree trunk in the Sacred Forest Meadow was Saria. The Kokori girl, who had the appearance of a young child, who was actually older, was playing on her ocarina. Then she began to receive a telepathic message.

Saria, my child. Come forth. I need to speak to you. The speaker was the Great Deku Tree, the guardian of the Kokori.

Saria got up from the trunk and put her ocarina in a pocket and made her way out of the Meadow. She took the short-cut out of the Lost Woods, in order to get to the Kokori Forest quickly, then she took the passage into the Deku Tree Meadow. She approached the Great Deku Tree and sat down.

Saria, my child. It is good to see you again. I have news to tell you. Remember I once told you that there was another world which was near identical to our own?

The girl nodded. A year or two ago, the Great Deku Tree described Earth to her. She was fascinated at many things about it, especially with his description of the planet hundreds of years ago, it was not unlike Hyrule.

"What's happened on that planet, Great Deku Tree?" she asked.

I have sensed a prophecy, made by a prophet who foresees the birth of a child who can defeat a dark lord terrorising their world. The child will be marked as the dark lord's equal, his parent's will have defied him thrice, and he will be born as the seventh month ends.

"Why are you telling me this?" Saria asked.

I have mapped our world onto their world and have managed to send a few agents from around Hyrule to investigate this prophecy. We may need to act on this – the dark lord mentioned could mean Ganondorf. If I can map Hyrule onto that world, he might be able to. If it comes to it, the child might need protection. Saria – I might need to call on you to go to this world and recover the child.

"You can rely on me, Great Deku Tree." She answered.

Thank you, my child. I will keep you informed. Please do not tell others of this – I will tell Miro myself should the need arise.

Two years later.

Saria walked into the Great Deku Tree meadow and sat down in front of the tree.

Saria, remember what we discussed about events on Earth? She nodded. Well, it seems things have happened – the Dark Lord Voldemort has been vanquished by an infant by the name of Harry Potter. He is the child of the prophecy. He is being placed with his mother's non-magical relatives and I can foresee that it will not be in his best interests.

"What would you like me to do?" Saria asked.

I want you to go to Earth, collect the infant and bring him back here, where he shall be raised until it is time for him to attend the magical school known as Hogwarts. This tune will take you to Earth and back, it will take you to the infant.

Saria felt a tune being fed into her mind. She took her ocarina out of her clothing and played the tune. She turned into balls of light which fired into the sky.

Privet Drive, Earth

It was the early hours of the morning. Saria reappeared in the garden of number 10. Looking around, she saw a giant man ride away on a strange machine, then two older people vanish into thin air. She walked to the house they were at and found a boy in a basket with a letter on top. Saria lifted the infant out of the basket

with the note and took her ocarina to her mouth and played the tune. Both Kokori and infant vanished to reappear in the Deku Tree Meadow.

Excellent work Saria. I trust you to help raise him. We shall keep the truth about his origins a secret, we shall rename him Link. When the time is right, I shall assign him a fairy. Also, he will have to return to Earth when he needs to learn to control his magic.

Ten Years Later

It is time. The Great Deku Tree said to a fairy who was flying near him, The time has come for the boy who is not a Kokori to receive a fairy and for him to begin to fulfil his destiny. Navi, go and find the boy and bring him to me along with Saria.

Navi the fairy flew from the Deku Tree Meadow, into the main Kokori Woods, where she flew past Kokori, whose fairies signalled to her. She turned and saw a single tree-house in a sunken area and flew to it and entered the house.

Inside, Harry Potter, otherwise known as Link to the Kokori was sleeping. He was having a dream.

He was two years older than he was now. He was standing in front of a big white castle, in the middle of a storm. The drawbridge opened and a white horse charged out. Riding it was an older woman, he was sure he had seen her before, visiting the Deku Tree and she was holding onto a young girl, about his age. Before he could react, another person turned up. It was a huge adult male on a huge black horse. He raised his hand and sent magical waves towards Harry who fell to the ground.

The vision faded away as Navi was trying to get his attention.

"About time too!" she said to him.

"Who are you? Why are you here?" Harry asked. He was dressed in the green cloth of the Kokori with a brown belt and hat, which was also green.

"I'm Navi. The Great Deku Tree has summoned you to attend him." She said.

Harry got up and followed her out of the tree-house. Little had changed since he had been brought to the Kokori Forest. He was well looked after and fed well. However, as he grew older, they found he had problems seeing. Eye glasses didn't exist on Hyrule and problems like it never happened to people in this realm. The Great Deku Tree sent one of his agents to a magical area on Earth to obtain a potion to deal with the problem.

As he climbed down the ladder, Saria ran up to him.

"I've just heard – the Great Deku Tree wishes to see you," She said, "and you've got a fairy! That's great."

"Let's go and see what he has to say." Harry said. The two walked towards the passage towards the Deku Tree to find the Kokori leader Milo blocking the way.

"Let us through please," Harry said, "The Great Deku Tree wishes to see us."

"Why would the Great Deku Tree wish to see you?" Milo asked, "Anyhow, it's too dangerous for you."

Harry and Saria walked away. "He'll never let you through without a sword and shield. You'll have to go and find one." She said, "The store sells shields, but you'll have to find the money to buy one. A sword can be found in a passage off the training area. I cannot help you here."

Harry went off in the direction Saria indicated. He walked around fences and ended up in front of a hole in the wall. He got on his hands and knees and crawled through. He emerged in a tight passage but he could stand. He backed up as a big bolder rolled towards him, before turning. Harry then noticed jewels on the ground. He picked them up – it was money, hopefully enough to buy a shield. He went to make his way to find the sword, but the bolder rolled past again. Harry decided to follow the bolder, which he did. After the second turn, he noticed the bolder rolled left but there was a route to the right. He made a decision to go to the right and walked down a small path. There was a dead end and at the end of the path was the remains of a tree trunk. On the trunk was a chest. He went to it and opened it. There was a great flash of light and he reached in

and pulled out the ancient Kokori sword – it was small in size, but strong enough.

Harry made his way back the way he came, picking up money as he went along. He crawled through the passage and rejoined Saria. Together, they walked towards the shop, with Harry picking up money from bushes as they went along.

He went into the shop and came out a few minutes later with a small wooden shield. He and Saria walked to the entrance to the Meadow.

"I told you before Link, you cannot come past... is that a sword and shield? You may have them but you'll always be a wimp. How did you gain the affections of Saria and the Great Deku Tree?" Milo said.

Harry and Saria walked past him and to the Great Deku Tree.

Link, Saria, it is good to see you. Please sit down, there is much to tell you. The Deku Tree said. The two friends sat down, Link – it is time to know the truth about yourself. Your real name is Harry Potter and you come from a world called Earth.

"Then how did I end up here?" Harry asked, wondering what was going on.

Just over ten years ago, a realm on Earth was being terrorised by a Dark Wizard. I found out a prophecy which revealed that a child would be the one to vanquish him. Two years later, you apparently killed the Dark Lord Voldemort, but the cost was your parents. I found that a human called Dumbledore was going to send you to unsuitable relatives who would have mistreated you so I got Saria to go to Earth to collect you and bring you here.

Harry was unsure what to say.

"I'm sorry Link – I wanted to tell you but you were too young."

"Why are you telling me now?" Harry asked.

You are approaching your eleventh birthday. You are also a wizard but I guess you've worked that one out, being the only Kokori besides Saria who can do magic. The Tree said.

"That's cool!" Harry said.

It will be time for you to attend the school known as Hogwarts where you will learn to handle your magic and use it as a force for good. Saria will accompany you to Earth, but she must return quickly, for Kokori will die if they are out of the forest for too long. When on Earth, you must locate the wizard bank Gringotts. I have an agent working there and he will help you. I have intelligence that someone will seek you out. Be wary – not everyone is what they seem. One final thing – Dumbledore's agent will have the key to your money, you need to ask him or her for it.

"I'll be careful Deku Tree." Harry promised. An ocarina appeared in his hands.

In case of emergencies, you can use this to return here. Now go.

Saria took Harry's hand and played a tune on her ocarina and the two vanished.

They reappeared in a London street. Luckily, it was empty and they made their way into an alley.

"Where do we go from here?" Harry asked.

"Find this Gringotts place." Saria said, "We should have asked the Deku Tree for a more general location, but we don't know this place well."

"How did you find me then?"

"The Deku Tree locked in your magic and I was able to use my Ocarina to transport myself there." She answered.

"Do you get the feeling someone's following us?" Harry asked.

"I get that feeling too." Saria said.

They continued to walk through the alley but reached a dead end. They turned to retrace their steps but stopped. A giant figure was standing in their way, there was a giant dog with him. Harry drew the Korori sword.



"Harry?" the man asked.

"Who are you? What are you?" Harry asked, still holding the sword.

"Relax Harry," the man said, "I'm Rubeus Hagrid, Keeper of the Keys and Grounds at Hogwarts. You know of Hogwarts?"

"You're the Hogwarts representative?" Harry asked.

"I was asked by Dumbledore to deliver your letter," Hagrid answered, "I tell you Harry, you're one tricky person to find."

"You've found me," Harry answered, "What do we need to do?"

"First things first," Hagrid began, "Do you wish to attend Hogwarts? I need an answer so I can inform the Headmaster."

"Yes, I would like to attend Hogwarts." Harry answered.

Hagrid took a roll of what looked like parchment out of his pocket, wrote a small note, took an owl from his pocket, fastened the scroll to it and sent it on its way. He then passed a letter over to Harry who opened it and read it.

(Everyone knows what the letter says so I'm not going to type it up.)

"Now we need to go to Diagon Alley to collect your school supplies. Before we go, who is this young girl?" Hagrid asked.

"Her name is Saria and she's been my loyal friend for many years." Harry said.

The trio walked through the streets of London and then Hagrid led them into a pub. After getting through the patrons, they ended up in a small outside area.

"Interesting," Saria said, "a magical barrier to hide your alley."

"Right first time," Hagrid said. He took an umbrella he was holding and tapped certain bricks. They moved and opened the doorway to Diagon Alley.

"First things first, Gringotts." Hagrid said. He led the way down the alley until they reached a big marble building and entered it. Inside, Hagrid led them to a teller, telling the duo that the creatures were goblins.

"Mr. Harry Potter would like to make a withdrawal please." The gentle man said.

"Does Mr. Harry Potter have his key?" the goblin asked. Saria seemed to know who it was.

Hagrid rummaged in his pockets until he found a key and presented it to the goblin. He called for another goblin who took them into the caves and went deep down. The trolley stopped outside a vault which the goblin opened.

Harry and Saria were surprised to see the amount of money in the vault. He took a bag and put money in before leaving. The door closed.

"May I have my key please Mr. Griphook?" Harry asked.

"Yes you may Mr. Potter," Griphook said.

"But Dumbledore said that Harry was not to have his key." Hagrid said.

"Like Master Ragnarock told your Professor Dumbledore, he has no rights to Mr. Potter's vault key and if we knew how to return it to him, we would have retrieved it years ago. I trust the Great Deku Tree is well."

Harry was even more surprised. Saria nudged him.

"Remember the Deku Tree did say he had an agent here." She said.

"Indeed Miss. Saria," Griphook said, "He warned me that you two were coming today. Just a quick bit of business to finish off first." He clicked his fingers before giving Hagrid a piece of metal that looked like Harry's vault key. "I gave you Mr. Potter's key to return to Professor Dumbledore and I asked if you were ready to go to retrieve the You-Know-What from Vault You-Know-Which. You never heard mentions of the Great Deku Tree. There was nothing

unusual about Mr. Potter. You also saw Mr. Potter safely to his relatives after the shopping was complete."

Hagrid repeated the statement then asked to go to the other vault, but more slowly. With a grin, Griphook told him it was one speed only. Ten minutes later, they were back in the air. Hagrid had taken out a small item and pocketed it. He looked and saw that Saria was gone.

"She knows how to look after herself," Harry said, knowing that Saria's time in this realm was almost up, "Saria will catch us up."

They went along Diagon Alley and collected Harry's school supplies. While they were doing so, Hagrid went into the owl shop and brought Harry a beautiful snowy owl (how can we NOT have Hedwig, no matter what the crossover is). After exiting the shop, Saria was there waiting.

"I said she'd catch us up." Harry said.

The final shop was Ollivander's wand shop. It took a while, but eventually Harry was able to find a wand and was told by the aging wand crafter that it's brother wand shared a tail feather from the same phoenix.

"Well, thanks Mr. Hagrid," Harry said as Saria prepared the ocarina, "This was most fun and I look forward to seeing you at Hogwarts."

Saria played the tune and within seconds, Harry, his owl, shopping and Saria vanished into thin air. Hagrid looked around and then remembered something before walking away.

"That's Harry back at his relatives. Better get this to Dumbledore quickly." Hagrid said to himself, remembering what his programming had told him to remember.

OOT

The duo rematerialised in front of the Great Deku Tree where Saria told him about the trip.

"Yes, I do know of the Gringotts goblins," the Tree said, "and they knew where you were, as I had an agent inform them. Now Harry,

there is one thing that needs to be done before you go to Hogwarts. While you were gone, the evil wizard Ganon came and demanded I give him one of the three Spiritual Stones. I refused. He tried to put a spell on me but special wards put on by the goblins of the wizard bank saved me. There are three stones in all, they and the Ocarina of Time are needed to open the way to the Sacred Realm where the Triforce can be claimed. Ganon does not know about Earth, so it is my hope that you will hide both the Spiritual Stone I will give you and the Ocarina of Time on Earth in one of the Potter vaults."

"How will I get the Ocarina of Time?" asked Harry.

"You must go to Hyrule Castle and meet Princess Zelda. There, she will give you the Ocarina of Time. You must proceed with great haste and be careful, Ganon is the bodyguard to the King of Hyrule. Nearby is Lon Lon Ranch, there might be someone or something there that might be of assistance to you. I will give you the Spiritual Stone now, but it must be kept safe."

"What about the others?" asked Harry.

"They are safe in the domains of the Gorons and the Zoras. They will be safe there until you can get the first one and the Ocarina of Time to safety."

With a flash, a stone appeared in Harry's hands.

"Be careful who knows about this, there are many people who would love to get into the Sacred Realm and gain the Triforce." The Deku Tree said, "When you meet Princess Zelda, present her with the stone and it will prove your credentials with her. She knows to await my messenger. When the time is right, you must take her to Earth and hide her there. You will know when the time is."

"I'll do my best Deku Tree." Harry promised.

"Good luck." The tree said.

Harry turned and walked out of the Deku Tree's domain, his owl flying with him.

A little one-off I did to keep people happy while I work on my latest chapters. I can't say I've seen anything which sees Harry expelled over the flying car in Chamber of Secrets. I've had an alert about a Ron getting expelled story but it got deleted before I could read it.

## A FIC I'VE NEVER SEEN DONE BEFORE

"You were seen by no less than SEVEN Muggles. Do you realise how serious this is? You risked the exposure of our world." Severus Snape said to Harry Potter and Ron Weasley in his office. After being unable to get onto Platform 9  $\frac{3}{4}$ 's, they had used Arthur Weasley's flying car to get to school.

"If you had done this last year, I would not have been able to do this, but over the summer, the school governors have decided that Heads of House should have extra powers. Weasley – six months detention in the Forbidden Forest. Sadly, as term had not started, I cannot deduct points. As for you Potter, you are expelled from this school." Snape said, with delight in his voice.

"Professor, you can't!" Ron said as Snape began to write the expulsion notice.

"And why is that? Potter is obviously the brains behind the two of you.." Snape began.

"It was my idea to take the car. Harry wanted to wait but I forced him." Ron protested.

Snape looked at the two of them. Then Dumbledore and McGonagall walked into the office.

"Ah Headmaster, I have just signed the notice of expulsion for Mr. Potter and have sentenced Mr. Weasley to detention for six months." Snape told him.

"Professors," Ron said, "It was my fault – it was my idea and I forced him."

"I'm sorry Mr. Weasley," Dumbledore said, "There is nothing I can do. Professor Snape was well within his rights to expel Mr. Potter. His notice for underage magic works against him."

"That was a house-elf called Dobby!" Harry shouted.

"That is a lie," Snape said, "Potter shouldn't know a thing about house-elves."

"Then why did one appear in my bedroom, introduce himself as Dobby the House-elf and warn me to stay away from Hogwarts?" Harry asked before explaining everything.

"Why did you not send a message to the Ministry clearing things up?" McGonagall asked.

"When your owl is locked in her cage and your bedroom window barred, try sending messages." Harry said telling how Hedwig was locked up since school finished and Dobby caused Harry to be locked in his bedroom.

"It's true," Ron said, "My brothers and I had to pull bars from his window to get him out." He explained everything.

"Well," Dumbledore said, "This changes things. Mr. Potter can appeal the expulsion if he chooses too and a hearing will be held before myself and the other heads of house where we will look at all the evidence and make a decision."

"I appeal the expulsion on the grounds that Professor Snape has been bias against me ever since I began here and has been looking for an excuse to have me expelled." Harry said.

The appeal was held the following morning in Dumbledore's office. Dumbledore was there along with Professors McGonagall, Sprout and Flitwick. Snape, as the teacher issuing the expulsion notice was not there.

Ron was there and had explained everything and swore an unbreakable vow that it was true. He said it was his fault, he forced Harry to go with him and stopped him sending Hedwig as it would have drawn too much attention.

"Mr. Potter," McGonagall said, "You claimed that Severus Snape shows bias against you – what do you mean?"

"He deducts points from me in Potions every chance he gets, he lets Draco Malfoy sabotage my potions. I even have it from a reliable source that he's said to certain people in Slytherin that I have no place here and if he has his way, I won't be here much longer. Also, remember I told you about the visit from the house elf known as Dobby – Professor Snape looked as if he knew the name." Harry said.

The staff conferred. Within minutes, a decision was made.

"Mr. Potter – your appeal against the expulsion is successful. There will be no punishment due to Mr. Weasley's testimony that you were forced into the whole episode. The fact that the barrier was sealed will be investigated. It is possible that this house elf you mentioned could have sealed the barrier to prevent you from coming here." Dumbledore said.

"Thank you Professors." Harry said.

"Mr. Weasley – while you believe you were acting in the best interests of yourself and Mr. Potter, we cannot ignore the fact that the flying car was seen by Muggles and even though the car was enchanted by your father, you did break the underage magic laws by flying it. However, in light of your admission of your guilt and your honourable actions in saving your friend from punishment for something he didn't do, you will not be suspended or expelled. Your six month detention sentence is reduced to three separate detentions, to be arranged as soon as possible. No points will be deducted."

Dumbledore decided to investigate Harry's claims over Snape. He made himself invisible and supervised the next Potions lesson Harry had with him. What he saw disgusted him. Dumbledore witnessed Snape taint three Gryffindor's potions, vanish two of them and encouraged Draco Malfoy to throw stuff into Harry's cauldron. He also heard Snape be rude about Harry every two minutes. Dumbledore noticed that two Slytherins were trying to work and not be part of Snape's activities.

He observed other lessons that day and saw Snape behaving just as badly. Potions were sabotaged and Slytherins went unpunished. The Headmaster summoned him to his office after lessons that day.

"I am disgusted by your behaviour Severus," Dumbledore said, "Minvera was right when she said it was wrong for me to sack Horace Slughorn and replace him with you. I've let you get away with too much and it ends today. Your employment here is terminated."

The news of Snape's sacking was all over the school within minutes and lots of students were celebrating.



## GUESS THE CROSSOVER

Harry stepped out of the taxi holding his godson Teddy as the driver took his suitcase out of the boot. It was a few months following the Battle of Hogwarts where Harry finally killed Voldemort but the cost was high. Remus and Tonks had been killed leaving Harry to raise their son. Tonks' mother was too old so custody was given to Harry.

Keen to get away from things for a while, Harry found a young couple in America needing a regular babysitter for their two boys. After several phone calls, they agreed to give Harry a try and he as on the first plane to America.

Harry walked to the door and knocked it. The door opened and a man stood in the hall.

"Mr. Pickles, I'm Harry Potter – we spoke on the phone. This is my godson Teddy." He said.

"Good to meet you, come in." Mr. Pickles said, "Didi!"

His wife came through.

"This is Harry and his godson Teddy," Mr. Pickles said, "This is my wife Didi."

"Nice to meet you Harry." Didi said, "Do you want to meet the boys?"

"Sure." Harry said. They led him into a spacious living room where a group of babies were in a playpen. Mr. Pickles and Didi brought two boys over. Both were bald with little hair, the oldest had a blue t-shirt and a nappy on while the younger one was wearing a baby-gro.

"This one is Tommy and this one is Dil." Mr. Pickles said.

"Hello." Harry said. Dil replied by blowing a bubble then burping. Teddy laughed – Dil was around the same age.

"These four are Chucky (a red haired boy with glasses), his sister Kimi (a Japanese looking girl) and finally Phil and Lil." Mr. Pickles said.

"I'm sure we'll get on quite well. Is there somewhere I can put Teddy down? It's been a long flight." Harry asked. Didi took him upstairs and showed him a cot in which Harry put Teddy in who quickly fell asleep.

Harry and Didi went down to the kitchen where Mr. Pickles had made some coffee.

"What happened to Teddy's parents?" he asked.

"Stu!" Didi exclaimed.

"It's alright," Harry said, "they were sadly killed by terrorists in England. They named me Teddy's godfather and he had no-one else."

As the three adults sat down to drink the coffee, the babies in the playpen looked as if they were planning something.

"My dad says he's a babysitter." Tommy said.

"What's a babysitter Tommy?" Chuckie asked.

"It's someone who sits on babies." Phil told him.

"I don't want someone to sit on me." Chuckie said deciding to hide under a cushion. Tommy went and took the cushion off him.

"Don't worry Chuckie – he won't sit on us. Let's find Teddy." Tommy said, looking at Chuckie.

"I'll get the screwdriver." He said with a resigned tone. Moments later, he passed it over to Tommy who used it to open the playpen. The babies (except for Dil) walked out of the playpen and walked toward the stairs. To their shock, Harry was there waiting for them.

"Going somewhere?" he asked, "Come on you, back to the playpen. You can't get me fired on the first day."

He carried the six back to the playpen and closed it. Without anyone noticing, he took out his wand and cast a silent spell. He walked back into the kitchen.

"How did you know they were making a break for it?" Stu asked.

"I have my ways." Harry said.

"I think he's going to fit in well here." Didi said.

The doorbell rang and Stu went to answer it. A middle aged man who looked like Stu came in with a toddler.

"Harry, this is my brother Drew and our niece Angelica." Stu said.

"Pleased to meet you." Harry said, shaking Drew's hand.

"Morning Mr. Potter." Angelica said in her sweetest voice before going to torment the babies.

"You ready to hit the stores?" Drew asked. They had been planning a trip to some stores to get Christmas presents.

"Sure – will you be alright with the children Harry?" Didi asked.

"They'll be fine," Harry said, "I have a few ideas in mind to keep them amused."

Didi was reluctant to leave but Stu and Drew dragged her away.

Meanwhile, Tommy was trying to use his screwdriver to open the playpen but it wouldn't work. Five minutes later, Harry came in with Teddy and carrying a tray of bottles. He passed one to each of the babies.

"Here you go." Harry said, passing one to each of them.

"Mr. Potter, I'm not a baby." Angelica said.

"I know you're not," Harry said, passing her a cup more suited to her age. He sat on a chair and began to feed Teddy.

After the milk had been drunk, Harry put Teddy down with the babies.

"Would you like to see something good?" Harry asked. The babies started laughing, Dil blew more bubbles and shook his rattle. Harry

took out his wand and cast a silent Patronus. Prongs jumped out of his wand and ran all over the room to the excitement of the children. After using Prongs to entertain them for five minutes, Harry checked his watch.

"Right rugrats, time for your afternoon nap." He said, bringing blankets and pillows for them to use. "Now for a story, how about how Uncle Harry outflew a dragon?"

"I don't like this story." Chuckie said to himself as Harry told the story of how he outflew the dragon in the Triwizard.

With special thanks to Ginnylover14 who can receive the blame for the idea of this one and the fans who wrote the infamous rules which can be found on some profiles. I created my own rule for this very short one-shot.

## SOMETHING I MUST NOT DO AT HOGWARTS

I MUST NOT HOLD UP GRYFFINDOR'S SWORD AND SAY I HAVE THE POWER!

"How did you do it?" someone asked. The staff and students were in the Great Hall for a celebration feast, following Dumbledore's announcement that Harry Potter had discovered the Chamber of Secrets and dealt with and killed the Monster of Slytherin and had defeated the Heir of Slytherin.

"Well," Harry said, "a phoenix came to me with the sorting hat."

"That settles it." Someone said.

"Yes, if Potter was dark, no phoenix would have come to him." Someone else said.

"The Heir of Slytherin, a person called Riddle called a basilisk to him and ordered it to kill me," Harry said, "I reached into the Sorting Hat and I pulled out a sword. It was no ordinary sword either, it was the sword of Godric Gryffindor, only his heirs could pull the sword out of the hat."

Everyone started talking among themselves about the implications of the sword and how they seriously misjudged Harry. He held the sword for all to see.

"I then held aloft my magic sword and said: I HAVE THE POWER!" Harry said, holding up the sword.

The Muggleborns knew what he was saying, having watched the He-Man cartoon series on television. The Purebloods had no idea what he meant.

Everyone else has done a 'obey this marriage contract or lose magic and everything else or go to prison' fic, so here's my take on it. It is set towards the end of fifth year, beginning of sixth year, Sirius does not die.

## MARRIAGE CONTRACTS

The war was over before it had began. Voldemort made his first public appearance since his resurrection in the Ministry of Magic and had fallen into an ambush. Voldemort tried to possess Harry Potter but had encountered the power he knew not – love. Harry's head was filled with the love of a girl he pinned after but had never asked her out.

If I survive this, I will ask her out. Harry said to himself before the battle.

Two days before the end of term, Harry was approached by Daphne Greengrass, a close family friend who he lived with (It was in his parent's will that he be raised by them and there was nothing Dumbledore could do because the Greengrass family had a copy of the will and could present it).

"Hey Daph," Harry said, "What's happening?"

"I just got a message from Dad," she said, "The Ministry has decided some families need new blood and is going to pass a law that from September 1st, they will be selling marriage contracts to the highest bidder."

"That's not right," Harry said. He knew that when it was passed, everyone would be wanting to arrange a marriage with the Boy-Who-Lived.

"There is a loophole though," Daphne told him, "If the person is ALREADY married when the law is passed, then there is nothing that can be done."

Harry caught on straight away. He knew the way she looked at him, she was the one he pined for. Without thinking, he took her and kissed her. She returned the kiss.

"You don't know how long I've been waiting for this moment." He said.

"I've been waiting for it too." She said. They kissed again.

"You know Daphne," Harry said, "I have an idea."

TWO MONTHS LATER...

September 1st came along. Dumbledore was in the Great Hall making the announcement about the marriage contract law. There were boos from several people. He took a parchment out. Some of the pureblood families already knew about it but it was a total surprise to the Muggleborns. What they didn't know was that some Purebloods had made their requests in advance.

"I have to inform you that failure to comply will result in a six year prison sentence in Azkaban complete with confiscation of all money and belongings. It appears that Lucius Malfoy has put in a contract request for his son and Daphne Greengrass." He said. Draco was smirking at the Slytherin table. Dumbledore looked at another parchment. "I'm afraid she is already married."

"WHAT?" Draco shouted.

"The second – Harry Potter has been requested for Pansy Parkinson, but he is already married."

It went on until all the names were announced. They were then instructed to join their partners – sixteen couples in all. Harry went to Daphne and the two held hands.

"What is the meaning of this?" Draco asked, "Get away from my wife Scarhead. Dumbledore may say she's married but it'll be annulled."

"I have to disappoint you Draco," Harry said, "But as Dumbledore said, we're already married but he didn't say who to. We had a tip-off about this new law and took steps to deal with it. As the last surviving Potter, I was emancipated at 15. Daphne and I spoke to her father who consented to this marriage. We checked the law, and it states that married couples are exempt from the marriage contract act. Our marriage was even approved and officiated by Amelia Bones herself."

Draco stepped forward and stared at Harry. It was one of those encounters that looked like it was going to end with a couple of nasty hexes being cast.

"My father will hear of this." He eventually said before storming off.

"How original – my father will hear of this? How pathetic can you get? He's almost an adult and he keeps running to dear old Lucius every time he doesn't get his way." Harry said with a laugh. Daphne laughed with him.

MC

Lucius Malfoy did indeed hear of it and had stormed into the Ministry the following morning, went straight to Fudge (who was trying to keep his job) and demanded that he annul Harry and Daphne's marriage.

"I'm afraid there is nothing I can do Lucius," Fudge said, "it was perfectly legal. As the Head of the Department of Magical Law Enforcement, Amelia Bones did have the right to officiate this marriage. I'm trying to keep this office in Harry Potter's good graces due to the possible backlash over Delores and her blood quill. Also, the Marriage Contract Act was not in law at the time so they have done nothing illegal. You'll have to find another woman for your son to marry. I'm sorry."

MC

It could have been bad for Harry's friends. As some of them were Purebloods, they had known of the law in advance and had made their own arrangements. To protect Hermione Granger, Sirius took her into the House of Black and arranged a contract for her with Neville Longbottom (after she begged not to be contracted to Ron).

The Weasleys had to settle for the people no-one else wanted, although Fred and George did get Angelina Johnson and Alicia Spinnet because the girls begged their fathers for the contracts. Molly Weasley requested contracts for Harry and Ginny and Ron and Hermione but was politely told no (because of their social status, the Weasley requests were at the bottom of the pile). She then decided to make a complete idiot out of herself by saying that if Ron



and Ginny couldn't have who they wanted, neither could Fred, George, Percy, Charlie or Bill and she would make the choice for them. Thankfully, the Ministry said that because the latter five were of age, they could negotiate their own contracts. That way, Charlie didn't have to marry Tonks who used Sirius' connections to marry Remus and Bill still got to marry Fleur Delacour.

In the end, Draco had to settle for Pansy.

One I had in mind for a while. No bashing (for a change).

## GHOSTBUSTERS CROSSOVER

"Peeves has been at it again." Nearly Headless Nick said at the Gryffindor table, "He entered the kitchens and scared the house-elves so much, they were put off their cooking."

"That does it!" Hermione said, getting up from the table, "Peeves has gone too far this time. Harry, I'm borrowing Hedwig."

Without a 'yes you can', she stormed out of the Great Hall. Ron looked at Harry.

"Does she know Hedwig hasn't returned yet?" Ron asked.

"Search me." Harry said.

Ten minutes later, Hermione was back and she had found out about Hedwig.

"HARRY JAMES POTTER!" she shouted, "Why didn't you tell me Hedwig wasn't back yet?"

"You didn't give me a chance," Harry protested.

Line Break

It was another two weeks before Hedwig returned. Peeves had been terrorising the house-elves again. As soon as Hermione saw her, she went over to her to give her a letter. The owl was terrified of the way she looked and flew all over the Great Hall while Hermione chased her. The whole school laughed at this. Harry stood up.

"Hedwig!" he said. The owl flew down to him and landed on his arm.

"Did that bad girl Hermione scare you?" he asked, giving her a stroke. She gave him appreciative hoots. "Yes, I'll have words with her about it but if she promises not to scare you again, would you take a letter for her?" Hedwig hooted some more.

Harry called Hermione over and took the letter. He tied it to her leg.

"Please take this to my Uncle Ray in America." Hermione said. Hedwig flew away but not before giving Hermione a couple of bites on the ears and nose.

Line Break

It was another week before anything happened. It was a Hogsmeade day and Harry, Hermione and Ron went there. Harry was promising to meet someone there, although he was not saying who it was.

"Hey Hermione!" a man shouted. The trio looked and saw four men standing nearby.

"Uncle Ray!" she shouted, going over to him. "Harry, Ron, this is my Uncle Ray Stanz and his friends Peter Venkman, Dr. Egon Spengler and Winston Zeddemore."

"Hermione, we got your letter about a class 8 poltergeist." Ray said.

"Yes, he's been terrorising everyone for years. We need to get rid of him." Hermione explained.

She led the Ghostbusters back to the school where she made an announcement.

"Prepare to say goodbye to Peeves!" she shouted. There were some cheers.

The poltergeist came out of hiding. Peter took a huge wand from his back and fired it at Peeves. A beam of energy fired at him. Peeves went through the wall in the Great Hall, which was mostly empty.

"Come on big boy! Let's go! Let's go! I'm gonna take you home to my private zoo!" Peter said.

Eventually, his beam hit Peeves.

"You got him! You got him! Spengie, bring out the trap!" Ray shouted.

"OK OK!" Spengler said, taking out a small box.

"I've got the trap ready." Egon said, "Venkman, start bringing him back."

"Come on your big baby, let's go all the way." Peter said, walking towards the trap. Peeves started to resist and pull away. Ray took the same weapon and fired it. A second beam hit Peeves.

"Keep pulling to the right!" Ray said.

"OK, trap's going out." Egon said, sliding it across the floor."

"No, no, no, Venkie!" Ray shouted, telling Peter to keep still.

"Hold it, Ray!" Egon shouted.

"Hit it! Look away!" Ray said.

Spengler hit a button and the trap opened. There was a blinding light which caught Peeves. Venkman and Ray turned off their proton packs and looked away. Within seconds, the light died down and trap was closed. Lights on the device indicated that Peeves was in there.

By now, staff members had arrived.

"What's happening here?" Dumbledore asked. Then Ray and the others came out of the hall holding the smoking trap.

"We came, we saw, we kicked it's arse!" Peter shouted.

"You got him?" someone asked.

"We got him!" Ray said and the students cheered. "Ah, Professor Dumbledore, we were told there was a class 8 poltergeist terrorising your staff and students and you refused to do anything about it. Therefore, my niece called us to deal with it."

"Who is your niece Mr.." Dumbledore asked.

"Stanz. Ray Stanz of the Ghostbusters." Ray said. Dumbledore had heard of the Ghostbusters, he knew Harry was the great nephew of Egon Spengler and hoped he had not yet told Harry about it but he had no idea another one of his students was related to one of them.

"He's my uncle Professor." Hermione said.

"Miss Granger, I am most disappointed with you. You had no business calling in someone to deal with Peeves." Dumbledore said.

"It's more than what you did," a student said, "For years he's terrorised us, he's stolen from us, we complain and you won't do a thing about it."

Egon took Harry aside.

"I don't know if Petunia told you Harry, but I'm your great-uncle. I've not long found out about Lily's death and how you were placed with Petunia. I was a witness to Lily and your father's wills which said you were not to go to her, but me. I've sorted out the paperwork and you are now my ward. It turns out that Petunia didn't even have legal custody of you, so it was easy. Hopefully, you'll be able to come over for Christmas." Egon said.

"Thank you." Harry said.

"There are other things to discuss, but we'll discuss them when you come during the holidays." Egon said.

Dumbledore was trying to give Hermione a lengthy detention and points loss but it looked like there was going to be a riot.

"I may not agree with her calling for Muggles to deal with this," Draco said, "But every time someone has complained about Peeves, you and the staff have refused to do anything about him. Granger did the school a big favour. If you deduct points and give her detention, then I will do something to join her in detention then my father will hear about it AND the Minister."

Filtch even stepped in to stand up for Hermione. McGonagall decided to step in.

"Fifty points to Miss Granger for doing the school a favour and ridding us of Peeves." She said. There were cheers as the Ghostbusters left with their still smoking trap.

This is my take on the Wrong Child-who-Lived idea but instead of blindly following Dumbledore, the Potters show some common sense.

## WRONG CHILD-WHO-LIVED

"So you're telling me," James Potter said to Dumbledore, "that Alexandra killed Voldemort and Harry is nothing more than a Squib?"

"Yes James," Dumbledore said, "I've done some tests and found Harry hasn't got a magical core. We must discuss his future – he can't stay with you while you raise Alexandra, he will be jealous of all the attention you must lavish upon her while he is ignored, and when it is time for her to go to Hogwarts, he will be jealous that he will have to go to a Muggle school. I will arrange for Harry to go to Lily's sister."

"Excuse me," Lily Potter began, "Who gave you the right to decide where my son goes? If he has to go anywhere, it will be up to us to decide."

"It is in his best interests to go to Petunia." Dumbledore said.

"Squib or not, there is no way my son is going to my sister. Anyhow, where is your evidence that Harry is a Squib? He displayed great shows of accidental magic." Lily stated.

"I theorise that Alexandra drained his magical core when she defeated Voldemort," Dumbledore answered, "I scanned Harry myself following the attack and I couldn't detect magic at all. Madam Pomfrey will confirm my findings as she was a witness to the scans."

"Before we decide anything," James said, "I want to get a second opinion. There is no law that says witches and wizards cannot raise Squibs."

"Yes," Lily said, "I want a second opinion too."

With that, James and Lily left Dumbledore's office and went to the Hospital Wing, where Madam Pomfrey was looking after twins

Harry and Alexandra. Each parent took a child and ten minutes later, they were at St. Mungo's, having the children checked.

"Mr and Mrs Potter," the Healer began, "We've checked your children. Harry has a series of blocks on his magic, put there a few hours ago. We've taken the liberty of removing them. Both Harry and Alexandra have healthy magical cores."

"Thank you." James said.

"Dumbledore lied to us," Lily said, "He must have some plan in mind for the children."

"We'll get out of England." James said.

The following morning, James went to Gringotts and had the Potter vaults locked down and later that day, he, Lily and the children boarded a flight to New Zealand where they were given asylum by their government, presenting the evidence of the Healers when making their case.

In the meantime, Dumbledore had Sirius Black imprisoned for betraying the Potters to Voldemort (without trial), Remus Lupin was exiled to America and declared the Potters traitors for taking the Girl Who Lived out of the country without his permission. He placed a huge reward for anyone who had any information. He also promised Molly Weasley that Alexandra would be marrying her son Ron, not knowing that James Potter had already filled a contract on Alexandra's behalf with Neville Longbottom.

When the time was right, the Longbottoms joined the Potters and were not around when the Lestranges were looking for information about where Voldemort was.

No-one ever found them, no Hogwarts letters made it to any of the children, they all attended school in New Zealand.

This is based on the opening chapter of another fic I saw the other day but I'm adding my own touch to it. Lockhart does not lose his memories but was knocked out.

## Reborn from the Fires of a Phoenix

Harry Potter looked as Ginny Weasley went towards the door to the Chamber of Secrets. He had just sent her to find her brother Ron. Harry was hoping the stairs down the slope where still there so Ron and Ginny could get help.

He had been bitten by the Basilisk, controlled by the sprit of Voldemort but had managed to destroy his anchor to the living world.

Fawkes the phoenix flew over to him and landed on his shoulder.

"You did well Fawkes, but I failed." Harry said. The bird started to sing. "At least my aunt and uncle will be pleased, they will no longer have to put up with me. They always said I should have died with my parents."

Fawkes continued singing, as if to tell Harry he was not worthless and he was a life worth saving if he could. He bent his head down and tears came out of his eyes, and splashed upon the venom bite.

"Of course," Harry said, remembering what Dumbledore had told him, "Phoenix tears have healing properties."

A few minutes passed, but there was no sign of the tears working. Fawkes thought for a moment and then suddenly burst into flames, taking Harry with him. There was nothing left, only Harry's wand.

## Line Break

Ron and Ginny made it back into Moaning Myrtle's bathroom, Ginny was hysterical.

"Ginny, we need to find McGonagall. She'll know what to do." Ron said, dragging his sister. Ten minutes later, they were outside McGonagall's office and burst in. McGonagall was there with Mr and Mrs Weasley and to their surprise Dumbledore.

"Ron! You saved her!" Mrs Weasley said.



Ron was torn for a moment – he could gain all sorts of credit but his best friend, according to Ginny, was in the Chamber dying. He explained everything he could and Ginny (between sobs) explained the rest.

Dumbledore and McGonagall ran out of her office to Myrtle's bathroom to find the entrance to the Chamber still open. They went down the stairs, then made their way through the tunnel. The door was open and they went through.

The two saw a bundle in the middle of the room, it was glowing. They walked closer and saw it was covered in robes. Still glowing, the person stood up. Unsure what was happening, Dumbledore and McGonagall raised their wands.

Suddenly, Lockhart ran in with his wand raised.

"I'll save you from that Dark Wizard!" He shouted and cast a spell. The person waved a wand and Lockhart's wand shattered. With another wave, he was sent flying and was knocked out. Dumbledore and McGonagall's wands flew out of their hands.

"You came here to find Harry Potter who was bitten by a Basilisk as he saved Ginny Weasley and rid Hogwarts of the Heir of Slytherin." A female voice said.

"Show yourself." Dumbledore said. The person stopped glowing. The person looked like a twelve year old girl which resembled a female version of Harry Potter but had a red streak in her hair, no scar and she had a robe wrapped around herself.

"Harry?" McGonagall asked.

"Harry?" the girl asked, "Yes, Harry James Potter was my name. I was bitten, the poison flowed through my system. Fawkes tried to save me with his tears but was unsuccessful. Determined to save me, he triggered an early burning day, taking both of us, allowing me to be reborn. Miranda Lily Potter is my name now."

This is based on the opening chapter of another fic I saw the other day but I'm adding my own touch to it. Lockhart does not lose his memories but was knocked out. There was some negative reactions to the first variation of this, which I expected, so while I wrote that, I wrote this alternative version.

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Suddenly, Lockhart ran in with his wand raised. He had recovered from the rock fall which he had caused.

"I'll save you from that Dark Wizard!" He shouted and cast a spell. The person waved a wand and Lockhart's wand shattered. With another wave, he was sent flying and was knocked out. Dumbledore and McGonagall's wands flew out of their hands.

"You came here to find Harry Potter who was bitten by a Basilisk as he saved Ginny Weasley and rid Hogwarts of the Heir of Slytherin." A strange sounding voice said.

"Show yourself." Dumbledore said. The person stopped glowing. The person looked like a twelve year old boy which resembled Harry Potter but had a red streak in his hair, no scar and he had a robe wrapped around himself.

"Harry?" McGonagall asked.

"Harry?" the boy asked, "Yes, Harry James Potter was my name. I was bitten, the poison flowed through my system. Fawkes tried to save me with his tears but was unsuccessful. Determined to save me, he triggered an early burning day, taking both of us, allowing me to be reborn. Harry James Potter is my name now and I come back to you now, more powerful than you could possibly imagine."

A new lengthy chapter from 'Little Miss Submarauder', although not so little considering she's 14 years old. She wrote this during a lengthy hospital stay. It is a crossover with the first Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles film up to before they have their first fight with the Foot Clan. She got into Ninja Turtles after watching the camp 1987 cartoon series and thought of a crossover. We've both read the excellent crossover fic Amelia Jane Potter and her TMNT Brothers by juliannaspencer21 (any chance of an update, hint hint?) and she thought of doing one herself. She does plan to continue it but has no idea of a title right now. She's also reworking the third chapter of her Troublemakers story.

Please don't be too harsh about this for the sake of it, as she's upset because her mother and I divorced a few months ago. Thank you.

## CROSSOVER WITH TMNT

Remus Lupin walked through the streets of New York City, looking for Harry Potter. He knew that after his parents died, Dumbledore had placed him with his maternal grandfather, knowing how bad his mother's sister and her husband would treat him. Remus had been given an address by Dumbledore and he had gone to the house to find a different family there.

The family reported that Edward Evans had been murdered in his home two years before by someone called Dursley. He was serving life in prison for the murder and it was presumed he had murdered Mr. Evans' grandson, even though the boy was no-where to be found.

He walked down a street and was sure there were quite a few pickpockets going around. On TV screens, a reporter was telling a story about a crime wave.

Much more than just a series of small, isolated incidents, it's now apparent that an organized criminal element is at work and at the moment, business is good. So good in fact that there appear to be no eyewitnesses to any of these crimes. With complaints ranging from purse snatching to breaking and entering, police switchboards have been swamped with the angry voices of more and more citizens who have fallen prey to the recent surge of crime that continues to plague the city.

Instead of getting better, things are actually getting worse. Even more alarming is the baffling and often bizarre nature of these crimes. Merchandise of every size and description from skateboards to stereo systems has been disappearing from store shelves and storage areas at an alarming rate. Even the victims themselves rarely catch a glimpse of the thieves. Many don't even know they've been victimized until it's too late. In fact, police have yet to come up a single eyewitness. Only a few vague reports of young boys or teenagers at the scenes have been filed. But whoever is behind these crimes, one thing is certain, these are much more than just a series of random isolated incidents.

Crimes without criminals? An invisible gang at work? Who are we gonna call? Unfortunately the police are the only ones to combat what some are already dubbing the silent crime wave. But perhaps the most disturbing silence is that coming from city hall. April O'Neill, Channel 3 Eyewitness News.

Remus walked towards a car park. He was holding onto hope that he would find something about Harry. He saw the woman from the TV broadcast walk into a car park to find several people taking things from a nearby van. One of them jumped her, Remus took out his wand prepared to defend the woman when suddenly, a shattering noise was heard and everything went black. He then heard the sounds of violence but he smelt something familiar, something he had not smelt in ten years.

"Whoah!" a voice heard before police sirens could be heard. Remus ran in the direction of the woman and helped her up. Lights from police cars lit the area and revealed that the criminals were all tied up.

He spoke to the officers and told them what he had seen and confirmed he didn't do anything. The woman backed Remus up. She noticed a glint of light from a metal fork on the ground. She picked it up and put it in her handbag.

One of the officers turned to Remus.

"You sound British – what brings you here?" he asked.

"I'm here looking for Harry James Potter – his name was put down for a top school in England which his parents attended." Remus answered.

"Harry James Potter? I know the name," the officer said, "I was one of the investigating officers in the case involving his grandfather. We spent years looking for the boy but we never found him."

"Do you know why Mr. Evans was murdered?" Remus asked.

"We believe it was something to do with his will," the officer answered, "It appears Petunia Dursley got a letter telling her that she and her son Dudley was being cut off. Everything was being left to Harry Potter upon the death of Mr. Evans. The Dursley family came here from England and just before they were due to leave, Edward Evans' body was discovered. They refused to say what happened to young Harry and the only thing they said about him was that he was the son of a drunk and a whore."

"That is untrue. James Potter was my best friend at school. Lily Potter was anything but a whore." Remus told him.

The officer went to one of his fellow officers who was leading the beaten up criminals into a van. He went back to Remus with a notebook.

"The case is still open involving young Harry, what can you tell us?" the officer asked.

"How about we get a coffee and I'll tell you what I can." Remus suggested.

Ten minutes later, they were in a nearby cafe with hot steaming mugs of coffee in front of them.

"James Potter was the child of Charles and Dorea Potter, both died May 1976. Lily Potter was born Lily Evans, younger sister of Petunia Dursley. Harry was born on July 31st, 1980 in England. James was just starting a sporting career and Lily was an apprentice at a research facility. However, there was a terrorist who spouted nonsense like that Ku Klux Klan here years ago. James and Lily spoke up against him, the Potter family name commanding respect and the terrorist – he named himself Voldemort made specific

threats to kill them so they went into hiding. The one person who knew where they were told the terrorist where they were and he went and killed them. He planned to blow up the house they lived in but the bomb went off by mistake killing him and leaving Harry with a scar on his head. Our former headmaster sent Harry to live with Mr. Evans, knowing what Vernon and Petunia Dursley were like. We hadn't heard anything about him since." Remus told the officer.

"Why come looking for him now?" the officer asked.

"When Harry was born, James and Lily put his name down for the same school we attended, attendance of which begins at the age of eleven. I offered to come here to tell him and give him the chance to attend." Remus answered.

"As I said, we've spent two years looking for him without success," the officer said, "We circulated his description all over America in case his uncle arranged something to happen. As with other missing child cases of this length, the FBI are involved. It looks like Dursley managed to cover his tracks too well. Let me know should you find out anything."

Remus and the officer shook hands before leaving the cafe.

The following day, Remus decided to return to the scene of the crime, where he had smelt that familiar smell, the one he hadn't smelt in ten years. There was a bare trace of it but he followed the smell. It led him to a manhole cover. Using the levitation charm, he raised it and entered the sewers.

The smell was mostly masked by the smell of the waste in the sewer. He picked a direction and followed the tunnels. Eventually, he made it to a subway station. There he saw the reporter being attacked by masked thugs. Then suddenly, something green in a trenchcoat jumped the thugs, holding what looked like Japanese forks. Within seconds, all the masked thugs were knocked out. The green person picked up the woman, jumped onto the tracks and went away.

For some reason, Remus decided to follow them. Ten minutes later, he could see a makeshift door. Then a woman's screams could be heard coming from behind the door. Remus burst through the door and had the shock of his life.

Inside this room in the sewers, were four turtles and a rat, but they were human size. Each turtle had a different colour bandana and the rat was wearing a cloak of sorts. Also in the room was a boy – Remus recognised him straight away.

"Harry?" he asked.

"I'm sorry, who are you?" the boy – Harry asked.

"My name is Remus Lupin, I was a friend of your father's. I've only just heard about your grandfather, but what happened to you?" Remus asked.

"What do you want me to say? I was at school one day, I went back home and found Vernon, Petunia and Dudley there. Vernon took a gun out and killed grandfather. They saw me and I ran away. Dudley caught up with me and hit me. Vernon was going to kill me too but the police came. So they stuffed me inside the nearest entrance to the sewers. The police never thought to look for me down here. The next thing I knew, I was in this room being tended by Splinter and the turtles." Harry explained.

"Who or what are you?" Remus asked. April O' Neill also asked the same question. Splinter told the story of how he was brought to America by his owner Hamato Yoshi, who had fled Japan with his lover from his enemy Oroku Saki. Splinter told how Saki killed Yoshi and his lover and he made it into the sewers, where a few years later, he found pet turtles swimming in some ooze. The following day, they had mutated into humanoid shape. They had been living in the sewers for fifteen years.

Splinter explained how he had named the turtles Leonardo, Donatello, Raphael and Michelangelo. It was Donatello who had found Harry lying unconscious in the sewers and brought him back, determined to help him. They told Remus and April that they hoped Harry would one day go to the surface and explain what happened but Harry considered them family and didn't want to leave.

"What brings you here?" Splinter asked.

"It's a long story but the gist of it is that you're a wizard Harry." Remus said



"I suspected as much." Splinter said, "I saw him doing feats that could only be magical."

"Master Splinter helped me stabilise my magic," Harry continued, "I've seen people use wands for magic but I've never been able to get one. Grandfather told me that I was one and my parents were magical too."

"You'll be able to get one now," Remus said, "You are the last in a long line of Potters and the last I heard, they were very rich." He explained about James and Lily and Hogwarts.

"I've heard of Hogwarts." April said. Everyone looked at her. "There's no law that says witches can't be reporters. I went to Salem and finished my education eleven years ago."

"Harry – it is up to you, if you want, you can attend Hogwarts and you will always have a home here." Splinter told him, "If you want to go, do not think you are abandoning us."

"But won't it be difficult, with the police still looking for me?" Harry asked.

"I'll take care of that," April said, "I'll take you to the police station and tell them that I was attacked in the subway and was rescued by some homeless people where I found you."

"Thank you Miss. O'Neill." Splinter said.

Within an hour, April and Harry (with Remus) were at the nearest police station. The turtles were outside in their trenchcoats. They had led them to the nearest manhole cover to the police station. They were talking to the same officer who Remus had spoken to the previous night. The police were relieved that Harry had been found.

Harry was asked a few questions which confirmed that Vernon Dursley did attempt to murder him. Social workers became involved and were prepared to put Harry in a children's home. Remus told them about the schooling and how the acceptance had to be dealt with within days. They were told that without a guardian, nothing could be done.

April stepped forward and offered to adopt him. The social workers agreed to give her temporary guardianship which included the right to accept the schooling issue and to allow Harry to go to the UK (he was an American citizen) but when it came to a final hearing, he would have to come back. To the social workers, she had good references, had a respectable job and could provide for him.

Harry James Potter was no longer a missing child. Vernon Dursley wasn't charged with anything involving Harry at the time, but now with Harry's statement, he was charged with attempted murder.

However, Harry had to wait until he could go to England. Despite the approval of the social workers, a judge had to approve the temporary guardianship and approve of him going to England to attend school. There also had to be psychiatric tests to determine any long time effects to being in the sewers for two years. Mr. Evans' will also had to be read – it was held in limbo until such time as Harry was found or was legally declared dead. Despite attempts by Petunia Dursley in prison, a judge refused to have it read.

Harry's discovery helped things with April too. Police Chief Sterns had a grudge against her because of her reporting into the police's inability to catch the criminals behind the silent crime wave and was persuading her boss to fire her when his assistant came in.

"Chief – you might want to get Charles Pemberton to hold off firing April O'Neill – it'll work against you." The assistant said.

"Why is that?" Chief Sterns asked.

"Remember the Evans case and his grandson Harry Potter went missing? She found him after being attacked last night!" the assistant said, explaining what he had been told, "I've heard from a contact of mine in the 205 Precinct that she's been given guardianship of the boy and his uncle is being charged with attempted murder."

Sterns went back to the phone; "Pemberton, don't fire her. Just take her off the story, give her a paid vacation or something." He slammed the phone down.

However, the day after Harry was found, the Turtles went back to their sewer den to find Splinter gone and the den ransacked. They went back to April's apartment and spent the night.

The next morning, Remus left April's apartment to return to England.

"I've got to make arrangements with Dumbledore about your acceptance to Hogwarts." Remus explained before leaving. As he left, April's boss Charles Pemberton arrived with his son Danny.

"Just the person Charles," April said, "I wanted to have a word with you about my story."

"I wanted to have a word with you about it too April," Charles said, "I think you should take some time off. You've not had a break since you started at Channel 3."

"That's what I wanted to talk to you about," April said, "If you don't mind, I'd like to hand over the reporting of this story to someone else – I'd like to take some time off."

"I heard you found the missing Potter boy and you've been appointed his temporary guardian pending a full adoption hearing," Charles said, "Take all the time you need. But if this crime wave gets solved, I'll be wanting my best reporter back to cover it."

"Deal." April said.

When Remus returned to England, he went straight to Hogwarts. There was a staff meeting in which Dumbledore was discussing how to deal with the press when Harry began on September 1st.

"There's no need to tell us about it Albus," Snape said, "He'll be basking in the glory."

Remus came into the staff room.

"Ah, Remus, just the person. We were just talking about Harry – were you able to deliver his letter? Did Edward Evans tell him about the magical world?" Dumbledore asked.

"I found him – eventually," Remus said.

"What do you mean – eventually?" Dumbledore asked, "I gave you Mr. Evans' address and had heard nothing about them moving."

"This is based on what I've been told by New York Law Enforcement and other people. Do any of you know the names Vernon and Petunia Dursley?" Remus asked.

"Albus wanted to leave Harry with them but I talked him out of it." McGonagall said.

"I knew Petunia before Lily and I came to Hogwarts and she was always a jealous bitch." Snape said.

"It's a good thing you didn't. Two years ago, Petunia received a letter from Mr. Evans' solicitor saying she and her son Dudley were being disinherited and everything would be left to Harry." Remus began.

"Why would he do that?" Dumbledore asked.

"I don't know but Lily told me that he's always been unhappy with the way Petunia behaved towards her," Remus continued, "I'm told that the Dursleys went to New York, apparently to convince Mr. Evans to change his mind but he refused and Vernon Dursley shot him dead."

There were gasps from the listening people. Remus continued.

"Harry returned home from school to see it happen. He tried to run away but they caught him and hit him. If it wasn't for the fact someone had reported the gunshots to the police and they were almost there, they would have shot him there and then. Instead, they dumped him in the sewers.

"He woke up a few days later and wondered around the sewers for days. Eventually, he found some homeless people who were living in the sewers. One of them kindly took him above ground to the nearest police station. Harry testified as to Vernon shooting Mr. Evans and his attempt to murder him and now Vernon Dursley is sitting on Death Row in New York. Petunia got a lengthy sentence as an accomplice and Dudley is in the care of the child care system." He adjusted the truth so not to mention Splinter or the Turtles.

"What became of Harry?" McGonagall asked.

"He's staying with a reporter who was a student at Salem," Remus said, "The final hearing into adoption will be in two weeks time."

"How will this affect his attending Hogwarts?" McGonagall asked.

"He wants to attend Hogwarts and his guardian has no objections to him doing so. But being a ward of the court system, a final choice can't be made until after the final hearings since it involves taking Harry out of America," Remus said, "His guardian Miss. O'Neill will be contacting me as soon as the hearing is complete. I will then go to America and bring them here to collect his supplies."

"What does he know about his parents and Voldemort?" Dumbledore asked.

"They know James and Lily were murdered but the topic of Voldemort or the whole Boy-Who-Lived never came up, so I presume he's not been told. Harry told me that Mr. Evans told him that he was babysitting at the time." Remus finished.

"Someone will have to tell him before he's seen in public." McGonagall said.

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